

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1901.

Four Parts and Magazine.

ON ALL NEWS STANDS
TRAINS AND STREETS 5 CENTS

XXTH YEAR.

PER WEEK...30 CENTS
PER MONTH...\$9 A YEAR.

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—
For Theatrical Announcements, Etc., See Page 1, Part III.

THE CHUTES—WASHINGTON GARDEN.
SHOOTING THE CHUTES—Now Open

WEEK OF SUNDAY, JUNE 9—NEW FEATURES.

SEE TODAY AND TONIGHT
Harry A. Harmon, THE AERIAL METEOR,
WORLD'S GREATEST
HIGH DIVER.

Swimming Races, Pony Races, Cake Walks

SPECIAL—CAKE WALK WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 12.

EDDIE GRIFFITHS Will coast the Chutes on a chainless cycle

PROF. RABE—His Performing Bear—His Den of Reptiles.

The Famous Prismatic Electric Fountain.

LADIES DAY—THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

CHILDREN'S DAY—SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

TONIGHT—A BRILLIANT FIREWORKS DISPLAY—TONIGHT.

Splendid Music—5000 Electric Lights—100 Novelties—Fairland Indes.

Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents.

THE MUSIC-LOVING PEOPLE—

Of Southern California are cordially invited to attend three exhibition recitals

to be given at the factory of the MURRAY M. HARRIS ORGAN CO. on

The Great Stanford Electric Organ

W. F. SKEELE, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock and Thursday

evening at 8 o'clock, June 12 and 13, 754, 760 San Fernando St. Downey Avenue

opposite the door. ADMISSION FREE.

STRICT FARM—South Pasadena—

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE GIGANTIC BIRDS.

The best place in this country to purchase Feather Boxes, Fans and Plumage—useful

and decorative.

HESEY'S FREE MUSEUM—TOURISTS should not neglect this

corner Fourth and Main

Streets, opposite Van Nuys and Westminster Hotels.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

NEW TRAINS—

FOR REDONDO

THE NEW JOINT SCHEDULE OF THE

SANTA FE AND THE REDONDO RY.

Will effect TODAY, giving this popular resort unequalled train service, as

follows:

Santa Fe Trains.

Los Angeles... 8:30 a.m.; 10:30 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 5:30 p.m.; 7:15 p.m.; 11:35 p.m.

Redondo Ry. Trains.

Los Angeles... 8:15 a.m.; 10:15 a.m.; 1:15 p.m.; 5:15 p.m.; 7:00 p.m.; 11:20 p.m.

Between Redondo and Los Angeles are good on either SANTA FE or

REDONDO ROUTES.

Tuesday, June 11,

MAGGABEE PICNIC AT REDONDO

There will be athletic sports and other special features all day, and dancing in the

evening. In addition to the regular trains, the Santa Fe will run

A SPECIAL TRAIN

Leaving Los Angeles 7:00 p.m. Returning, leave Redondo 11:00 p.m.

FREE CAMP GROUND—

WITH PURE MOUNTAIN WATER, AT AVALON,

...SANTA CATALINA ISLAND...

Under conditions prevailing last year. Attractions not possible at other resorts.

Summer power line. Tuna Club Fishing Tournament New Co. Our

beach of 20 acres, including Chase, Streeter of St. Louis, coronet, and other

recreations of national reputation. The best golf links. Aquarium containing hun-

dreds of living wonders of the deep. Boating and bathing over nature's most won-

THE CRISIS IN CHINA

JOB LOT OF CHINA.

Europe Has Time to View it.

Relief Over Waldersee's Retirement.

Mandarins Likely to be More Dangerous Than Ever.

Vast Expenditure With Little Beneficial Result—Anglo-German Entente.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

LONDON, June 8.—[Exclusive Dis-

patch.] The continental horizon is not

observed by clouds in any

quarter, for the negotiations between

Madrid and Paris are perfunctory, and

the menace of disturbance in the Bal-

kans is merely a black spot floating

before the eye of an alarmist corre-

spondent. Europe has leisure for tak-

ing a complete inventory of the job

lot of China policies, in which it has

been trafficking for twelve months.

The allied armies are in full retreat,

and there is relief in every capital

over Count Von Waldersee's retire-

ment and the ending of a bad game of

European diplomacy.

Veterans who have spent a lifetime

in China, in the consular or diplomatic

service, shake their heads and declare

that the mandarins will be more dan-

gerous than ever before, for they have

lost all their prestige and political au-

thority, have worn out the patience of

Europe, and have proved that while they

cannot fight the armies of civilization, they are invinc-

ible when they retreat and bide their

time.

The powers have, indeed, expended

\$250,000,000 without securing any other

result than placing the Empress again

in the saddle and demonstrating the

inadequacy of the concert of the powers

as an executive and administrative

agency.

The reflections of British moralists

are tinged with bitterness. They per-

ceive that the Anglo-German agree-

ment has not been serviceable to Eng-

land; that a concert cannot be turned

up for any future emergency; that

every nation will act for itself, and

that the employment of Indian troops

in connection with an European army

is impracticable.

ELOQUENT SILENCE.

Hush Fallen Upon White House.

No Noise Must Disturb Mrs. McKinley.

Anxious Days and Sleepless Nights for the President.

Nation's Sympathy Shown for First Lady of the Land.

Ray of Hope.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—[Exclu-

sive Dispatch.] Nothing is so

eloquent of sympathy and care

for the suffering first lady of the land

as the hush that has fallen upon the

White House. The great mansion is

given over to silence, that the sweet-

faced woman who looks out upon the

dark river may be brought back to

strength and life that is death living.

The President of the republic is hav-

ing long days and longer nights, while

men of science are making a fight that

means so much to him.

It may be said that there is almost

as much sympathy for the strong man,

bearing the sorrows of his heartache

and the burdens of state so patiently

and with such gentleness, as for the

heroine of the sick room. His devo-

tion to the frail woman through all

the years of her invalidism, while at

the same time guiding the ship of

state, has won the heart of the world,

and everywhere the prayers of the peo-

ple go up that the bitter cup may pass

from him.

That he is possessed of sleepless

anxiety is known to those about him

who see his comings and his goings.

At night, long after others slumber,

the Chief of the Nation, having seen

to it that his patient lies quiet, saved

for a time from pain, walks out in

the grounds before the executive home,

and paces slowly up and down the

walks. He never goes beyond the

brightness of two beaming lights

above the entrance to the mansion, for

he knows that at any moment he may

be called for a change that has come

swiftly upon the sufferer. There he

passes the weary time of waiting,

alone with his great trouble, making

with a stroke of his hand, a dra-

matic, striking picture of human an-

xiety.

The physicians have directed that no

STRAIN TELLING UPON HIM.

The Physicians Obligated to Take the President in Hand.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—[Exclu-

sive Dispatch.] So great

has been the strain under

which the President has labored

for the last month that

his physicians have been

obliged to take him in hand.

Of course the President has

no ailment, but he has been

subject to such great nervous

pressure that it is beginning

to tell upon his strength, and

the doctors have insisted that

he refrain from seeing callers

upon any but most urgent

business, and that he take a

walk in the open air every day.

Mr. McKinley's face has be-

come exceedingly pale and

the lines of care are very deep

upon it.

EX-CAPTAIN CARTER'S PALE.

Validity of the Indictment to be

Tested Before the Highest Court of

the Land.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.

NEW YORK, June 8.—[Exclu-

sive Dispatch.] The following Southern

Californians are at hotel. From Los

Angeles—Hoffman, J. H. Braly and

wife, A. L. Brown, K. Triest; St. Denis,

Capt. Cross, C. W. Pendleton; Astor,

J. A. Pinte; Cadillac, G. A. Brown, T.

N. Canfield; Herald Square, A. C. Ken-

neddy; Murray Hill, F. Conroy and

wife, From Pasadena—Park Avenue,

H. Everett, Miss G. B. Everett. From

Santa Barbara—St. Denis, Mrs. Lewis;

Herald Square, R. A. Spaulding.

CONDITION UNCHANGED.

BUT MORE HOPEFUL FEELING.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Dr. Rixey

left the White House at 11:30 o'clock

today, after a visit that extended

over two hours. Dr. Rixey said:

"Mrs. McKinley's condition is about

the same as reported in this morning's

bulletin. She has rested comfortably

and is a little more hopeful as to

the outcome. The fact that Mrs. McKin-

ley has been resting much better

HIT BY A TORNADO.

Disastrous Storm in Oklahoma.

Widespread Desolation in Kay County.

Houses Destroyed and People Killed and Injured.

Collision of Trains Causes Terrible Explosion—Other Train Disasters.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

WICHITA (Kan.) June 8.—The

most disastrous storm which has

ever visited Oklahoma prevailed

in Kay county last night. A tornado

struck Billings, Eddy and Tonkawa,

and its influence covered a stretch of

country ten miles wide and thirty-six

miles long.

Nearly every farmhouse in north-

western Kay county is more or less

injured, not a windmill has been left

standing, and the face of the country

is covered with debris. Blackwell and

Edmond are practically every place of

business in the city has been

broken. If the damage reported are

correct, including the damage to crops

from wind and hail, it will be more

than \$100,000.

The tornado was the worst at Eddy,

where Bob McKinley was killed and

his mother fatally wounded.

A telephone message from Eddy to-

night says the fatalities at Eddy were

seven persons, but the report cannot be

confirmed. Very little can be heard

from the country places.

It is evident that it was not the

same tornado that struck all the

places. It is probable that three

separate twisters prevailed at the same

time. At Eddy, where the fatalities

were seven persons, the twister was

the most powerful.

The prevalence of cyclone cells un-

questionably saved many lives. It is es-

timated that not less than 10 houses in

Blackwell, Eddy and Tonkawa were in-

jured.

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CLIMB DOOM OF MURDERERS.
Legislators to Amend a Doubtful Law.
Extra Session Called in Washington.
William Buys Blythe Block in San Francisco—Political Assassination.
W. E. ZANDER, Mgr.
GABRIEL CANYON.
Hot Springs.
Gabriel Canyon Resort.
TALINA ISLAND.
CITY HOTELS.
Terrace Hotel.
VIEW HOTEL.
TEL WATADA.
A. B. DICK, Prop.
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COOKED ALIVE IN BATH TUB.
Little Deaf Mute Meets Horrible Death.
Attendant's Cigarette Ignites Alcohol.
Boy Expires After Many Hours of Agony—Careless Man to Be Prosecuted.

Style and Beauty
Go hand in hand here—you discover that as quickly as the rugs, carpets or draperies are presented for your inspection. In addition to style and beauty, there's a background of economy that will appeal to every one who desires to clothe the floors and bare spots of the home in artistic and approved style.
We are selling the best goods in the city—because we know that our exclusive designs will in time bring us an increased patronage.
There are new goods here for your inspection today.

BLUE SERGE SUITS..
That Stay Blue.
We like to recommend our Blue Serge Suits. They are so worthful and thoroughly dependable. Absolutely fast color, a very essential thing in this sunny climate. We are always careful to select just the right weave and weight, and the fit and finish of every garment is the sort to afford you perfect satisfaction.
Prices:
\$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00.
MULLEN & BLUETT CLOTHING CO.
Corner First and Spring Streets.

Monday
and
Thursday
the
California
Limited
on
Santa Fe
This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.
Leaving at 6 p.m. it arrives in Chicago at 2:15 p.m. on Thursdays and Sundays.
Its high standard of service is fully maintained.

MORE ARRESTS IN KERN COUNTY.
SEVERAL ALLEGED CONSPIRATORS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.
Homer P. Anderson of Los Angeles Among the Persons Wanted—Detective Tichenor Said to Have a Lot of Evidence Against the Accused.

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SPORTING RECORD

YANKEE TURF METHODS BEST.

Sad But Fair Britons Confess Defeat.

Derby and Oaks Clinch Our Supremacy.

Shamrock I Wins a Race—Oakland Favorites Lose—Chicago's Sporting Scheme.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, June 8.—(By Atlantic Cable.) London is still talking of the Derby and the Oaks. The discussion of the relative merits of American and British methods of training and riding has broken out anew. It must be confessed that the British methods are generally fair. They sorrowfully admit the superiority of America on every point. The Sporting Times says: "The Derby has been won by a French horse and an American horse, but never until Wednesday was it won by a horse that had been trained in America. It is a fact that rivalry ran high in America last year between Mr. Whitney and Mr. Keene, almost amounting to bad blood, when a colt of Mr. Whitney's beat Olympian for the Futurity. Under the circumstances it is not a little singular that Mr. Whitney should have won the Derby and Keene the Oaks. To add to the American triumph, the American jockey, Cheltenham, owned by Mr. Croker, ran third in the Oaks, while an American jockey rode the winner in the Derby, and the fact that Sloan in this country, has made a rare beginning."

The papers have printed New York dispatches saying that Mr. Whitney would take Volodyovski to America, but he cannot do so. He has simply leased the horse for \$2500 cash, and half of what the horse might win at three and four years of age after which he was to be returned. Lady Moxcar cared to sell the colt outright on an offer that was made, he would now stand at \$10,000 and if he won the Derby, in these matters she has not looked on money at all. Her great desire was that as Hargrave had borne the heat of the day, he should reap the reward. For that reason she accepted an offer that would admit of Volodyovski's remaining in his stable. Volodyovski was sold for \$10,000. Bells II's victory in the Oaks. The commissioners had literally unlimited orders to back the filly, as long as a decent price was obtainable, and every American, man and woman, that saw Foxhall Keene for a week, was advised to back the horse.

KEMPTON PARK WINNERS.—BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, June 8.—Chance shot (Mayer) won the Walton mile selling plate at the Kempton Park first summer meeting today. Mountain Duck (Henry) won the Windsor Castle selling plate. The Dart maiden colt (Henry) came in first in the race for the St. Margaret's two-year-old plate, but was disqualified for bumping. The race was awarded to Morris Banner. A two-year-old selling plate was won by Cardiac, P. L. Cardiac's Amoret II (Mayer) was second. Mackintosh won the Westminster Plate, W. C. Cardiac's (J. Reiff) was second, and James Keene's Disguise II (Henry) third.

GREAT AMERICAN STAKES. BLUE GIRL WINS CLEVERLY.—BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, June 8.—The Great American Stakes of \$12,500 drew 16,000 people to the Gravesend race track today. John E. Madden's Blue Girl, at 6 to 1, won cleverly over a rather slow track, with the next best horses apart, Nautarium, the favorite, getting the place from Maj. Danglefield. The Great American Stakes for two-year-olds at five furlongs. On the far turn Nautarium was sharply cut off, losing three or four lengths to the favorite, and the favorite, called a foul, but the stewards would not allow the claim.

Summary: About six furlongs: Gold Spinn won, Outlander second, Isla third; time 1:12. Mile and a quarter: Ardrius won, second, First Whip third; time 2:09.2-4. Five furlongs: Blue Girl, 123 (Burns) 6 to 1, won; Nautarium, 115 (Gardner) 5 to 1, second; Major Danglefield, 115 (Bulman) 20 to 1, third; time 1:08.5. Golden Cottage, Saturday, Andalusian and Whiskey King also ran. The Broadway Stakes, mile and a sixteenth: Vittellous third; time 1:46. Five furlongs: Honolulu won, Man-o-War second, Stephen Ward third; time 1:01.5. Mile and seventy yards: Belvino won, Anna Darling second, Blue Victor third; time 1:49.2-5.

OAKLAND FAVORITES LOSE. STILL PUBLIC WINS MONEY.—BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, June 8.—Fay's well-fared badly at Oakland today, but well-fared horses took some of the events. In the last race Jim McElroy appeared to be hopelessly out of it, but came fast and won driving by a head from Rainier, a 50-to-1 shot. Escaleante was hit up \$500 and the McElroy \$200. Both were retained by the stable. Jockey Gutierrez, who was thrown in the two-year-old race yesterday, is still unconscious, and his injuries are more serious than was at first supposed. Rainier, 123 (Burns) 6 to 1, won; Nautarium, 115 (Gardner) 5 to 1, second; Major Danglefield, 115 (Bulman) 20 to 1, third; time 1:08.5. Golden Cottage, Saturday, Andalusian and Whiskey King also ran. The Broadway Stakes, mile and a sixteenth: Vittellous third; time 1:46. Five furlongs: Honolulu won, Man-o-War second, Stephen Ward third; time 1:01.5. Mile and seventy yards: Belvino won, Anna Darling second, Blue Victor third; time 1:49.2-5.

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You've Probably Observed

A New Custom-made Suit and Fur House.

"THE ORIGINAL."

This is bound to become the most popular place of its kind in the city, for here is to be found the newest fashions, the handiwork materials, the finest tailor work, and all at modest prices. Every one ordering a suit made here will receive a hat, made of the same material, FREE. Just call in and see what a model place the Original is with its elegantly-appointed dining and salerooms. You're sure to be pleased.

THE ORIGINAL

M. H. Robinson, Manager. 215-217 West Fourth Street.

Monde, Mountain Dew, Marinella and Clarando also ran. Four and a half furlongs, selling: Escaleante, 104 (Alexander) 9 to 6, won; Snow Berry, 105 (Prior) 15 to 1, second; Partridge, 102 (Collins) 5 to 1, third; time 0:55.4. Glendenning, Irma, B. C. Greene, Torso Maid and Black Cloud also ran. Futurity course, selling: Raleton, 115 (Hoar) 3 to 1, won; Vantine, 113 (Russell) 5 to 1, second; Gibraltar, 115 (Rula) 7 to 2, third; time 1:11. Foul Play Mullah and Duckey also ran. Seven furlongs, handicap: Good Hope, 102 (Hoar) 7 to 2, won; Montallade, 112 (Russell) 15 to 1, second; Byron Ross, 102 (Collins) 5 to 1, third; time 1:27. The Miller, Donator, Ray Dare and Grafter also ran. Mile and seventy yards, selling: Jim McElroy, 115 (Tullett) 6 to 1, won; Rainier, 117 (Hazard) 50 to 1, second; Cromwell, 115 (Rula) 15 to 1, third; time 1:47.5. Rio Chico, First Shot and Harry Thatcher also ran.

discuss the subject Lawson's position has been made known to the New York Yacht Club in the following letter: BOSTON, June 6.—Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Chairman of Committee, New York Yacht Club, Dear Sir: Your letter of yesterday with inclosure received. I agree with you that further discussion can serve no useful purpose. Believe me, yours very truly, (Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

SPORTS A LA SPARTA. CHICAGO TO TAX PRIZE FIGHTS.—BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. CHICAGO, June 8.—Municipal supervision and encouragement of athletic sports is proper in Chicago, the "in order" to create a sound moral tone and enhance the general health of the community.

The Council Committee on License recommended ordinances based on the governmental theories of ancient Sparta. Under the plan, the Council is taken seriously, like the traction question, municipal art and street cleaning. Sports are to be under the supervision of Aldermen devoted to their interests. Prize fighting will be tolerated. Other sport will be fostered and a tax laid on prize fights for the support of athletics in general. In the resolution, the Council is asked to withdraw its disclaimer from prize fighting and to construct the Mayor and the Superintendent of police not to interfere with prize contests given by regularly-organized athletic associations.

Before such a contest can be held it will be necessary for the promoters to appear before the athletic commission, from which permits for the fight must be secured. The commission will have the power to place the limit of grounds and make other regulations to govern the contest. The Mayor must then sign the permit, and the fight may be held. Ten per cent of the gate receipts must be turned over to the city. This money will constitute an athletic fund to be used only for the promotion of athletic sports, for the equipment of gymnasiums and playgrounds, athletic fields, swimming tanks and ball grounds.

Gen. Jackson Buys the Commoner. LEXINGTON (Ky.), June 8.—The Commoner, by Hanover, formerly the property of William Wallace, has been sold to Gen. W. H. Jackson of the Bellemeade stud, Tennessee, for \$15,000. The Commoner sold last fall at auction sales here to Baker Bros., Cincinnati Stone and J. J. Ewing for \$5025.

Pennsylvania Boat Crew Departs. PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—The University of Pennsylvania crew sailed for Liverpool today on the Walsland to compete in the Henley regatta for the Grand Challenge Cup, July 3 to 5, inclusive.

Yale Tennis Players Win. NEW HAVEN, June 8.—In the tennis match between Yale and Columbia played on the grounds of the New Haven Tennis Club today, the morning play in singles resulted in four victories for Yale and one for Columbia.

Pierce Outrigger Speedy Ones. PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—At the bicycle race meeting at Woodside Park today the principal attraction was a five-mile motor-paced race between Jimmy Michael, Burns Pierce and Archie McEachern. The race was won by Pierce in 48 min. 30 sec. Michael finished second in 49 min. 42 sec.

Princeton Beats Yale Bating. PRINCETON (N. J.), June 8.—By heavy effort Princeton defeated Yale by a score of 15 to 5.


Salt Don't Corrode Aluminum. Salt shakers, 2 a pair up. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 So. Spring st.

Salt Don't Corrode Aluminum. Salt shakers, 2 a pair up. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 So. Spring st.

THE Broadway Coffee Parlor, Miss May Baidridge, proprietor, removed to 41 South Broadway, under Broadway Hotel.

AMERICAN LEAGUE GAMES. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) WASHINGTON, June 8.—Chicago was outbatted today. The attendance was 4500. Score: Washington, 5; hits, 14; errors, 1. Chicago, 3; hits, 5; errors, 2. Batteries: Lee and Grady; Patterson and Sullivan.

BOSTON, June 8.—Sparks' wildness in the fourth inning unsettled the whole team. Milwaukee today, and before they recovered from the effects of the home team had crossed the plate. The attendance was 3100. Score: Boston, 12; hits, 8; errors, 3. Milwaukee, 4; hits, 6; errors, 4. Batteries: Schmitz and Schiedel; Sparks, Garvin and Leahy.



Flemish Oddities and Rarities Galore.

Not merely a few pieces are here, just for the sake of saying we have Flemish Furniture, but an assortment that any store would be proud to show.

Our five floors and basement are crowded with the best furniture of all classes and kinds—Flemish pieces are not least in abundance.

Rare shapes, rich carving, odd styles—suitable for Dining-rooms, Halls, Libraries, Dens, and all other rooms where odd pieces are used. The largest and the rarest assortment in Los Angeles.

Complete **BARKER BROS.** 5 floors + Basement
Furnishes 420 TO 424 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES



A FATHER'S ADVICE
"My son, if you must smoke you will find

UPMANN'S Extra 5

THE BEST NICKEL CIGAR IN AMERICA.

The name Upmann in connection with cigars is famous in every country throughout the civilized world. It means cigars which are always uniform—always good. Sold by up-to-date dealers.

For Sale by Up-to-Date Dealers who are anxious to Supply Their Trade with the Best Goods.

HAAS, BARUGH & CO., California Distributors.



Cleaning, Dyeing and Renovating

Wearing apparel is our business. Our up-to-date methods and large facilities bring us new friends. Telephone us and the wagon will call for your suits, dresses, skirts, blankets, curtains, household and merchants' goods. Finest cleaning Spring and Summer garments, such as organdies, swiss, mull, dimity, fancy gowns, laces, etc., superior to all others.

Our prices the lowest consistent with first-class work. "Quality is always worth paying for."

AMERICAN DYE WORKS,
Main Office New Works, 608-610 S. Spring St.; Tel. M 1016. Store 210 1/2 S. Spring St.; Tel. M 830.
Branches in private and express orders given prompt attention.


Hawaiian Hats.

Formerly sold at \$5.00 each, with large assortment of genuine Hawaiian bands,

\$2.50 Each

While They Last
—at—
DESMONDS,
S. W. Cor. Third and Spring Sts.
We have the largest assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waist Patterns in the city.

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS TRADE MARK



WE MAKE 1520 KINDS

(burned in the enamel) are for proof that NO POISON is found in the coating, and our booklet, showing why "Agate Nickel-Steel Ware" IS SAFE and why the ARSENIC, ANTIMONY LEAD is found in the past seventeen other manufacturers of enameled ware.

Lalanc & Grosjean Mfg. Co. NEW YORK, BOSTON.

ARE SAFE

Los Angeles Business College

212 W. Third St. Tel. 1100

Special Summer Session

Why not take advantage of the fact that the college is now open for the summer session? The college is now open for the summer session, and the students are now in the college. The college is now open for the summer session, and the students are now in the college.

POMONA COLLEGE

Co-educational. Faculty, building, equipment, complete. Complete Catalogue. Department of Literature. Department of Science. Department of Agriculture. Department of Commerce. Department of Education. Department of Law. Department of Medicine. Department of Engineering. Department of Architecture. Department of Fine Arts. Department of Music. Department of Drama. Department of Sport.

Brownberger Home

28 WEST SEVENTH ST. Tel. 1100

Harvard School

Western Ave., Los Angeles. Tel. 1100

Throp Polytechnic Institute

San Francisco, Cal.

DR. KING & CO.

RELIABLE

Specialists For

Every Woman

is interested and should know of the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray

For the cure of all skin diseases, itching, burning, redness, etc.

For the cure of all skin diseases, itching, burning, redness, etc.

San Francisco Striker Appeal for Aid

Money Needed to Keep Wolf From Door.

Result of Employers' Meeting Eagerly Awaited—Eastern Strikers News

Los Angeles Business College

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Why not take advantage of the fact that the college is now open for the summer session? The college is now open for the summer session, and the students are now in the college. The college is now open for the summer session, and the students are now in the college.

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RELIABLE

Specialists For

Every Woman

is interested and should know of the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray

For the cure of all skin diseases, itching, burning, redness, etc.

For the cure of all skin diseases, itching, burning

Copeland's Clock House.

This will you have

with \$7.50, made

white and colors

have you seen our

waists, none like

LER & CO.

for the Asking.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1901

LOOLOOSERS
LOSE AGAIN.

Hard-fought Battle with
the Senators.

Protests of Game by
Both Managers.

Bill Devereaux Pitches Winning
Game—San Francisco
Beats Oakland.

SACRAMENTO, June 8.—In a well-contested and well-played game, Sacramento defeated Los Angeles by a score of 7 to 1. The game was intensely interesting from start to finish and was marked by fine hits, superbly pitched on both sides. Devereaux pitched the Sacramento as Thomas is on the hospital list, Doyle covering first base and Hanlon going to short. Devereaux pitched the game, kept his eight hits and walked, struck out five men and pitched any of his opponents a promise.

In the eighth inning, Capt. Devereaux pitched the game on Doyle's being out at third by Umpire. Manager Morley, then stood the game because Carter had hit a home run. Devereaux pitched the game, kept his eight hits and walked, struck out five men and pitched any of his opponents a promise.

LOS ANGELES

A. R. H. P. O. A. E.					
Devereaux, P.	7	1	0	0	0
Doyle, 1b	4	0	0	0	0
Hanlon, 2b	4	0	0	0	0
Carter, 3b	4	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, 4b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 5b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 6b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 7b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 8b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 9b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 10b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 11b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 12b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 13b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 14b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 15b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 16b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 17b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 18b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 19b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 20b	4	0	0	0	0

SACRAMENTO

A. R. H. P. O. A. E.					
Devereaux, P.	7	1	0	0	0
Doyle, 1b	4	0	0	0	0
Hanlon, 2b	4	0	0	0	0
Carter, 3b	4	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, 4b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 5b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 6b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 7b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 8b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 9b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 10b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 11b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 12b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 13b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 14b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 15b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 16b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 17b	4	0	0	0	0
Wright, 18b	4	0	0	0	0
Ward, 19b	4	0	0	0	0
McGraw, 20b	4	0	0	0	0

SCORE BY INNINGS

Inning	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sacramento	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

SUMMARY

Los Angeles	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sacramento	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

AKLAND DOWNED.

WISCONSIN WINS SECOND.

San Francisco, June 8.—San Francisco won today's game through the efforts of "Younger" Johnson, who pitched a perfect game, and the team's strong batting.

He made five put outs and assisted in making a difficult catch and throwing Hildebrand out at the plate.

Score: San Francisco, 10; Oakland, 0.

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He made five put outs and assisted in making a difficult catch and throwing Hildebrand out at the plate.

Score: San Francisco, 10; Oakland, 0.

Salt Rheum

It may become chronic. It may cover the body with large, inflamed, burning, itching, scaling patches and cause intense suffering. It has been known to do so.

Do not delay treatment. Thoroughly cleanse the system of the humors on which this ailment depends and prevent their return.

The medicine taken by Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., was Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes: "I had a disagreeable itching on my arms which I concluded was salt rheum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in two days felt better. It was not long before I was cured and I have never had any skin disease since."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is positively unequalled for all cutaneous eruptions. Take it.

have hit the side of a barn if it were but ten feet off. When he did get it over the Horned Toads either struck out or got a base on an error, and there you are. It was no fault of the local team that they won. It was simply pure unadulterated luck. You couldn't make anything else out of it. They were out and outplayed in the field, out run on the bases and out-anything-else.

Harry Leland did very well with the indicator, although he was just a trifle off on balls and strikes. He showed that he had plenty of backbone once or twice, and never lost his head in trying situations. He did more work than any individual member of either team. There were no particular features to the game. Adams played a pretty game at short field, although very lucky in one or two instances. Patterson caught a fine game for Ramona, and his throwing to second was of the star order.

The full score follows:

NATIVE BORN

A. R. H. P. O. A. E.					
Seavick, P.	4	0	0	0	0
Mathewson, 1b	4	0	0	0	0
Patterson, 2b	4	0	0	0	0
Youngworth, 3b	4	0	0	0	0
Holbrook, 4b	4	0	0	0	0
Denny, 5b	4	0	0	0	0
Wiley, 6b	4	0	0	0	0
Lips, 7b	4	0	0	0	0
Shore, 8b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 9b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 10b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 11b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 12b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 13b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 14b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 15b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 16b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 17b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 18b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 19b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 20b	4	0	0	0	0

Two men out when winning run scored.

ELKS

A. R. H. P. O. A. E.					
Widmer, P.	4	0	0	0	0
Gurley, 1b	4	0	0	0	0
Hart, 2b	4	0	0	0	0
Adams, 3b	4	0	0	0	0
Maiter, 4b	4	0	0	0	0
Hill, 5b	4	0	0	0	0
Mott, 6b	4	0	0	0	0
Schmidt, 7b	4	0	0	0	0
Mead, 8b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 9b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 10b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 11b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 12b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 13b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 14b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 15b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 16b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 17b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 18b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 19b	4	0	0	0	0
T-tall, 20b	4	0	0	0	0

SCORE BY INNINGS

Inning	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sacramento	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

SUMMARY

Los Angeles	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sacramento	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

FAKE POOL ROOM RAIDED.

Chicago Police Think They Have in Jail one of the Largest Confidence Gangs in the Country.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.) CHICAGO, June 8.—In the rear room of a saloon on Cottage Grove avenue fitted with a mass of wires, telegraph instruments and all the paraphernalia necessary to a well-equipped poolroom, Chief of Police O'Neill and several detectives from the central station arrested twenty-five men last night and unearthed what they say was the headquarters for one of the largest gangs of confidence men in the country.

Those arrested were all taken to the police station where they were booked on charges of conspiracy to defraud.

The complainant who will appear against them is S. L. Seabrook, a traveling man who alleges he came near being the victim of a swindle involving several thousand dollars. Seabrook himself assisted the police in making the raid. It was but a short time after the men reached police headquarters before many of the prisoners were recognized and the commanding officers realized the importance of their arrests.

Among those arrested in the raid are: Frank Dubois, Edward Dunne and Archie Donaldson. From the appearance of the place a poolroom in full blast was in progress. The names of horses cunning at the different races tricked with their odds were conspicuously posted on the walls, ticker machines were being operated and the continuous click of telegraph instruments was drowned by the calling off of the progress of the different races by the official announcer.

POTTAWATTOMIES TO SQUAT.

Refugees Choose Darling Young Leader and Decide to Invest the Lake Front at Chicago.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.) ST. JOSEPH (Mich.) June 8.—The tribe of Pottawattomie Indians living in Van Buren county, here a secret powwow at Hartford to listen to a report of scouts sent to Chicago. By a unanimous vote, the tribe decided to call for Chicago June 22, under the leadership of Chief Isaac Quiggo, the youngest and most daring full-blooded Indian of the tribe. Chief Charles Pokagon, son of the late Simon Pokagon, was deposed, together with his council of seven advisers, because of their lukewarm attitude.

The Pottawattomie purpose is to invest in lake front of Chicago, and then proceed to prove their claims to the land, which they believe will be sustained. If the Chicago claim is established, they will squat on all the lake front from the Indiana line to Grand Haven, Mich., which they say is their land by virtue of the same treaty upon which they base their Chicago claim.

In litigation. Dyspepsia, flatulency and biliousness, if not attended to, creep through the body, upsetting the stomach, causing general trouble. The filters will cure these as well as Liver and Kidney Affections. Try it.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

STOMACH BITTERS

The Closing Out Sale



At Allen's

Means Much to SEEKERS

AFTER RARE VALUES. When the fact

is considered that this stock is all NEW

and strictly up-to-date in style and finish,

and that it is being sacrificed in the interest of a quick clearance, the importance of the event cannot but impress you.

All goods are marked in plain figures that will surprise YOU BY THEIR LITTLENES.

High grade Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Etc.

W. S. ALLEN, 345-347 S. Spring.

SUMMER CATARRH PREVAILS FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER.



Men and women are alike subject to catarrh.

Both men and women are subject to catarrh both winter and summer.

We have then summer and winter catarrh.

In summer catarrh is more likely to assume the form of dyspepsia, blood derangements, nervousness, systemic catarrh, and in some women pelvic catarrh.

Pelvic catarrh is commonly known as female disease.

To thoroughly understand this subject one should send to the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for Dr. Hartman's book on Catarrh.

This book contains ninety-six pages of reading matter and will be sent free to any address.

HON. JUDSON W. LYONS, Register of the United States Treasury, writes as follows:

"I find Peruna to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of Spring and Summer and those who suffer from the depression of the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Peruna."—Judson W. Lyons.

Felvie Catarrh. Miss Elizabeth L. Williams writes from Gold-land, Tex.

"I have taken several bottles of Peruna and now I am entirely well. Peruna has not only cured me of catarrh, but also of female complaints, of which I suffered a great deal. I shall always keep Peruna, and I do highly recommend it to every one in the land, especially to young girls and women."

"I feel that I owe a word of gratitude to Dr. Hartman and Peruna."—Miss E. L. Williams.

Systemic Catarrh. W. H. Shields, Editor and publisher of the Douglas Co. Democrat, of Ave. No. wrote the following editorial in his paper of Jan. 25, 1901:

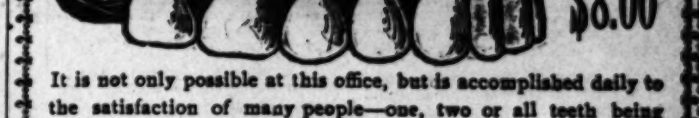
THE FOO & WING HERB CO. 903 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Diagnosis and Examination Free. Absent from 4 p.m. Fridays until 12 m. Sundays.

BEKIN'S VAN AND STORAGE CUT RATE FREIGHT OFFICE 34 SOUTH BROADWAY.

VITALIZED AIR

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.



Full Set of Teeth \$8.00

It is not only possible at this office, but is accomplished daily to the satisfaction of many people—one, two or all teeth being extracted ABSOLUTELY without pain or sore gums.

Do Bad After Effects. We do this work with our PURE VITALIZED AIR, which we make fresh daily at our office.

ONLY office on the Pacific Coast making and giving VITALIZED AIR. Especially good for the weak and nervous, old or young. Free of charge if not perfectly satisfactory to patients.

SPINKS' DENTAL PARLORS, Spinks Block, Cor. 5th and Hill Office Hours, 8 to 6. Sundays 9 to 1.

LADY ATTENDANT. GERMAN SPOKEN.

FLAT AND ROLL-TOP DESKS....

Office Desks \$8.50 to \$60 Office Chairs \$4.50 to \$10

We believe we give you the best for the price.

New Line Carpets, All-wool Ingrains.....64c yd Rugs.....\$1.00 and up Window Shades, 3x7.....35c on

This is the only Furniture and Carpet House giving Locomobile Tickets.

I. T. MARTIN Furniture and Carpet House 531-3

Val. Laces. 15c	Pure Vaseline. 4c	Playing Cards. 8c	Tar Soap. 5c	Machine Oil. 5c	Pudding Pans. 9c	Foot Tubs. 26c
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Outing Flannels.

All the cut prices of 5.00 and 7.00 light and dark Outing Flannels are being sold in one big lot for tomorrow's selling, and you take your choice at..... 4.00

Slashing Prices Right and Left.

We are nearing the wind-up. Like all good things the "Going-out-of-Business" Sale at the Up-to-date must have an ending. Come quickly if you want any of these bargains. Never in the history of merchandising did dollars have such purchasing power. Opportunities lost now are lost forever. Come tomorrow.

Silks and Dress Goods Slashed

Prices have been mercilessly cut in the Silk and Dress Goods sections. The selling will be furious tomorrow. Bargains like these don't go begging. Come early if you can—but come, and bring your friends too.

Venetian Cloth—all wool, in new and popular shades, the regular quality, at only..... 60c	Black Mohair, in fancy raised designs; quality never sold under 75c the yard, cut to..... 45c
Novelty Dress Goods—solid, sold regularly at 85c the yard; closing price..... 23c	Venetian, 84 inches wide, sponged and shrunk; good line of colors, \$2.25 value, at..... \$1.50
Novelty Dress Goods—solid, sold regularly at 85c the yard; closing price..... 25c	Fancy Plaids, silk and wool mixtures; qualities sold regularly at 75c, in this sale..... 45c
Novelty Dress Goods—solid, sold regularly at 85c the yard; closing price..... 1.45	Lining Silk, good line of colors; same you're paid 80c the yard for; sale price..... 25c
Novelty Dress Goods—solid, sold regularly at 85c the yard; closing price..... 45c	Fancy Parasols. Entire stock to be closed out this week at about half price, \$1.50 sort at 75c; \$2.00 sort at \$1.00; \$2.50 values go at \$1.00; and \$3.50 sorts at..... \$1.75
Novelty Dress Goods—solid, sold regularly at 85c the yard; closing price..... 15c	

Linens, Sheetings and Muslins

Economical women—those of you who need Table Linens, Sheetings or Muslins—you cannot afford to miss Monday's extraordinary offerings in these lines. Of course, if you cannot come Monday, you may have them on Tuesday or Wednesday at the same prices—provided there's any left. But the biggest bargains are bound to go Monday.

For Instance: 10 pieces excellent quality turkey red damask, 56 inches wide and worth 25c the yard, at..... 15c	Pillow Cases: Of excellent quality, 12 1/2x16 1/2, on sale Monday morning at..... 10c
And These: 46 dozen extra heavy bed room towels, size 18x40 inches, sold regularly at 90c the dozen; Monday at..... 55c	Brown Sheetings: extra heavy unbleached sheeting, full yard wide, regularly sold at 7 1/2c the yard; Monday..... 5c
Here's Another: bleached towels with fancy red borders, size 18x34 in., worth \$2.00 dozen, at..... \$1.40	Bleached Muslin: a new brand of 36 inch best quality bleached muslin; worth 8 1/2c to 10c the yard; Monday, 16 yds. for \$1.00
Linen Napkins: Good size 4 x 6, all pure linen, sold in regular way \$1.35 doz. for..... \$1.00	Another Lot: Two cases best 36 inch muslin you ever saw for 6 1/2c and 7 1/2c the yd. will go..... 20 yds. for \$1.00

Wash Goods Fearfully Cut.

Price, cost, value, everything forgotten in our desire to clear the decks preparatory to going out of business. Come prepared for surprises. Come expecting more for your money than you ever got before.

Grass Linen Suits, the regular 12 1/2x16 1/2, on sale Monday morning at..... 7c	Nainsooks—plain white, assorted pretty checks, the same you've seen at 8c, only..... 3c
Novelty Piques, in fancy stripes and figures; regular 30c quality, cut to close at..... 10c	Colored Lawns—fancy stripes and figures, 40 in. wide, worth easily 15c, closing price..... 6c
Fancy Organdies, figured Dimities, in newest and prettiest designs; the 30c sorts, in this sale at..... 11c	Seersuckers—new crinkled effects, quality regularly sold at 15c, in this sale at..... 6c
Silk Zephyrs, fine mercerized finish, new designs and colorings; 55c values, at only..... 22c	Organdies—in black and white stripes and figures, always sold at 20c; closing our price..... 8c
Percale, shirting and dress styles, full 36 inches wide; the regular 12 1/2x16 1/2 quality, cut to..... 7c	Mercerized Stripes—in all the new shades; regularly sold at 25c; Clearance Sale price..... 25c
Organdies, in pretty new designs and colorings; quality always sold at 15c, these go at..... 7c	Fancy Lawns—Mercerized finish, in the new polka dot patterns; 40c values at..... 27c

Pillow Shams.

About fifty pairs pretty ruffled muslin Pillow Shams, newest designs, never sold for less than 50c in a regular way. Closing out price..... 39c

Up-to-date Department Store, 113-115 North Spring Street. Positively Going Out of Business.

LEGISLATION LAUDED.

REPUBLIC BEFORE ECONOMIC LEAGUE LAST NIGHT.

Mr. John R. Haynes Tells an Audience at Shell Hall of the Corruption of the Representative System, as Compared With Management of Private Corporations.

Mr. John R. Haynes appeared before the Economic League at Shell Hall last night and delivered a lecture in which he pointed out the corruption of the representative system of government and made a plea for direct legislation.

His change necessary in our government is the present legislative system all that could be said, and has it been satisfactory? There is a single person here, a man who will answer these questions in the affirmative. Take our city, Los Angeles is now governed by representatives elected for a term of years, and during the term of office, they instead of the people, are the absolute owners of the city.

The City Council has the legislative power, and the people have no voice in the government. Even at its expiration, through the machinery of the legislature, the people have no voice in the government. The people have no voice in the government.

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THE REMEDY—DIRECT LEGISLATION.

"You ask: 'What, then, is the remedy?' I answer, 'Direct legislation.'"

Institute a true democracy. The best governed country on earth today is Switzerland, that of New Zealand following close behind. In Switzerland any elector can propose legislation (provided, of course, he has a certain small percentage of electors to second him.) whether it be municipal, cantonal or Federal, and such proposed legislation becomes a law, if endorsed by a majority of the electors. Direct legislation is therefore the exercise of the right of the people to propose laws, to accept or reject laws made by their representatives, and to recall those representatives who abuse their trust.

"It might be well to state a few of the advantages of direct legislation. First, in the introduction of reforms; second, direct legislation means pure government. Direct legislation means the death of the lobby, as it will be impossible to lobby the people. It comes from good-will, and it is not for sale. Some legislatures are purchasable, whereas, careful computation has shown that not more than one-tenth of the people are purchasable. Blackmailing by representatives will cease. One reason for this is that the majority of our legislatures is self-defense; otherwise they would be the subject of endless blackmail.

"Partisanship will be eliminated from city affairs. Citizens will vote as individuals, as they believe their interests require, and, having the opportunity to study proposed measures and to discuss them, will not be likely to go against their own interests at the bidding of a party machine.

"One of our chief American authorities, Prof. Vincent, author of 'State and Federal Government in Switzerland,' said of direct legislation: 'In Switzerland we have seen it spread from Protestant to Catholic cantons, from agricultural to industrial regions, from radical to conservative communities.'

"CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY. You know that in the cotton mills of Alabama, and other Southern States, there are children 8 years old working from 5 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night; thirteen hours a day, six days in the week? Can you picture these baby white slaves, little women, drawn from their wretched beds at 4 o'clock in the morning, breakfasted with corn meal, and possibly fat pork, and driven to their slave pens, the factories, there to work in the dust and dirt and heat through a breakfasted day? Do you know that the legislatures of these States have been petitioned time and time again to stop this heinous crime against humanity, but these factories are earning from 40 to 100 per cent. per annum upon their capital, and can afford to pay large prices to prevent legislation? It is a case of boudie versus blood, and of course boudie wins every time. And this is called an ideal republic.

"Do you know in England this child-murder was stopped thirty years ago? Do you know that in New Zealand no boy or girl under 15 years of age is permitted to work in a factory more than 8 hours a day, and then only between the hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.? If the people of Alabama could initiate legislation do you not think this would be stopped at once?

"My hearers, if you will believe in direct legislation, and believing, work and strive for its accomplishment, you will get it; and then will you be nobler, better, freer men and women, broader, fairer-minded, and then will our nation be indeed an ideal republic, veritably the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Bike Buggies. You sometimes need repair. Phone 3988. Mills & Chick will send for and repair your bike. 218 W. 11th st.

Wedding Invitations. By the typographic process, facsimile of engraving, no plate used, for \$1.00 per 100. Wedding department Jones's Book Store, 218 West First Street. Samples mailed free.

Salt Dredge Aluminum. Salt shakers, 25c a pair up. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 So. Spring st.

F. M. Parker, Plumbing. Repairs, 505 South Spring st. Tel. red 2131.

Appeal to Weak Men



Are You Suffering From Varicocoele, Nervous Debility, Losses of Vital Power, Loss of Ambition, Early Decay? I Will Cure You.

How many men are suffering miserably for the want of a simple remedy? They do not live; they simply exist. In the faces of thousands can be read the story of a wasted life and blighted hopes; joys and pleasures are unknown to them because of the secret waste which is sapping their vitality. Varicocoele, wasting drains, unnatural losses, have exhausted Nature's Electrical forces; and left them wrecks upon the shores of life. Many have sought in drugs and patent remedies to relieve their mental and physical suffering. They are soothed for a day, or maybe a week, falsely braced up, until the effects of the drug wearing off like the momentary bracing of whisky, they sink still lower in vitality, and, with hope exhausted, lose confidence in themselves and their fellow-men and decide to abandon all efforts to recover the manly power, feeling that there is no help for them. Man, do not sacrifice yourself in this way. Do not endure this living death while nature holds out to you relief in the form of Electricity, that vital element of which by a life of idleness and excess you have deprived yourself, tearing down faster than Nature could rebuild. In this great restorative—Electricity—there is life and happiness for you. It restores lost power to the weak and indifferent, to those whose sense of pleasure has been dulled; it builds up the weakened system, and by its vitality, stimulating energy it makes the blood jump through sluggish veins, increasing the circulation to every part, assisting Nature to carry off the impure matter which clogs up the wheels of life. If you are weak and sick don't depend on doctors or drugs any longer, but try

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt,
The product of years of study, the realization of the fondest dreams of the weak and worn invalid. It is not a toy belt, but a powerful, life-giving Electric appliance, which is now recognized by the highest and best in the medical profession as the greatest restorative agent known to mankind. The power of Manhood is quickly restored by it and unnatural losses corrected. Rheumatic pains are quickly dispelled and all functions of the body developed and made strong. It sends the blood with a gladness bound through the veins, carrying health to the body and happiness to the heart of the dependent sufferer.

DON'T DELAY. Try Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt at once. No matter what ails you, there is a cure performed by this famous Belt, and it is recognized today as the greatest restorative agent known to mankind. It cures every form of weakness, restores the fire and vigor of youth, cures all forms of Nervous Diseases, Kidney and bladder troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Varicocoele, Lumbago and many other complaints, after every other known system of medical treatment has failed.

VIGOR OF YOUTH RESTORED IN A NIGHT.
HOW DOES IT CURE? How simple that is to me! I have studied and developed upon it for years, and I will explain it to you as simply as I can. Your weakness is like the running down of the steam in the engine. There is not enough power in the nerves to make the physical body go. Nerve power is electricity. Electricity runs your body just as it runs an electric car, when there is enough power. If the power is short, the car won't run. Neither will your body. Now, when you have abused the laws of Nature, when you have been excessive in the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, you have drained away the reserve vitality and caused injury to the nerves and glands which retain the vital force, so that you are now subject to a constant drain of this power. You are losing it as fast as your creative organs generate it, hence you have never regained your vitality, and never will until this drain is stopped. I can stop it, and cure. My Belt pours electricity into your impoverished nerves for hours every night. They drink it up gladly, absorb it and retain it. They expand and develop under its powerful influence. They get strong enough to resist the life fluid, and the drain is stopped; they grow in size and power daily, and you look into the glass and see a MAN; you are CURED! RESTORED! MADE OVER! and the sun shines gladly upon your future. "The world is mine," you say, and the people in it proclaim you a man. So my Belt cures you, and when you pay for it you make an investment which returns you more profit than any that has ever been made by man.

CAUTION! If you value your health, do not accept an imitation of my Belt. There are many on the market. Old style, hissing wires, whose only merit is their ability to burn and scorch the flesh, are being offered with a cheap imitation of my Cushion Electrode. But it is a sham. Don't accept it! The best is worth too good to be cheap. I want your health, your manhood, so avoid imitations. The cushion electrode is a special invention. Without it all electric belts blister and burn holes in the flesh and can do good. I trade.

Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book absolutely free upon request. If you are not the man you should be, consult me today. Bring or send this at.

The Cheapest Household Necessity in This City Today is Gas at the

Reduced Rate of \$1.25

Per 1000 Cubic Feet, And which goes into effect July 1, 1901.

Cost of labor and materials considered, this is the lowest gas rate in the United States today. That's what we believe Los Angeles is entitled to, and we intend to keep up with the step

AND REACH \$1.00 GAS

Just as Soon as We Can.

There's a profit at \$1.25, but we need the patronage of everybody to extract it, and this new rate should put a GAS RANGE in every house in Los Angeles. It has been ever the case that the rate of gas has been moving in the direction is evidenced by a cut in the rate of 50 per cent. (from \$2.50 to \$1.25) in a period of twelve years. That's not very slow moving either.

OUR FREE LIST:

SERVICE CONNECTIONS, METER CONNECTIONS, COOKING LESSONS, GAS RANGES CONNECTED AND CONNECTIONS FURNISHED—AT TIME OF PURCHASE—

AT ABSOLUTE COST:

ALL GAS APPLIANCES, ON INSTALLMENTS OF \$1.00 PER MONTH—IF PREFERRED—

FREE OF CHARGE.

Come and order a GAS RANGE—there's no possible excuse now—unless you're one of those people who would rather polish the tack heads in the carpet than polish the mind. A Gas Range lends an air of refinement.

LOS ANGELES LIGHTING COMPANY.

House cleaning means NEW WALL PAPER

Big reductions this week. A. A. THIELE, 307-9 S. Main St. Tel. 514

Business Builders for Us

Health and Strength Builders for Our Customers

Sonoma, Zinfandel or 50c
Riesling, per gal..... 50c
5-year-old Port, 50c
per gal..... 50c
5-year-old Sherry, An- 65c
gelica or Muscat, per gal.

20-year-old Port, Sherry, Ang-
gelica, Muscat, Malaga \$1.50
or Madeira, per gal.... 50c

Old Bourbon Whisky, medi-
cinally pure, per quart 50c
bottle..... 50c

EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.,
397-399 Los Angeles Street, Corner Fourth.
NO BAR. OPEN EVENINGS. TELEPHONE MAIN 919

Silk Draperies and Embroideries

Direct from China, cheaper than ever. The ladies will remember the many Bargains we gave them recently on South Spring Street. We have now moved to 414 North Main Street. We pay very little rent, but have received lots of new goods ordered over a year ago. You can stretch a dollar out where it takes a dollar's worth. Call and see our Chinaware, Hand-carved Ivory (no) Cio stone, very expensive goods at little price. Silk and Cotton Underwear made right in store. Bamboo Furniture, Oriental Curiosities.

F. SUITE ONE CO., 414 N. Main, SOUTH OF PLAZA.

ABBO

Fills the Hearts of Suffering Humanity With Gratitude.

He is the physician of the day, and the enormous demand for his services is striking evidence that superior education and natural adaptability is a combination which is sure of its virtual reward.

His offices are crowded from early morning until late at night with people suffering with every form of human affliction, and all go away satisfied. They say they never had medicines to produce such wonderful effects in so short a time, and have not words to express their gratitude. Many of the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Abbo have no parallel in the annals of medicine and surgery.

What Some of His Grateful Patients Say of Him.

Dr. Abbo removed a cancer from my eye, and I have never since had any trouble with it. I have been cured of a bad case of Rheumatism, and I have never since had any trouble with it. I have been cured of a bad case of Rheumatism, and I have never since had any trouble with it. I have been cured of a bad case of Rheumatism, and I have never since had any trouble with it.

Abbo offers a treatment that is not experimental, but that has been proven wonderfully successful; he offers a treatment based upon the latest scientific and medical authorities of the country and Europe, combined with the oriental practice of medicine and art healing. He does not resort to the methods of dosing quacks and itinerant vendors of bottled herbs and roots, who are commonly classed as fakirs.

The doctor presents the following credentials: Graduate Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia; graduate of the Post-Graduate Hospital of New York; graduate Charing Cross Hospital, London; Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Eng.; Associate Physician of the Frauen Klinik, Berlin; Associate Physician Prof. Fusch's Eye Klinik, Vienna, Austria; Member of the Oriental Society of Yogi, Bombay, India.

Abbo Medical and Surgical Institute
CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.
1094 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES.
Hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sunday 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

LOUIS RICHART.
Ladies' and Gents' Hair Parlor.
Highest class price paid for Men's Clothing.
621-623 S. Spring St.
Tel. James 071.

Dalton Tract
WASHINGTON AVE. CENTRAL AVE. LOS ANGELES
Edward C. Critch Co.
Phone John 341
115 S. Broadway

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—The Man From Mexico. ORPHEUM—Yankee.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Alumni Banquet.

The Alumni Association of the Los Angeles State Normal School will have its annual banquet at the Normal School June 22 at 7 p.m.

Lucky Lee Lock.

Lee Lock, the Chinaman under arrest for being unlawfully in the United States, got another continuance yesterday. He is given three weeks more to get ready.

Evening With Birds.

There will be an exhibition of song birds from local aviaries at the annual reception of the Southern California Academy of Sciences next Tuesday evening. Admission will be by card only.

Dr. Walker Will Be There.

The statement that Dr. Hugh K. Walker would not be in his own pulpit at the morning service today, led to a misapprehension. He will be at the children's service, and will make an address to the children.

Historical Society.

The Historical Society will meet at the residence of Daniel Neuhart, No. 3291 Key West street, Monday at 8 p.m. The president of the society, Walter R. Bacon, will read a historical paper, and J. M. Quinn will tell the story of "El Caden Perido." All meetings of the society are open to visitors.

The Man From Texas.

Arthur W. Forrester, clerk of the criminal department of the Superior Court, has returned from a six weeks' business trip to Beaumont, Tex. He went down to the Dabbs Hotel. He did not lose anything, stands to clear a small fortune, and almost made three or four excellent turns. He believes that the Beaumont boom is at last fading out, and he is glad to get home.

Merchandise.

Francis Kern, who has a saloon at No. 127 East Fifth street, reports to the police that during the past two days a thief entered his room adjoining the saloon, and stole a tin cash box containing four watches, \$200 in gold, a lot of old coins and private papers. Yesterday the box was found in the basement of the Vendome, the contents being intact, with the exception of the gold coin.

End of Chorus Case.

United States Commissioner Van Dyke yesterday discharged the chorus boys from the second charge against them, in the counterfeiting case—that of causing implements to be made to be used in making counterfeit coin. This action was taken on motion of the District Attorney. The latter charge is also lodged against the Mar, but goes over until the State has disposed of the charge of embezzlement against him.

Silver Jubilee.

The pupils of the Dominican School, St. Joseph's parish, will tender their congratulations to their pastor, Rev. Father Victor, upon the attainment of his silver jubilee tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The many classes have been working assiduously under the direction of the sisters upon their programme of songs, drills and recitations, and will entertain their friends interestingly. The exercises will take place at St. Joseph's Hall, 750 and Bantee streets.

Hollywood Tomatoes.

Yesterday 44,000 pounds of tomatoes were shipped from Hollywood to San Francisco, and during the last three steamer days 120,000 pounds were shipped to the same place. Tomato growing has become a great industry in that section, as these figures show. Shipments have been made by every steamer, and some by rail since early in November, but the season is now at its height, and it is believed that tomorrow's shipment will not be exceeded. The fruit is as fine as any ever grown.

Memorial Service.

The Knights of Pythias lodges of this city will hold memorial services for deceased members this afternoon at 3 o'clock in the East Los Angeles Congregational Church, 141 North Normandie street. The members of the order have died here during the past year. The programme, in addition to music, will consist of addresses by Rev. C. C. Pierce and D. E. Trank, Grand Vice-Chancellor, and also tributes from the lodge and the auxiliary temples. The graves will be decorated by committees in the morning.

Son of the Prophet.

Joseph Smith, the oldest son of Joseph Smith, the prophet, with Alexander Hale Smith, the second son, is to be in Los Angeles next month on the occasion of their coming to the annual camp meeting of the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," of which they are the official heads, which will be held in Bayside Grove, commencing July 19 and continuing ten days. Rev. T. W. Williams, presiding elder of Southern California, and local pastor, are planning the largest gathering of this people ever held on the Coast.

Many Teachers.

At the rooms of the City Board of Education yesterday there were sixty-two applicants before the Teachers' Committee. The teachers are listed by Secretary Averill as they enter the office, and in the order in which their names appear upon the list, they are called before the committee. A record is made according to the evidence offered, and the individual members of the committee probably form an opinion as to the adaptability of the applicant. From the list thus made up, the city's teachers will be selected and announced at the last meeting of the board for the month of June. The sittings of the committee will continue each Saturday up to that time.

Student Complaints.

Roxy C. Demulib yesterday appeared at the rooms of the Board of Education to lodge a complaint against Prof. Carlson, a teacher in the commercial department of the High School. The boy thus states his case: Prof. Francis, principal of the commercial department, recommended him for a position as stenographer and typewriter; going into school late, having tarried too long with Prof. Francis, he gave the above to Prof. Carlson as his recommendation. Carlson detained him after school, the boy says, by force, and when he got away he hurried off to apply for a job named Steele, who had gotten there ahead of him, with a recommendation from Prof. Carlson.

A Day's Accidents.

Sing Lee and Wong Toy, two Chinamen driving a vegetable wagon, collided with a car at Seventh street and Lucas avenue yesterday afternoon shortly after 4 o'clock, and in the smash-up the wagon was wrecked and Toy's left arm was broken. Sing, escaping with a few scratches. The car was damaged slightly. The Chinamen were driving down the hill and could not check their team in time to escape being hit by the car. Al Kester, No. 228 Bonnie Brice street had several toe nails mashed off yesterday at the Baker

Iron Works, a heavy iron having rolled on his right foot. F. M. Lamb, proprietor of the Pasadena Fertilizing Works, stepped off a Pasadena car at the Plaza last night, and in falling to the ground was knocked senseless and considerably shaken up. Fred Sweeney, a district messenger boy, living on Santa Fe avenue, was racing down Central avenue last night about 11 o'clock, and when near Fourteenth street collided with something. What this something was Sweeney doesn't know, but it knocked him senseless.

BREVITIES.

"The Temptations of Middle Life" will be the Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dowling's topic at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, corner Pico (Thirteenth street) tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. At 7:45 p.m. musical service, and "Sunday Night Talk," by Rev. William MacCormack. All seats free at evening service. Both University, and Pico Heights cars pass the doors.

We are selling Turkish rugs at whatever they will bring—we are closing out, regardless of cost, we leave city a few days—chance now to get rugs cheaper than ordinary carpets. Call and see our silk embroideries, oriental novelties, Moorish lanterns and antique arms, brass jardiniere, N. G. Balda & Bro., 122 West Fourth st. There is a demand on the part of housekeepers and others having carpets to clean for some method to thoroughly disinfect them. The City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works has the latest improved machinery, 424 S. Broadway, Tel. main 47. John S. Bower.

Annual meeting of the stockholders of the Columbia Oil Producing Company will be held at their offices, Tolo building, on Thursday next, the 13th inst., at 1 o'clock p.m. Per Charles Astley, assistant secretary.

Just received, twenty bales of a fine assortment oriental rugs, and will be offered at less than cost. Remember this special sale is for June only. Imperial Persian Rug Co., 330 South Broadway.

New designs added daily to my display of fashionable, trimmed millinery, which is the latest in the city. Prices reduced very low. Miss A. Clarke, Maison Nouvelle, 222 West Third st.

The Natick House will serve roast turkey with dressing today from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m. meals, 25 cents; 21 for \$4.50. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

The Bellevue, furnished rooms and cottages, Avalon, Santa Catalina, Cal. Terms very reasonable. Mrs. E. E. McLeod, manager.

Woodbury Business College commencement, Thursday evening, June 13, at Simpson Auditorium. Admission free.

Accordion playing, 3984 S. Spring. Fancy art, side, knife plating, sun-plated skirts a specialty. Main 207.

El Parnaso Restaurant, 215 W. 4th. Special Sunday dinner. Almond soup, chicken enchiladas, tamales.

The Woman's League of the First Christian Church is holding a rummage sale at 425 Amelia street.

Dr. H. R. R. Montgomery, office moved to 215 W. Sixth st., Lindley building. Phone Main 607.

For time or arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Dr. E. S. Chapman will speak at Young Woman's Christian Association, 4 p.m. Sunday.

Woodham, Woodham, Woodham, the furniture rustler, 260 S. Main st., wants to see you.

Zinnaman's Button and Button-hole Factory, 254 S. Broadway, rooms 1-6.

Art School, summer classes, L. E. G. Macleod, director, 614 Hill street.

Good pianos, easy terms, at Salyer's, 353 S. Broadway, near Fourth.

Dr. Ella Harris, dermatologist, has removed to 215 S. Broadway.

Corsets made to order, and corsets repaired, 247 South Broadway.

Closing out our millinery at 50 c on dollar, 436 S. Hill st.

Dr. Kutch removed to 453 S. Broadway.

Whitney Trunk Factory, 228 S. Main.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for R. F. Whitman, M. L. Lively, M. Bartensberg and Ives E. Cobb.

The Child Study Circle of the Ninth-street school held its last session for the year on Wednesday. A number of young people participated in the programme.

Stanton W.R.C. will give a reception Friday evening at No. 129 West Fifth street, in honor of Mrs. Sarah E. Keller, departing chaplain of California and Nevada's posts and corps and visiting members will attend.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

William Henry Nash, aged 63, a native of Ohio, and Sarah R. Glasby, aged 52, a native of Pennsylvania; both residents of Ocean Park.

Harry J. Hoover, aged 34, a native of Illinois and a resident of North Ontario, and M. Mary Haines, aged 19, a native of Indiana and a resident of Verdugo.

BIRTH RECORD.

WEST—Los Angeles, June 1, to the wife of William J. West, a son.

DEATH RECORD.

LANE—At her home, No. 142 West 10th street, June 1, Mrs. Anna L. Lane, a native of Kent county, Eng. Passed from this residence, Sunday, at 1:30 p.m.

PARKER—in this city, June 1, 1904, Mary J. S. Parker, a native of New York. Passed from her late residence, No. 401 South Main street, Sunday, June 1, at 2:30 o'clock, p.m., under the auspices of Anania Lodge, No. 2, O.E.S. Friends invited to interment Evergreen Cemetery.

ANDERSON—in this city, June 1, James W. Anderson, of appendicitis, a resident of Los Angeles and a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, aged 31. Passed, Sunday, 2 p.m., from parlors of Brown Bros., corner Ninth and Broadway, under the auspices of the O.E.S. Friends invited. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

Los Angeles Transfer Co. will check baggage at your residence in any part of the city. Tel. M. 4, or 10.

Breese Bros. Co., Undertakers. Lady assistant attends ladies and children. Broadway and Ninth street. Tel. main 34.

W. H. Sutcliff, Undertaker. Lady assistant. 218 S. Spring. Tel. M. 10.

Robt. L. Garrett & Co. Undertakers, 34 N. Main st. Tel. main 11.

Los Angeles Flower Store. For a coronation bouquet, call 457 S. Spring.

Salt Don't Corrode Aluminum. Salt shakers, 25c a pair up. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 So. Spring st.

Singer Sewing Machine Office. Phone area 27. No. 477 South Broadway.

To Cure Dyspepsia. Take hot water with Cap's Stomach Powder. 10 cents, at Sale & Son.

Salt Don't Corrode Aluminum. Salt shakers, 25c a pair up. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 So. Spring st.

SHARPEN your own lawn mower. So simple a child can use it. Price, complete, 25c. 25 South Main.

THE Broadway Coffee Parlor, Miss May Baldrige, proprietor, is now located at 215 S. Broadway, under Broadway Hotel.

All Work Guaranteed One Year.



We Can Fix It...

Whether it be a Watch, a Clock, a Pin—any broken jewelry—we can repair it best and cheapest. We are kept busy all the time—that proves the satisfaction of our work. If you're out of town, send your work by mail.

Watches Cleaned, 75c
New Main Spring, 50c
New Case Spring, 50c
New Roller Jewel, 50c
New Hands put on, 15c
New Crystal put in, 10c

Buy Glasses Here

We examine eyes free—and tell you what the trouble is.

Gold Filled Eyeglass Frames, warranted 10 years, \$1.50
Solid Gold Eyeglass Frames, \$2.00
Best Nickel Eyeglass Frames, \$1.00
Rimless Eyeglasses, best gold filled, warranted 10 years, \$2.00
Rimless Eyeglasses, with solid gold mountings, all styles, \$2.00

GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO., 385 South Broadway.
GEO. M. WILLIAMS, Prop.

SANBORN, VAIL & CO
Pictures and Frames, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Leather Goods, Mirrors, Tissue Paper.

TELEPHONE 357 S. BROADWAY.
Main 114.

Our Stock of PERFUMES

Embrace the best odors of both American and foreign manufacturers. A reliable, lasting and varied assortment. A full line of Roger & Gallet's Crown and Domestic Perfumes in bulk and fancy bottles.

Queen Helen, lasting and fragrant, 50c oz.

English Violets, true to the flower odor, delicate, 50c oz.

Jicky, \$1.75.

Boswell & Noyes Drug Co.
Reliable Prescription Dispensing.
THIRD AND BROADWAY

J. Magnin & Co.

251 South Broadway

Cool Dressing

Sacques, \$1.00 Up.

So handy. Two or three is none too many for any woman.

Very pretty ones in black laws, with small white polka dots, broad collar and thin straps, lace-trimmed.

Rimones in light colored, prettily trimmed with broad bands of plain color.

Also pretty dimity sacques.

Prices—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50, etc.

Have You Seen Petticoat?

The Ritzel Glove-Fitting

Tailor-made to measure, adjustable without drawstrings, without hooks and eyes, without a poke. For sale at

218 SOUTH BROADWAY COOP BLDG.
Rooms 430-432. Agents Wagon.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT DALLAS.

DALLAS (Tex.), June 1.—Fire which started in the oil department of the Hamilton Paint and Glass Company by an employed stepping on a match on the floor, destroyed property worth nearly \$90,000. The principal losses are: Hamilton Paint and Glass Company, \$50,000; insurance, \$25,000; Thomas & Ellis Furniture Company, \$10,000; insurance, \$5,000; Rick Furniture Company, \$10,000; A. P. Black, wall paper, \$5,000; insurance full; Devote Study, \$5,000; insurance, \$5,000; Guy Sumner, two buildings, \$15,000; insurance, \$8,000; miscellaneous losses, \$1,000.

The Best Coffee in the City.

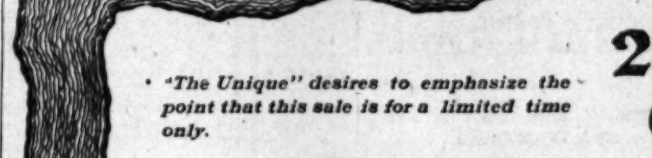
At the Broadway Coffee Parlor, Miss May Baldrige, proprietor, 215 S. Broadway, under Broadway Hotel.

BARBER SUPPLIES

Best getting in city. Jordan's and New York.

JOE JACOB, 302-303 S. Main St.

"The Unique" desires to emphasize the point that this sale is for a limited time only.



We Can Fix It...

Whether it be a Watch, a Clock, a Pin—any broken jewelry—we can repair it best and cheapest. We are kept busy all the time—that proves the satisfaction of our work. If you're out of town, send your work by mail.

Watches Cleaned, 75c
New Main Spring, 50c
New Case Spring, 50c
New Roller Jewel, 50c
New Hands put on, 15c
New Crystal put in, 10c

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At the Broadway Coffee Parlor, Miss May Baldrige, proprietor, 215 S. Broadway, under Broadway Hotel.

BARBER SUPPLIES

Best getting in city. Jordan's and New York.

JOE JACOB, 302-303 S. Main St.

THE UNIQUE

245 So. Broadway
Cloaks and Suits

A Great Jacket Sale

The greatest we ever made—prices reduced at least a third, and in many cases half the money of last week takes the very jacket you've wanted. All new, fresh summer styles, nobby and charming in their jauntiness, the work of the best man jacket makers in New York. Think of the summer full of cool evenings and the days at the beach. Don't you want a jacket at these prices?

Jackets Reduced to \$3.90

Late style double-breasted jackets of dark brown covert mixture. Remain lined, trimmed with six handsome bone buttons—bell shaped sleeves—worth half as much again. Sale begins Monday morning.

\$10.50 Jackets now \$6.75

Of handsome tan or black broadcloth, double-breasted, beautifully tailored. Remain lined, bell sleeves, and trimmed with six carved pearl buttons. These are entirely new, very desirable—and a great bargain.

\$12.00 Jackets now \$7.75

Of exquisite quality broadcloth, in tan and black fly front or double-breasted style—tailor stitched, cut in the very latest mode, elegantly finished. The equal of any \$12.00 jacket we ever sold.

Jackets at Half Price

About fifty odd jackets—one or two of a kind—left from some of the fastest selling lines, all new this season, and strictly up-to-date in style—will go in this sale at about half price.

It is well to bear in mind that these prices are not on the ordinary jackets of commerce, but on "Unique Jackets" which are noted for style and beauty.

Suits at One-third Off

About twenty elegantly tailored suits—only one of a kind—being left from recent sales; all new this season, strikingly handsome designs, of selected materials. Regular prices—less one-third.

Latest styles of superb quality English coaching cloth, in the new mode shades, in both double breasted and fly front styles—lined with fine quality taffeta—a jacket you'll be proud to own.

Very swell—of fine broadcloth, in black only; new fly front, lined with excellent quality taffeta, revers tailored with small piping of pean de sole—one of the season's novelties. You'll want one of these.

Of finest English broadcloth, double breasted, elegantly tailored, revers piped with black silk, lined with fine white pean de sole; a twenty-five dollar favorite for fifteen seventy-five Monday.

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DAY, JUNE 9, 1901

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

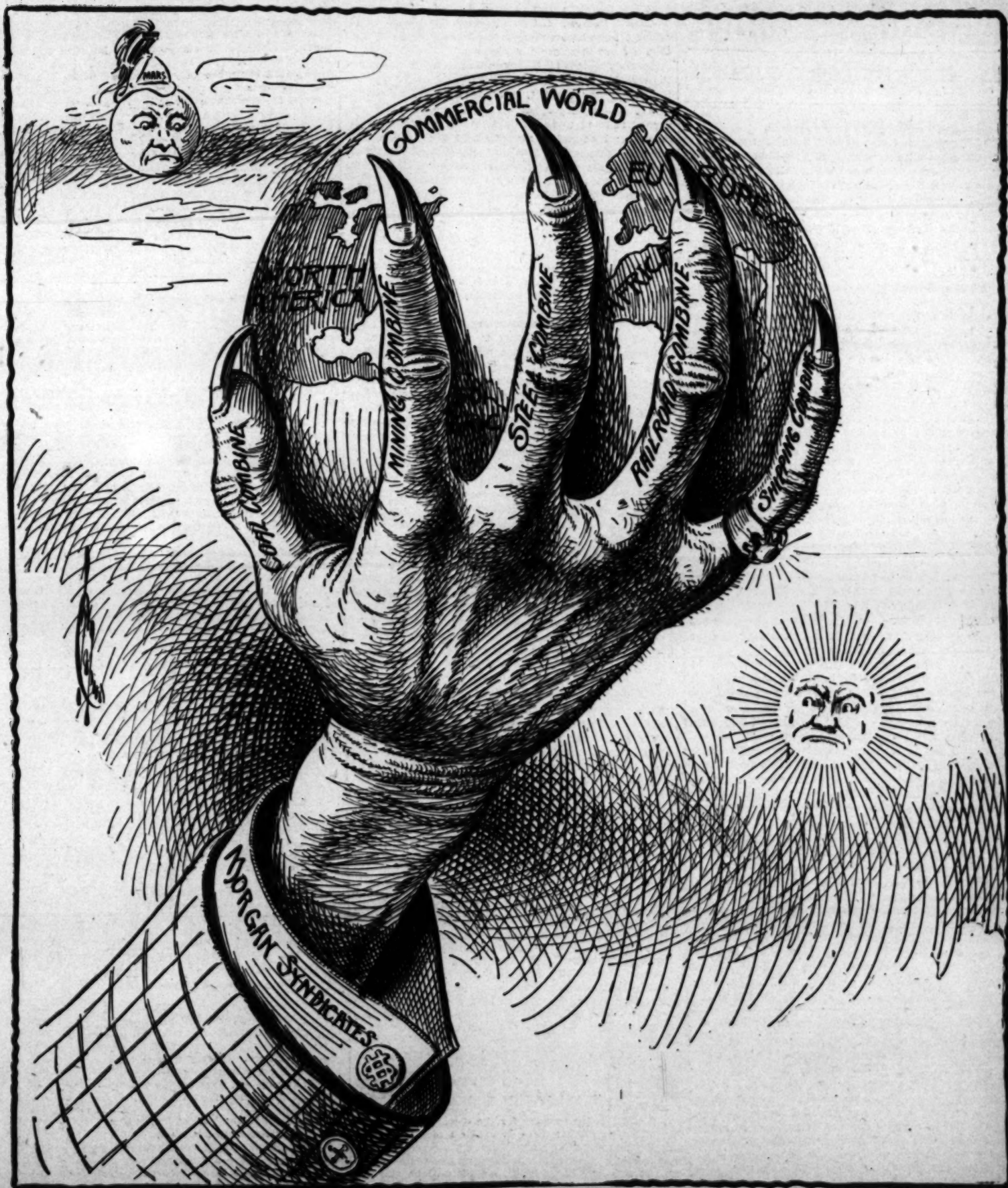
Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE
32 PAGES.

JUNE 9, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$2.50
SINGLE COPY...5 CENTS

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.



Old Sol to Mars: "Say, we'd better move out of the Heavens. It'll be our turn next."

ARNOLD
 Rooms 220-221
 JUCESO
 est Clear
 gars.
 ARNOLD, LOPEZ & CO.
 1000 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
 For \$6---
 No Inter
 Long Prices
 or \$10—with interest.
 Prices. Take Your
 S. Broadw
 ALL WORK GUARANTEED
 your carpets from the hot sun
 new, before the great heat of the
 special facilities for making
 in St. Tel. Main
 RED. SANTONICK
 1000 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Write for literature

Good Judges Use Newmarks Hawaiian Blend



ONE
POUND
PACKAGES
35¢

**The Coffee
that is praised
wherever used**

ALL GOOD GROCERS SELL IT.
Imported, roasted and packed by
Newmark Bros., Los Angeles.

The Century Dictionary Says

Gluten—the nitrogenous part of the flour in wheat. On the physical and chemical character of the gluten the baking quality of the flour depends.

CAPITOL FLOUR

Contains a larger percentage of gluten than other flours. Milled by a special process from special wheat that contains the highest quality of gluten. Always take the best. Every sack guaranteed.

CAPITOL MILLING CO. LOS ANGELES, CAL.



The most convenient confection for travelers and vacationists—packed handsome dust proof boxes which keeps them fresh and tempting.

Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolate Flakes

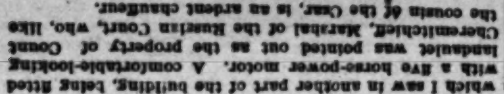
Have become so much the candy fad of the hour that we have decided to put them up in 30 and 50 cent sizes as well as the 10 cent size. In Rubidoux Chocolate Flakes only the purest and highest grade chocolate is used; great care is exercised in making; every little detail is carefully watched. In no other way could the same delicate flavor with just a suspicion of molasses be preserved; and then remember they are always *fresher* than any Eastern candies you buy. Order a box in the morning.

BISHOP & COMPANY,

CANDIES / CRACKERS / JELLIES / PRESERVES

—THE FLATLY, PLEASE—
The sun stands still on the green belt of Gilead;
The world moves on, and the mountains in the night;
The moon can't halt; over low lying Aijalon—
Ride belongs to the world and she has to keep in sight;
Can't wait a minute for the passenger mislaid.
Make up your mind for the car is on the bound—
Your doubt will break your neck if your feet are un-
—decided—

—[James Barton Adams.



to tell their queen that if she would surrender her arms unconditionally and permit someone to go to her kral the war would be ended. In her reply she accepted the first condition, but declined to allow anyone to visit her kral, adding, however, that she would come out and grant an audience to the Boer leader. The following morning the bush resounded with the beating of drums and the shrill notes of crude wind instruments. Foresters emerged from the bush and announced the coming of the queen. When the head of the procession reached Gen. Joubert the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains that concealed the queen. She reclined on a beautiful quagga skin and was clothed in a variegated costume of skin, fur and bead work. Joubert observed her closely and found that Henning's description of her was accurate in every detail. The women and children were kneeling in every rank.

WHITE AFRICAN QUEEN.
SHE WAS KNOWN AS MAJAJE, THE RAINMAKER,
AND CONTROLLED THE MAKARESE TRIBE.

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**MARVELOUS ABILITY OF THE EAST INDIAN TO
DISAPPEAR—HOW HE DOES IT.**

[New Penny Magazine:] A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago by the Inspector of Prisons of the Indian Empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure; for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one's secret, his oily body slips away like an eel's; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has, slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims. To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept; is the ambition of every native thief. This is no easy matter, for the zenana is the center of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole, armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself; or, finding everything already favorable for this purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them, and to get safely away with his plunder. Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails. "These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undisturbed into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelously clever device practiced by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Moches in throwing pursuers off their track. The Moches come down in gangs from the back country and raid the settlements. Their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear plantain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, so many of the cattle as have partaken are dead and have been abandoned by their owners. The Moches flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it, all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escaping, especially if, as is often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened and bereft of their foliage, and many perhaps reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are annually burned over. If hard pressed in such a country as this they cease to fly, and immediately disappear. For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids were completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Moches escaped by miraculously vanishing, the officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half-burned, stunted trees with which the

country abounds. In Abyssinia the Bareas tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like bowders, before them for screens, while they lie flat, watching, unseen, for travelers to rob or enemies to kill.

THE FLORIDA RAZORBACK.

[Forest and Stream:] The "Florida razorback" is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a dorky. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the docile cow uses her tail. He is self-supporting. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, far-seeing eye, and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all hogs, and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon, and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.

He is so intelligent that when he lives in the towns he becomes as familiar with the railroad schedules as are the train dispatchers themselves, and piles his vocation in great numbers about the railroad stations, and yet no train ever ran over a "razorback." Whenever the railroad companies are forced to pay for the killing of a hog, it always proves to be a Berkshire, a Guinea, or some other fine breed, but never a "razorback." He is too active and alive to be caught even by a locomotive. He is nervous, restless, energetic, and hence does not thrive well in pens. Confined he loses rather than gains flesh. He is always ripe for market, as his condition is as good in August as it is in January. His owner respects his intelligence, admires his nerve and is fond of him as food, for he may always be depended upon to afford the proverbial "streak of lean" with a very "small streak of fat." He is the king of hogs. He can be grown more profitably than other known variety, since, as has been observed, he is energetic and intelligent enough to feed and clothe himself.

Mrs. Wu, the wife of the Chinese Minister, was in Chicago for a few hours yesterday, but she refrained from visiting the women's clubs for the purpose of telling them how the universe should be run. There is evidently some difference between Mrs. Wu and her Celestial husband.—[Chicago News.



Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines.

It is the knowledge of the law of suggestion that enables us to control and cure disease. By suggestions properly made, we lift people from conditions of despair and distress, exhaustion and disease; and start them to living new lives. People who are actually sick, or who suffer from habits or vices of any kind, no matter what their ailments may be, or how long they may have existed, if a cure be possible, can be certainly and radically cured by suggestion—by suggestion alone; no drugs of any kind employed. Suggestion, as acknowledged, taught and practiced by masters in this science, is a peculiar method of cure, unlike any other. That it is a success is no longer a question. It is an absolute victory, and takes rank as a leading method of cure among the highest scientific authorities in America and Europe.

Absent Treatment a Specialty and a Great Success.

Consultation Free; and free personal interviews or correspondence with all people interested in mental methods of cure earnestly solicited.

Send for our 16-page Booklet, No. 2. This contains a partial list of diseases and habits we successfully treat, and clearly explains how we cure people by suggestion, in our office and at a distance, with terms of treatment. All sick people should read this booklet. **SENT FREE TO EVERYBODY.**

We also teach this science of healing to others, and hundreds of good men and women have been sent out from our school of Suggestive Therapeutics, and are now doing successful work at this practice. Send for our School Announcement for terms. Sent free. For Booklets or School Announcements, address

GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Drunkenness Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

**Can be Given in a Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee
Without Patient's Knowledge.**

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed insobriety, "a tippler," social drinker or drunkard.

Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Los Angeles—Owl Drug Co., 230 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRS. E. C. MOORE, Supr. W.C. T.E. Ventura, Cal.

—THIS WEEK—
20c. Box of Paper and Envelopes for . . . 10c
25 Volumes Encyclopedia Britannica—VERY CHEAP.

Latest Novels Rented, 10 cents each.
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Gotham must feel complimented that the subject police protection of vice is considered too delicate matter for her police chiefs to mention without offering against the hospitality of the city. [Baltimore American.]

WHITE AFRICAN QUEEN.

SHE WAS KNOWN AS MAJAJE, THE RAINMAKER, AND CONTROLLED THE MAKATESE TRIBE.

[New York Evening Post:] For more than half a century the rainmaker for all the native tribes south of the Zambesi River, in South Africa, was Majaje, the White Queen of the Makatese tribe, which lived in the woodbrush in the northern part of the Transvaal. The Zulus, the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the Basutos, and scores of other tribes recognized her as the great rainmaker, and whenever there was a drought in their provinces they sent their emissaries to her with requests for rain.

The tales which white men heard concerning her led them to believe that Majaje was a myth, and Rider Haggard elaborated the report in his novel "She," which had for its leading character a mysterious white woman who ruled over a race of blacks somewhere in Central Africa. Haggard wrote his novel in the eighties, while he was in South Africa, and long before it was established that the White Queen was not a myth. The fact that such a woman really lived was proved by three white men, the late Piet Joubert, commandant-general of the Boer army, was authority for this account of the woman.

Henning Pretorius, one of the Transvaal's first commandant-generals, and probably the most fearless Boer that ever lived, returned from one of his frequent journeys into unknown regions of the Transvaal in the latter part of 1899 and reported to his government that he had succeeded in seeing Majaje. In a voluminous report which he made of his journey he stated that the woman was Queen of a section of the Makatese tribe and that her capital was surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest of small thorn trees. On the outskirts of this forest he was met by a large number of well-armed tribesmen, who asked him and his companions to depart from the neighborhood immediately. Pretorius refused to leave and insisted upon seeing the Queen.

After a long discussion, during which many messengers were sent to the Queen's kraal, Pretorius was granted permission to visit the monarch. He was disarmed and his companions were left behind under guard of a large number of tribesmen. He was led along a narrow, winding path through the bush, and after a journey of about thirty miles he came to the Queen's kraal. In his report he described the woman minutely and at great length. He said that she was absolute monarch over her people, that she undoubtedly had the power of life and death over them, and that she had established a government that was far in advance of any negro government he had ever seen.

The most astonishing part of his report was that the woman was not a negress. He described her as having straight, soft hair of a light brown color, thin lips, and light blue eyes. The color of her skin was not black, but as white as that of a Portuguese. Pretorius stated that she refused to tell her age or anything concerning her antecedents, and added that she appeared to be more than 100 years old—perhaps 115.

In 1894 the Makatese tribe formed an alliance with Magoeba, the King of the woodbush Kaffirs, who lived near the same district, and Majaje's people were dragged into a rebellion against the Boers. Joubert, the commandant-general of the Boer army, was sent against the rebellious natives and he took with him a small number of Swazis, who had been driven into the Transvaal from the native country by Umbandine, the father of the late King Bunu, who acquired the fatal habit of drinking five quarts of champagne a day.

When Joubert and his forces reached the "betovert" (bewitched) bush the warriors of Majaje and Magoeba attacked them and fought valiantly for several weeks. The natives were defeated finally and fled into the bush and mountains. The Swazis then asked Joubert for permission to follow the rebels and it was granted. When they returned, several days afterward, the Swazis brought with them the heads of Magoeba and several of his indunas, or headmen, in order to prove to the Boers that they had really been victorious.

The day after the return of the victorious Swazis several messengers came from Majaje, bringing peace offerings in the shape of two ivory tusks and a beautiful white ox. The emissaries declared that Majaje had been misled by Magoeba and that she had no desire to

be an enemy of the Boers. Joubert told the messengers to tell their Queen that if she would surrender her arms unconditionally and permit someone to go to her kraal the war would be ended. In her reply she accepted the first condition, but declined to allow anyone to visit her kraal, adding, however, that she would come out and grant an audience to the Boer leader.

The following morning the bush resounded with the beating of drums and the shrill noises of crude wind instruments. Forerunners emerged from the bush and announced the coming of the Queen.

When the head of the procession reached Gen. Joubert the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains that concealed the Queen. She reclined on a beautiful quagga skin and was clothed in a variegated costume of skins, furs and bead work. Joubert observed her closely and found that Henning Pretorius's description of her was accurate in every detail. The woman had light, soft hair, thin lips, blue eyes, and a complexion as light as that of the majority of white persons who have lived in the tropics for many years.

Many persons have attempted to explain the mystery of the Queen's ancestry and the result has been that many strange tales are current in the country, each being heralded as the only true solution. The most plausible theory is the one that Commandant-General Joubert advanced. From some old chieftains he learned that there was a tradition among the Makatese that many generations ago a large number of white men had come into the Zambesi region to dig gold. These men incurred the enmity of the blacks, who massacred all except one or two. Gen. Joubert believed, as did the chieftains, that Majaje was the descendant of one of these survivors, but the native tradition does not explain the process by which she rose to the position of ruler of the tribe. Proof of the fact that gold was dug in that neighborhood has been found in scores of places along the Zambesi, where in recent years many old shafts have been uncovered.

KING'S AUTOMOBILE.

IT WILL BE CAPABLE OF A SPEED OF FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

[Paris Correspondence London Mail:] Yesterday I visited the outskirts of Paris in search of information on the subject of King Edward's new motor car.

I was fortunate in finding the manager of M. Serpollet's establishment, and he kindly told me one or two things regarding the most important order the firm has yet received.

The vehicle now being made for H's Majesty will be a nine horse-power Gardner-Serpollet double phaeton, light and elegant, and capable, should the King be in a hurry, of getting over the ground at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It is a slightly reduced model of the twelve horse-power carriage with which M. Serpollet a few days ago at Nice did 102 kilometers (over sixty-three miles) in the hour, the greatest speed yet attained by an automobile.

It is said to be the finest "voiture de luxe" ever constructed. It will have an accommodation for four persons, and the motive power will be supplied by paraffine. The motion of the car will be smoother than that of an electric vehicle; it will be noiseless and odorless, and there will be a total absence of vibration. In fact, said the manager, "it is just as if one were seated in an armchair, a circumstance that has led to the Serpollets being called by our customers 'les silencieuses.'"

Nearly all of the metal parts of the carriage are of the finest steel, and the body of the vehicle will probably be painted red. It will be an open carriage, but so constructed that it can be closed in bad weather. It is likely to cost about £600 or £650. His Majesty takes a great interest in his new motor car, and has given personal directions to Mr. Cardiner concerning the plans of the royal automobile.

In the course of a walk through the works in company with the manager, I was shown the motor for King Edward's automobile, which is already in an advanced condition, and saw the workmen fastening the steel framework.

A pretty motor car in green and brown which I noticed belongs, I was informed, to Dr. Yensin, the discoverer of the anti-plague serum. The doctor proposes to make his rounds in Cochinchina on the automobile, and where that cannot go he will proceed on his launch,

which I saw in another part of the building, being fitted with a five horse-power motor. A comfortable-looking landaulet was pointed out as the property of Count Cheremitchieff, Marshal of the Russian Court, who, like the cousin of the Czar, is an ardent chauffeur.

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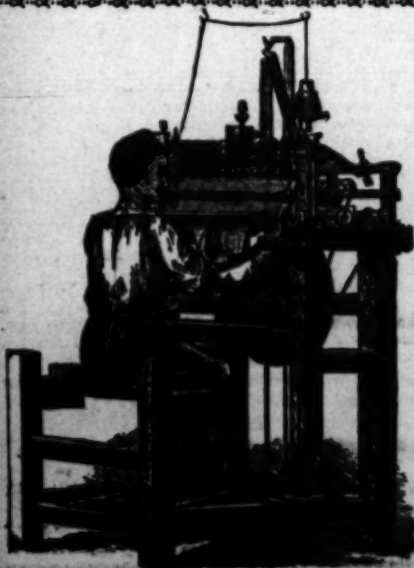
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the indiscriminate slaughter of harmless birds in general and night-herons in particular. I paid for the surviving heron and took him home, calling at the fish store on the way to get him a supply of suitable food. When my little son saw the bird, he was much impressed with the size of his back. "My, what a long bill!" said he. "I think we'll have to call him 'Bill'." He has such a long bill. "Bill" was his name, and we soon fixed up a home for him in a piano case. Some tree branches were fastened in one end for a roosting place, and a large pan of water put on the sand-covered floor. While the black-crowned night-heron is more familiarly known to those who put it in his food and water. In the end allowed us to put in his food and water. The black-crowned night-heron is more familiarly known to those who put it in his food and water.

men feel better, they respect themselves more and are far better citizens."
"But still you have many unemployed?"
"Yes, but not so many now as some years ago. One department of my bureau is devoted to the unemployed. The first year that this bureau was established we found places for 8000 laborers. In the second for 10,000 and in the fourth for 20,000. The chief duty of the bureau was to get the men to the places where the work was. We gave a great many railroad and steamship passes, allowing the men to take care of themselves as soon as they reached their place of work. When the time came they continued to find them as many jobs as they could give. A given time the people could vote whether they should common, and in others they were so arranged that after to them. In some settlements the lands were held in colonies set aside lands for settlers and advanced money there was a vast number of unemployed. Several of the cured along about the time of 1893 and 1894, when ouies or settlements in the different States. This co-sulted in the establishment of a number of labor re-Labor Settlements.
One of the queer labor movements of Australia re-an Australian.
It is estimated that it costs about \$300 per year to keep

Labor in Australia. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE WORKINGMAN'S CONTINENT. QUEER THINGS IN LABOR AND WAGES IN THE YOUNG COMMONWEALTH. From Our Own Correspondent.

THE workingman's continent! That is how the people down here speak of the New Australia. They say they propose to make it the paradise of the laborer. They have all sorts of new schemes to propose to the federal parliament, the gist of which seems to be how to sell the least work for the most money. The country already has the eight-hour law. This is common in every city and town. It was adopted by some firms more than a generation ago, and is now a fixed institution. There are all sorts of laws

that should be awarded as to piecework where the employer wants extra work done."
"But could you enforce laws of that kind, Mr. Perry?" I asked.
"We propose to try it," was the reply. "We are going to fix it so that employers cannot overwork their men. We will make such regulations that the laborer cannot enter into any agreement which shall be for the employer's benefit if contrary to the law. We shall allow the men to sue for their overtime, with the 50 per cent. additional. We will make the employers keep records of all such time, and will see that they make the payments under penalty."
Australia as a Manufacturing Country.
"But have you many factories in Australia?"
"Yes," said the laborer commissioner. "We are doing

eration, we intend to wall Australia about with such a protective tariff as will make it self-supporting. That is what you Americans have done and what we propose to do."

Australia's Government Clerks.

"How about your government work, Mr. Labor Commissioner?" I asked.

"That is all on the 48-hour per week basis," was the reply. "The wages are practically fixed by the unions and the time by the government. Every one knows what the wages are to be and contractors make their bids accordingly. We can object if the labor is poor and demand that better men be employed, but the wages and time are fixed."

"Is there not a large force in the government employ?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Minister Perry, "but I doubt whether on the whole we have many more government clerks than you have. We have the railroads, the telephones and the street cars under the government, but you must remember that you have an enormous number of employees in America."

"How many have you here in New South Wales?" I asked.

"We have 32,000 on our salary list," said Mr. Perry, "and some others on piece work."

"And what is your population?"

"About 1,356,000," was the reply.

"Well," said I, "let us figure it. Divide your 1,356,000 by 32,000 and you will find that at least one man in every forty is a government employe. If we had as many employes in the United States, with our population of 80,000,000, we would have 2,000,000 government officials, which, at the low average of \$500 a year, would cost us at least \$1,000,000,000 a year."

"I don't know, but I should not be surprised to hear that a careful counting of all your officials, including government clerks, school teachers, policemen, etc., would almost foot up that many."

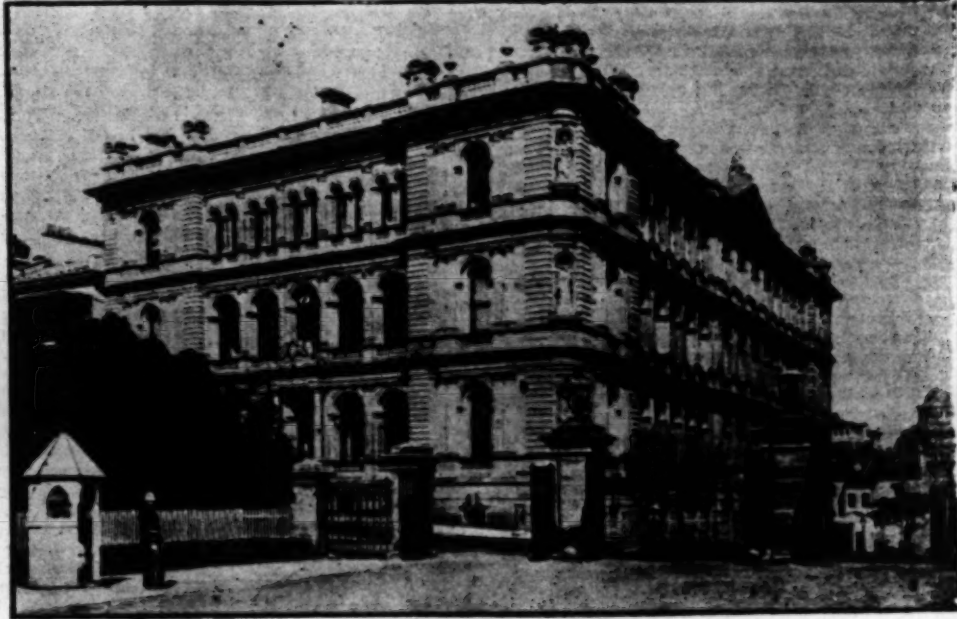
Does the Eight-hour Law Pay.

"Do you really think the eight-hour law pays, Mr. Perry," I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, can you run the country on an eight-hour basis? At present you have much undeveloped land, and the chances for money-making are many. When Australia becomes settled and the profits decrease, can you run your business here on eight hours, when Europe has ten or twelve, and all Asia more?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Perry, "but I believe such things regulate themselves. You work short hours in the United States and still you are beginning to manufacture for the world. It may be that the shorter hours give your men time to think, and hence the Yankee inventions for which you are so famous. A fresh man will do twice as much as a tired man, and I believe we get better work by shorter hours. After a man works ten hours he comes home dog tired and throws himself on the lounge or the floor, prepared to be disagreeable. He has no time to get acquainted with his family nor to



COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

as to factories. The regulations of disputes between labor and capital are much the same as those of New Zealand. The various trades have rules as to the employment of their members, and the government has the right to send inspectors to the shops at any time, and it can compel the employers to respect the laws. Records must be kept showing just what each man does, how long he works and what he gets. The law as to holidays is rigidly observed, and there are all sorts of restrictions accompanied by appropriate penalties.
Employes cannot be paid in store orders. Children under thirteen cannot work in the factories, and the limitations as to the hours of their work are very strict. It is the same as to girls clerking in the stores, although in some cases fifty-two hours per week is there permitted. There must be recesses at fixed intervals for meals. In many of the shops there are recesses for smoking, and, in fact, such institutions are run with quite as much regard to the laborer as to the employer.

A Probable Tariff.

There is quite a difference of opinion here as to the effect which the labor laws have on the country. I have met many employers who tell me it is almost impossible to do business on the present basis, and that in hard times they will have to shut down. There are others who say the eight-hour law is all right, although a protective tariff is needed to keep the shops going. The probable result will be that the commonwealth will have to adopt such a tariff as will foster home industries, and that the raw materials which Australia sells in the shape of wool and grain will have to foot the national bills.

What the Labor Secretary Says.

I recently had a chat with John Perry, Minister of Labor for New South Wales, and a man who is noted as being at the front of Australia's modern labor movement. We talked of the eight-hour day. Said he:
"It is generally thought that we have an eight-hour law here in Australia. That is not so, although custom has made it practically the fact. The eight-hour law would not suit us so well as the forty-eight-hour-per-week law. Many of our trades are such that they cannot be restricted to a fixed time. Some days a man must work more than eight hours and sometimes less. Take the bakers. They set their sponge, and if the dough rises they can get through their work in less than eight hours; but if not it takes them nine, or perhaps longer. What we want is a fixed time per week and an extra rate for all overtime."
"What rate would you charge for overtime?" said I.
"We have considered the matter very carefully, and we believe that 50 per cent. extra is not too much. That is, if a man is getting 25 cents an hour, or \$2 per day, he should have 37½ cents for overtime. At that rate an eight-hour day would bring him in \$2 and a ten-hour day \$2.75. We think that the same proportion

a great deal of manufacturing, and we shall do more when we adopt the protective tariff law. We have all sorts of work, especially in the colony of Victoria, where there are boot and shoe factories, machine and iron works and all sorts of mills. In Queensland there are sugar mills and woolen mills. There is some cloth made in Queensland which will compare favorably with any in England. There are five woolen mills here in New South Wales. We have shipbuilding yards, furni-



IN AN AUSTRALIAN LABOR SETTLEMENT.

ture establishments and machine works. We have excellent coal from the mines of New Castle, not far from here, and easily reached by water. Australia has deposits of iron and there is no reason why manufacturing industries should not grow up. So far the freights from England have been so low that manufactured goods could be imported more cheaply than they could be made. Each colony has had its own tariff laws, and it has been impossible to regulate matters so that the goods made in one colony might be sold at the same price throughout Australia. Now that we have fed-

think of anything outside of his routine work. Our laborers are, I believe, the happiest of the world. Most of them own their own homes. They live well, but they save money."

"But do not the short hours increase loafing and drunkenness?"

"I don't think so," was the reply. "Those who drink will drink anyhow. Those who are industrious find time to do work about their homes, and a great many spend their leisure in going about with their families. The

...the rag bag. Petticoats, night dresses, or other garments that have become worn are taken by nimble fingers and torn into strips of about three-quarters of an inch wide. They are then sewed strongly together, end to end, and tightly rolled into a ball, in just the same way as carpet rags are prepared. They are more pleasant to handle and better, from the fact of the starch being taken out, if first they have been thoroughly washed. To make a medium-sized rug four of these balls will suffice, should they be about eight inches in diameter. After thus being made ready they are sent to the weaver, who for a small sum, runs them through his looms and turns them out looking very much as rag carpets, only, of course, they are snow white. When it is desired, a ball of pink, of green goods is also made that strips of color may be woven across the ends. This touch adds greatly to their decorative value. Some old wash summer gown of gingham comes in well to tear up for this purpose, and will afford the desired amount of color of the same shade. Indeed these rugs give a conscientious excuse to get rid of a lot of old things, while sewing the stuff together and rolling the balls is simple, pleasant work. Children love to help on rainy days. And often some bit of work is wanted to keep the hands busy when the light is too poor for more exalted fancy pieces and the desire to chat makes the counting of stitches in knitting irksome. Then these rugs are really desirable. In front of a bath tub, for instance, they have an inviting, clean look. Another advantage is that every morning when the summer veranda is put in order they can be scrubbed off. A little soap thrown on them and the brush rubbed up and down several times rescues them from any amount of dirt or dust that they may have accumulated. As so much white woodwork is used in dainty bedrooms, and white verandas are said to be the coming rage, the making of them is well worth the labor.

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Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

of all in brandy." This proverb like most others, is the experience of many men compressed into the wit of one. The quicker the transit from the water to the fire, the better the result. In cooking, scant nothing—least of all fire and fat.

Oil is excellent for frying very delicate fish, but in the main sweet lard answers every purpose. Deep frying need not be a waste. The same fat may be used over and over, with a very little care. Never let it scorch—this is cardinal. Pour it carefully off the sediment after using, and always wash out the crock in which it is kept between fryings. If it grows discolored and muddy, fry a few slices of raw potato in it, and let it cool thoroughly before covering it.

Roll fish for frying in dry, sifted corn meal, first wiping the bits very dry, and seasoning them well with salt and white pepper. If one likes fish very crusty, dip the pieces in beaten egg before they go in the meal, and roll them until they take up no more. Put in only what the fat will cover, and keep up the heat all through. The fat must not be smoking, but just sending off a faint wavery blue at the surface. Cutlets of codfish, bluefish, or catfish, or cat or codfish steaks, are even better fried this way than broiled. They must be neatly trimmed, and freed as far as possible from skin and bone. Firm fish steaks, either baked or broiled, can be made very tempting.

Baked Fish Steak—Have it cut at least an inch thick, and very solid. Take a tablespoonful of sea salt, half a pint of water, half a pint of vinegar or table claret, a pinch of whole pepper corns, a bay leaf, and a blade of mace. Bring to a boil all together, and pour over the fish in an earthen vessel. It should about half cover the fish. Let the steak lie an hour, and then turn it, so as to soak the other side. It must be well washed and chilled before this "marinade" is poured over it, and kept in a cool place while soaking. After two hours take out the steak, wipe it dry, season it with a little salt, and a dust of pepper, then rub it with clear, melted butter, on both sides, coat it well with sifted meal or cracker crumbs, and lay it on a low trivet in a baking pan. Set in a very hot oven, and pour around it half a cup of boiling water, with an ounce of butter melted in it. Baste the steak with this every ten minutes until done. Keep the heat sharp and steady. For gravy add a glassful of claret to the liquor in the pan, also a lump of butter, the size of a walnut, rolled in flour, and if the liquor is very thick a little more hot water. Cook together three minutes, then strain into a gravy boat. Send the steak to table with steamed potatoes, very hot, sprigs of cress, and quarters of lemon.

Broiled Fish Steak—Marinade as for baking, and rub with melted butter, but add no crumbs or meal. Grease the broiler bars lightly to prevent sticking, cook one side ten minutes then baste with melted butter, cook five minutes longer, turn, and do the same with the other side. Make a wine gravy as for baked steak, but leave out of it the scant drippings which are apt to be slightly burned. It is only a gas broiler that provides such drippings, which is a matter of economy to throw away.

Baked Fish—Shad or bluefish, six to eight pounds weight, are best for baking. Roe shad are worth more than the difference in price. Catfish are also good for baking. Scrape the outer skin thoroughly with a very sharp knife, no matter if the fish monger has scaled or skinned the fish, then wash it in warm water with a pinch of soda, rinse in two waters, drain and wipe dry. Marinade to many palates improves baked fish. It is not, however, essential. Cut off the head and tail, crop the fins close, season well with salt and black pepper, then rub over lightly with flour, and gash the thickest parts so as to force into them snippets of fat bacon or bits of cold butter. Make a rich stuffing of stale bread crumbs, butter, minced onion and powdered sage. Season lightly with salt and pepper, and moisten just enough to handle. Stuff and tie up the fish, lay it in a hot pan, with a teacup of boiling water and a tablespoonful of butter. Bake quickly and thoroughly, basting every fifteen minutes. After the last basting squeeze a lemon over the fish. Serve with potatoes baked in their jackets, and cold pickled beets.

Fish Eggs—Nice, though troublesome. Take for each person to be served half an ounce of spaghetti, half a teacup of cold, minced fish, an ounce of butter, a tablespoonful of canned tomatoes, and the same amount of good, rich broth or cream. Boil the spaghetti quickly in salted water, until tender, take it out, and divide it among ramequin cases—one for each person. Lay it around the edges to resemble a nest, and set the cases where they will keep warm. Mix the minced fish with its own bulk of mashed potatoes, add a very little milk or a beaten egg, season with salt, white pepper, and dash of lemon juice, then shape into small oval balls, roll them in meal, and fry a rich, light brown. Heat the broth or the cream in a double boiler, and when it nearly boils stir in the tomatoes. At to them one at a time, little balls of butter rolled in flour, stir smooth, then season the sauce to taste. Some palates like onion juice in it, others call for tabasco, to still others lemon juice is the thing. Add a very little sugar and pepper, and be sparing likewise of salt. Cook for two minutes after everything is in. Heap five of the little fried eggs in each spaghetti nest, and pour over a liberal spoonful of the sauce. Serve very hot with crisp, hot toast, and small pickled onions. EMILY HOLT.

NOVELTY IN HOME-MADE RUGS. WHITE RUGS FOR THE WHITE VERANDAS MADE BY ROBBING THE RAG BAG. By a Special Contributor.

Washable rugs made of bits of white cotton or linen stuffs are now and feasible ideas for home fancy work. When completed they are extremely pretty, especially in bedrooms of country homes, and are of inestimable value on the summer veranda. The cost of producing them also is very small, as they are almost altogether made of pieces of white underwear which have in such capacity out-lived their usefulness. They rob, in fact,

the rag bag. Petticoats, night dresses, or other garments that have become worn are taken by nimble fingers and torn into strips of about three-quarters of an inch wide. They are then sewed strongly together, end to end, and tightly rolled into a ball, in just the same way as carpet rags are prepared. They are more pleasant to handle and better, from the fact of the starch being taken out, if first they have been thoroughly washed. To make a medium-sized rug four of these balls will suffice, should they be about eight inches in diameter. After thus being made ready they are sent to the weaver, who for a small sum, runs them through his looms and turns them out looking very much as rag carpets, only, of course, they are snow white. When it is desired, a ball of pink, of green goods is also made that strips of color may be woven across the ends. This touch adds greatly to their decorative value. Some old wash summer gown of gingham comes in well to tear up for this purpose, and will afford the desired amount of color of the same shade. Indeed these rugs give a conscientious excuse to get rid of a lot of old things, while sewing the stuff together and rolling the balls is simple, pleasant work. Children love to help on rainy days. And often some bit of work is wanted to keep the hands busy when the light is too poor for more exalted fancy pieces and the desire to chat makes the counting of stitches in knitting irksome. Then these rugs are really desirable. In front of a bath tub, for instance, they have an inviting, clean look. Another advantage is that every morning when the summer veranda is put in order they can be scrubbed off. A little soap thrown on them and the brush rubbed up and down several times rescues them from any amount of dirt or dust that they may have accumulated. As so much white woodwork is used in dainty bedrooms, and white verandas are said to be the coming rage, the making of them is well worth the labor.

WHERE TO WEAR A WATCH. INSIDE THE COLLAR THE LATEST FAD—A MUMMY FOR AN ORNAMENT. By a Special Contributor.

That watches should be get-at-able—that is, worn in a place where coats, buttons and tapes need not be undone nor pulled asunder to probe them from some remote region, has long been the desideratum of women, and now that the problem is solved many will rejoice. The neck, some clever one has thought, is quite as secure a bidding place for a watch as the waist. It is also worn more uncovered these days of open coat fronts, and bodices buttoned up below the chest. Many watches, therefore, are now simply dropped down under the stock collar, and that they many not fall too far below it they are attached to a short, heavy gold chain, perhaps five or six inches long, which at its other end has hung some heavy trinket. This can be grabbed in an instant without fuss or bother, and the watch pulled out to do its service. It can then also be dropped back again without in the least disarranging the toilet. Moreover the effect produced by a watch worn in this way is very decorative to the costume; the chain to drag it giving as it hangs over the collar much the same effect as do the neck dangles which are now worn so attractively.

In the way of ornaments to hang on these chains enameled mummies seem to be the leading novelty. They are often curious, always interesting, while those that conceal a pencil are useful as well. It is not regarded as being at all outre to wear them very large, although smaller ones also are seen. They must, however, be sufficiently heavy to balance the watch and prevent its falling too far below the collar. Many of the little "mummies" have been brought from Egypt, and are marvels of fine workmanship. When it is the sarcophagus which is outwardly represented, it may usually be taken for granted that by some secret spring it will open and reveal within an imitation of a swathed mummy.

TO CLEAN CARPETS AND RUGS. A GOOD SYSTEM AND HARD WORK THE ONLY THINGS NEEDFUL. By a Special Contributor.

To take up carpet properly, first sweep and wipe it, then remove every tack, and carefully fold one-half the carpet back upon the other. Sweep the exposed under side with a stiff broom well dampened, fold again in half, and sweep the under side. Repeat until the whole carpet is in a handy pile, which can be lifted in taking away. It is vandalism of the worst sort to drag out either rugs or carpets. Take up the lining, one breadth at a time, beginning at one end, shaking and brushing free of dust, but very gently, and rolling up the length as it is cleaned. Number the rolls consecutively, so there will be no uncertainty in refitting.

Steam carpet cleaning is no mysterious process, as many housewives mistakenly suppose. The carpet cleaner is unquestionably a boon, still all he does is to put dirty floors coverings into a huge drum with slatted sides and open bottom, which steam revolves at a high rate, while arms inside the drum beat and whip out the dust, which a blast of air carries away. Thus it is plain steam-cleaning is only a very perfect way of carpet-beating. In a city house or apartment it is well to have recourse to it. But if one has a back yard, or even floor space big enough to spread a carpet out, it can be cleaned at home even better than abroad.

Having a grass plot stretch the carpet smoothly over it, right side down, then with long limber rattan switches, whip it steadily for an hour. After the whipping sweep the wrong side twice with a wet broom, and finish by going all over it with a cloth wrung out of ammonia and water. Fold one-half over upon the other after this wiping, then take a very fine, stiff whisk broom and brush all of the right side visible. Now tie a double handful of either wheat bran or sawdust loosely in the middle of a double square of cheese cloth,

dip the swab thus formed in clean ammonia water, and rub the carpet face hard with it until it is dirty. Wash in plain water, then dip again in the ammonia water, and keep on rubbing until all the surface is washed. Fold the carpet again, and wash the next quarter, then turn over and clean the last quarter. Hang to dry and air, taking pains to hang it straight. The bran-swab is an excellent thing to clean a carpet upon the floor. If the colors are dim and faded it may be worth while to use prepared ox-gall, a tablespoonful to the gallon, in the water in place of ammonia.

Brush rugs twice upon both sides, then whip on both sides and brush again. Hang them over a line or on trestles, if there is no grass plot handy nor a naked floor upon which they may be spread. Do not clutch them by a corner and shake like mad. That fetches out some dirt but not all of it, and is also apt to fetch away part of the rug-fabric. With grass and a sunny day, after brushing and beating, spread the rugs perfectly smooth, then sprinkle them lightly, one at a time, with tepid water through a very fine hose, or atomizer, and wipe off with a soft, clean cloth before the water has time to soak in. If a rug is very dirty, lay it in the sun, and shake clean hardwood sawdust, thickly over it, let it lie six hours, then sweep off with a stiff, clean broom and finish by going over with a towel wrung out of hot water and pinned tight over the broom.

Rugs with white or very light grounds may be cleaned by sprinkling with corn starch mixed with one-sixth its bulk of prepared chalk. Let the starch remain several hours, and brush it out with a fine whisk broom, then hang in the sun, and beat well before putting down. This method is recommended for fine, silky rugs, as it injures neither tint nor texture, and makes a beautifully clean surface.

NEW FADS IN LEATHER.

In her choice of leather Dame Fashion shows the same fickle mind as in her selection of other wearing apparel. Last year a very pronounced demand was experienced for Russia leather, but this season it appears from inquiries made at several of the leading shops in town that patent leather has the call.

The better grades of patent leather shoes are made from patent calf. No patent calf is made in this country. Some years ago the tanners spent considerable money in trying to make a patent calf that would compare favorably in quality with the imported article, but were unable to do it. Patent leather and patent calf must not be confounded. Of the former large quantities are made here, it being tanned from the cowhide, while the latter is from calfskin. Small calfskins of fine fiber are selected. During the process of tanning they are stretched, else the japan would soon crack.

The process of laying the japan followed in Germany and France is a secret the American tanner has not yet learned. A first quality patent calf, if not exposed to sudden changes of temperature, will wear quite as well as the ordinary calf. The quality may be judged from the brilliancy of the jet black. If the japan has a bluish cast, depend upon it the quality is not first-class, and let not the smooth-tongued shoes salesman deceive you.


Kangaroo is another of fashion's favorites. It was first used in the manufacture of shoes about twenty-five years ago, since which time it has gradually grown in favor. As it has won public favor entirely by its merits, it will doubtless retain its popularity for some years. It has the virtue of being both durable and very easy to the foot. Its strength is so great as to defy the power of ordinary men to tear.

Cordovan has taken the place of alligator for wear in wet weather. This is also largely imported from Germany. It is made from certain parts of the horsehide, and is very durable leather. It is impervious to water, and has a very smooth surface. It is not imported in sides, as are most kinds of leather, but comes blocked to the shape of the vamp. Unlike calf, it does not stretch in wearing, but retains the shape of the last until the shoe is worn out. Formerly it was very expensive, but recently the tanners have conquered many of the difficulties in preparing the hide, and with reduced cost it is now popular.

This season, in all the many original designs for tasteful footgear, ooze calf plays a conspicuous part. Its soft, velvety feeling and appearance no doubt commend it to the favor of the fair sex. It is really calf, small skins of fine fiber being selected. The dyes are percolated or oozed through it; hence its name. The velvety feeling is given to the flesh side by a series of sandpaperings, while the grain side of the skins is slightly pebbled. This permits of many combinations from the same skin. The peculiar texture of a calfskin permits of its being dyed a "fast color" in any color and shade from jet black to a bright orange or cream white. Gray, tan and russet are most in demand. Not only is ooze calf being used in the manufacture of shoes, but it is now used to quite an extent by the makers of albums, pocketbooks, hand bags, card cases, pen wipers, and a thousand other novelties.

[London Chronicle:] The most curious cemetery is situated at Luxor, on the Nile. Here repose the mummified bodies of millions of sacred cats. Their remains are side by side with the bodies of Kings and Emperors in mausoleums.

A famous canine cemetery is to be seen behind the Summer Palace at Peking, where a thousand dogs, the pets of the various monarchs of China, are laid to rest. Each animal has a monument erected to it, some of them being of ivory, silver and gold.



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THE WORKINGMAN'S CONTINENT.
OVER THINGS IN LABOR AND WAGES IN THE
should be awarded as to piecework where the employer
wants extra work done.
"But could you enforce laws of that kind, Mr. Perry?"
"In what you Americans have done and what we propose
protective tariff as will make it self-supporting. That
is what you Americans have done and what we propose
is what you Americans have done and what we propose

Labor in Australia. By Frank G. Carpenter.

men feel better, they respect themselves more and are far better citizens."

Australia's Unemployed.
"But still you have many unemployed?"
"Yes, but not so many now as some years ago. One department of my bureau is devoted to the unemployed. The first year that this branch was established we found places for 8000 laborers, in the second for 10,000 and in the fourth for 20,000. The chief duty of the bureau was to get the men to the places where the work was. We gave a great many railroad and steamship passes, allowing the men to take care of themselves as soon as they reached their places of work. When the times were hard we organized relief works in which a part of the wages were paid in rations. This was along after the panic of 1891 and 1892. We had a great many bank failures. There was a general distress throughout Australia, and thousands were thrown out of work. At present the times are good, although there are always more or less unemployed. We now have something like a hundred applications a day, sometimes more, sometimes less."

Wages in Australia.
The conversation here turned to wages, and Mr. Perry said he believed that the workmen of Australia received more and lived better than his fellow in any part of the world. He brought out a late government report by T. A. Coghlan on the "Wealth and Progress of New South Wales," and showed me the wages the men were getting in 1900. Here are some of them:

Carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers and masons are paid \$2.25 per day; plasterers and painters receive \$2; common laborers, \$1.62, while boiler-makers get \$2.50. Wool washers get \$11 a week; farm laborers, \$4.50 a week, with board, and shepherds at about \$200 a year. The wages of house servants are about the same as with us. Girls of all work get \$2.25 per week; housemaids, \$2.75; nurses, \$1.75, and washerwomen and cooks, \$3.75 per week.

They Live High.
We also talked of the cost of living and from the same source I was given the prices of many things. They are fully as low as in the United States, and in many cases much lower. We pay 5 cents for a one-pound loaf of bread. The Australian gets a two-pound loaf for the same money. Our beef costs us from 15 to 20 cents a pound; he buys his for about 5 cents a pound. He pays 25 cents a pound for butter, 16 cents a pound for cheese, 4 cents for sugar, 1 1/2 cents for rice, 17 cents for bacon, and 37 cents for tea. His eggs cost him 25 cents a dozen, his beer 50 cents a gallon, and his tobacco from \$1 to \$1.50 a pound.

The Australian has to pay as much in the way of house rents as the average American workman, and he has, as a rule, poorer accommodations. In Sydney a three-room flat costs about \$9 a month, or something like 75 cents per room per week. A four-room house costs about \$10, and a five-room house about \$12 a month. Very few of the laboring men live in houses of more than five rooms, unless they have grown-up sons or daughters to contribute to the family earnings.

What They Eat.
As far as I can see, the workmen live very well. Few of them have wrinkles in their stomachs or hollows in their cheeks. The average cost of the food consumed per inhabitant is \$84 a year, while our average is less than \$50 a year. They are great meat eaters, and in New South Wales last year they ate 96,000 tons of beef, 68,000 tons of mutton, and 8000 tons of pork and bacon, footing up a total of \$25,000,000 worth of meat for one colony alone. The meat is good, too. You will find no better mutton anywhere, and the beef is as fat and as juicy as the best cuts of Chicago.

I am surprised at the amount of tea which these Australians drink. They swill tea as the German swills beer. Every person has his cup of tea every afternoon, and, like as not, another cup or so later in the evening. They drink more tea than any other nation, except the Russians. They drink it everywhere. It is served without extra charge at hotels, and at the railroad stations it is given out at so much per cup at the same tables as the beer and whisky. The tea is always served with milk and sugar, and every person takes four lumps. The people have sweet teeth, and they eat so much sugar that their teeth are often decayed. This is a good place for a dentist, and I am surprised more American dentists do not come here to practice.

As a Drinking Nation.
As to whisky and beer, the consumption is large. It varies in different parts of Australia. Here in New South Wales they drink less than in Victoria, and everywhere less than in Western Australia, where the consumption of whisky amounts to about five gallons annually for every man, woman and child in the country, or from twenty to twenty-five gallons per family. The amount of beer consumed there averages twenty-four gallons per head or about a hundred gallons per family per annum.

More Food and Less Work.
Speaking of cost of living, Mr. Coghlan shows that the Australian has to work less for his food than any other man in the world, except the American. He quotes Mulhall, the great statistician, as his authority, showing that it takes less work to buy food in the United States, Canada and New South Wales than in any other country. He shows that the Germans and Russians have to work twice as many days during the year to fill their stomachs as the Americans or Australians. The Australian must work 112 days for his food and the American only 78, while the Englishman has to put in 137 days, the Frenchman works 123 days, the German 147, the Russian 184, and the Portuguese 177 days per annum for the same purpose. The Australian and the American feed better than any of the others; they eat more, drink more and spend more. Indeed, it

is estimated that it costs about \$300 per year to keep an Australian.

Labor Settlements.
One of the queer labor movements of Australia resulted in the establishment of a number of labor colonies or settlements in the different States. This occurred along about the panic of 1892 and 1893, when there was a vast number of unemployed. Several of the colonies set aside lands for settlers and advanced money to them. In some settlements the lands were held in common, and in others they were so arranged that after a given time the people could vote whether they should continue to hold them as a settlement or should divide them up among themselves. There are two such settlements in New South Wales—one at Wilberforce and the other at Bega. The Bega settlement is about three hundred miles west of Sydney, and twelve miles from the coast, on the Bega River. To reach it you go on the railroad to within seventy-four miles of the place and then take a coach, or you can go by steamer twice a week. The settlement has twenty-eight families and is said to be a success.

South Australia has similar settlements a hundred miles or so from Adelaide on the Murray River. Each of these settlements were given 16,000 acres to hold in common and each was advanced something like \$1000 for buying tools and stock. The people have built houses, set out orchards, and are engaged in farming of various kinds. They have, I am told, many lemon and olive orchards and flocks of sheep. They work but eight hours, the day's labor beginning and ending with the blowing of a horn. They have a common store and have attempted to run their villages on socialistic lines. I have not visited the settlements, but I understand that they are doing fairly well, although there is some dissatisfaction as to the division of work, the bachelors claiming they have to work more for what they receive than the married men who have families. Thirteen years after the foundation of each settlement the members expect to decide by vote whether they shall continue to hold the lands in common or divide them. The probability is that the vote will be in favor of division.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Sydney, Australia.
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BILL THE HERON. A VICTIM OF IGNORANCE WHO BECAME A FAMILY FRIEND. By a Special Contributor.

IT IS a curious impulse that prompts the average farmer, on the appearance of a strange bird about the premises, particularly if it be a large one, to seize a gun and make haste to slay the perhaps unfriendly visitor.

The fact that a rancher on the outskirts of our town had never before seen a night-heron was to him sufficient excuse for firing a load of buckshot into a small flock of these birds that had settled down, late one afternoon, on a marshy spot near his house. Two of the birds were wounded; one in wing and leg, the other in wing only, and these were caught after a short, but



BILL THE HERON.

exciting chase, and put in a small box, covered with a wire screen. They were given bread, which they would not eat, and water in a shallow can, in which they could but dip the tips of their long bills. None of the neighbors could identify the strange creatures, and, appealed to as perhaps able to name the birds, I drove out to the ranch, with the understanding that I could have them if I wanted them, for the modest sum of "four-bits." The captives proved to be night-herons, not at all rare in Southern California, but not frequently seen, because of their nocturnal habits.

One heron had died, the more severely wounded, a few hours before my arrival, its death due perhaps as much to the close confinement and lack of proper food as to the flesh wounds, which did not seem serious. After a short talk to the rancher on the great wrong in

the indiscriminate slaughter of harmless birds in general and night-herons in particular, I paid for the surviving heron and took him home, calling at the fish store on the way to get him a supply of suitable food. When my little son saw the bird, he was much impressed with the size of his beak. "My, what a long bill!" said he, "I think we'll have to call him 'Bill,' he has such a long one." So "Bill" was his name, and we soon fixed up a home for him in a piano case. Some tree branches were fastened in one end for a roosting place, and a large pan of water put on the sand-covered floor. Wire netting covered the front of the box, and a small door in the end allowed us to put in his food and water.

The black-crowned night-heron is more familiarly known to those who know him at all as "Quawk," which is an accurate representation of the bird's call. He is a bird of beautiful plumage. Bill's crown and back were black with a greenish glint, or sheen; the sides of his neck, wings and tail, pearl-gray; throat, forehead and underparts white. Three long, white plumes grew from the back of his head, drooping gracefully and sometimes twisted together, appearing like one feather. These plumes are worn only during the nesting season. His eyes were brilliant red; his legs long and yellow.

I gave Bill his first meal, after having placed him in the cage. He was standing erect on one of the branches when I put some bits of fish on a board on the floor, and pushed it over to the center of the box. He looked at it a moment, and then stretched out his long neck, and reaching down until he almost toppled off the perch, seized a piece of fish and gulped it down greedily. Another and then another piece followed, and after each mouthful he would go through the most violent contortions with his neck, forcing the morsel down with apparently great difficulty. Then he slowly and cautiously stepped down from the branch, and with stately, measured tread crossed the stage to the water pan and drank eagerly in huge swallows, like a thirsty horse, then returned to his perch; and so ended his first supper in his new home. Rather it should be called his breakfast, for it was late in the afternoon, and the heron's day begins at sundown. Bill, though in captivity, was true to the family trait. All day long he sat moping and drowsy in the darkest corner of the cage. Near sundown his manner changed noticeably; he held himself erect, his eyes flashed, his plumage was smooth, and his white plumes waved as he walked in a sprightly way back and forth on the floor, lifting his feet like a high-spirited horse. If at this time of day the children's pet dog or cat came in front of the cage, Bill would ruffle up his feathers, snap his bill in an angry way, and rush to the wire, clucking out his displeasure in no uncertain tones, and making very uncomplimentary remarks in regard to cats and dogs. He seemed more hostile to the dog than the cat, and would get very angry if I held the puppy up to the wire front of his domicile.

All through the night our heron kept on the move, and sometimes when I waked in the night, I would hear him strike his beak against the wires and call "quawk, quawk," in the hopes, perhaps, of getting a response from his lost companion. In the morning I would find him sitting, sad and silent, on his roosting place. Sometimes I would find a piece of fish in the water pan; whether he put it there to soften or to cleanse it I do not know. Perhaps he deluded himself with the idea that this rusty pan was a little private fishing pool of his own, and "pretended," as children do, that he was catching his own fish in the natural way.

The second day we had our heron he escaped through the end door, which had not been securely fastened. There was great lamentation on the part of the children and the grown-up folks as well. I knew the bird could not fly on account of its wounded wing, and the family divided itself into search parties and went through all the orchards and gardens in the neighborhood. All had returned from the hunt, unsuccessful and in despair, when I chanced to look up in a peach tree that stood just back of the cage, and there, half way up the tree and partially concealed by the foliage, sat our friend, fast asleep. With a gunny sack before me to ward off a possible blow from the strong beak, I easily reached him, and soon had him back in his house. He had evidently hopped up on a box, and from that to a low limb of the tree, and then easily climbed up to where I found him.

Bill gradually got accustomed to having people about, and so far forgot his old habits of eating at night and early morning that he would take bits of fish from the end of a stick when poked through the wires by the children, at any hour of the day. The grocer's boy, the butcher, the iceman and other back-door visitors were greatly interested in him. The Chinaman who brought the vegetables seemed to think Bill was some kind of a sacred stork, and delayed one day long enough to pencil an outline of the bird's graceful figure on the side of a box, much to the delight of the children. Callers at the front of the house were, if known to the children, led around to the back yard to see "Bill, the Dragon," the last part of the title having been added by the small boy on the day he first saw Bill's red eyes flash and his feathers rise with rage at the dog.

One day Bill sat for his photograph, or stood rather, out in the orchard, and not long after he sickened and died, and now the picture and Bill's stuffed body on the library shelf alone remind us of the strange and interesting inhabitant of the old piano case.

In our study of the life history of the night-heron we learned much of interest. Among other things, that these birds were more sociable than some other members of the family; their nests are always found in colonies, hundreds of pairs of birds coming back in nesting time to the same lot of tall trees near some marsh, to build their rough platform nests of sticks, or patch up the old ones used the previous season. Two or three eggs of a dull pale blue color are laid, and the youngsters are such enormous eaters that both parents are kept busy catching fish in the streams and ponds, not only at night but in the daytime as well.

HENRY L. GRAHAM.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

FLAMING COUNTRY GOWN.

SCARLET PROCKS IN AIRY TEXTILES, THE LATEST FRENCH CAPER.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 3.—In color at least, the fashions that bloomed in the spring pale to insignificance beside those which the midsummer has showered upon the world, and radiantly gay among the many gay tints certain scarlet gowns, in diaphanous textiles, stand out as the latest French thing for country magnificence. With the red costume a black Gainsborough hat, made of gauze and round satin-straw braid, is considered a dashing top-off; but modistes are showing all red hats as well, and such cartloads of lurid accessories, in the way of parasols, belts and country driving coats, are so scattered about the shops that it is quite plain you cannot do the really fashionable this summer without a note of red in your wardrobe. The flaming gowns are also seen in serges and challies for mountain and seashore wear, and they may be worn even in town, it seems, if a carriage accompanies them. Otherwise, say mesdames, the dressmakers, from its very conspicuousness, the red gown is not polite for town use. But nothing is so rich against green fields as this vivid color; and a red parasol of the new shade, a sparkling, clear, light tone, almost like new blood, will look a veritable flower in a country landscape.

Of course it is bitterly provocative of attentions from the bovine family—there must be a serpent in every Eden—and, as if the fashionmongers had foreseen trou-

batiste gave a daintily feminine touch to this stylishly extravagant material, and a sash in narrow velvet streamers struck another modifying note.

Many short jacket and yoke effects are seen, the two visiting figures in the tea group exemplifying a favorite design in each of these departments; the striped and figured materials are foulard silk, and both hats are of white Neapolitan braid, which, when combined with black velvet, sits as becomingly, as lightly above a fair forehead.

For ornamentation in the way of summer jewelry, Dame Fashion has turned to the kitchen garden for hints. Cherries, carrots, goose and strawberries, are seen at the ends of hatpins, and there are grape brooches, the green leaves forming a bar and the fruit pendant, that really are astonishingly pretty considering what inexpensive trifles they are. With any of the simple batiste, calico, or muslin morning frocks, designed for country wear, this fruit jewelry will be found in keeping, and it is just the thing for barn dances.

COMFORTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES. A CHAIR LIKE KING ARTHUR'S—AND A ROCKER FOR DARBY AND JOAN.

By a Special Contributor.

In furnishing a home a variety of pretty effects can be gained by small seats which hug the corners closely. Among the latest are those with a single ornamental end of fine etched wood cut out in an appropriate shape.

The couch is low, well cushioned and equipped with some three or four pillows of any spring-like material

which matches the seat, while the unornamented end is finished simply with a fringe that falls from the cushion to the floor, the entire length of the seat.

This one tall end may be an attractive feature for those skilled in pyrography, but to be at its best it should be made of holly or brass, wood, cut in sections, and then joined to prevent warping. If desired, on the inside of this end there can be a shelf for books and the like. The design may be outlined, and then burnt in. It may have a floral decoration, a pastoral scene or an embellishment of cupids and blossoms, taking care according to the rules of this art, that if the background is dark, the design should be light, or reverse the picture leaving the ground work light.

As for coverings there are charming stuffs in cotton tapestries, Liberty cretonnes, saten quill and the pretty Normandy dimities. Any of these look well as their flower effects are gay and brilliant, while the cushions may be made of Priscilla silk in any of the solid and delicate tints preferred.

Among striking novelties for country homes is the Darby and Joan chair, a low rocker for two, on the one foundation. The wood of heavy make is painted in a good tone of forest green, the rush seats in brilliant tints of red. These odd pieces are severe in form without ornamentation of any kind. They are in different woods like ash, walnut, and heavy white pine, which is painted in dark, rich colors, their gaiety lying chiefly in the stuffs with which they are decorated.

Another pronounced style is the King Arthur chair, an artistic and decorative hall or piazza furnishing, which can be converted into a table at need. It is of



A TRIO OF BEWITCHING PIAZZA TEA GOWNS.



A PERFECTLY CORRECT GOLF COSTUME.

ble in this direction, at the end of the red parasol handle a speaking likeness of his majesty, the bull, is sometimes a gentle reminder that there might be breakers ahead.

At any rate it won't hurt to remember him, and a little practice in fence climbing would not come amiss.

A charming gown for country-house evening wear is of pale rose Swiss, dotted with a deeper red. A short low-necked bolero and a skirt insertion of black lace contrast effectively with the bright material. The girdle is made of three rows of black velvet ribbon, holding down shirrings and ending at the front in small rosettes.

I see the golf girl is taking to red, and dazzling are the stockings that peep between her low, patent leather shoes and modish bird's-eye serge skirt. The golf skirt of the new season, however, is of plain black cloth, with a stitched bias at the bottom. Another in novelty cloth has a narrow gore-like decoration in leather strapping, the light yellow tint of this contrasting well with the brown mottling of the skirt goods. The heavy porter's linen, whose coarse, loose weave lends itself so effectively to Russian embroidery, is considered a cool and durable material for golf shirt waists, though the girl who knows a thing or two has these made of pongee for the hottest weather. The simple shirt waist with the golf skirt here given is of figured pique.

Visiting and reception gowns for out-of-town wear are more than ever considered, and, sad to relate, both are sometimes wickedly elaborate. One simple, but elegant little foulard house frock seen, and here pictured in the piazza-tea group, had a rich pattern in bright blue and black that may be compared only to jagged lightning. A little yoke and sleeve frills of embroidered ears



CHARMING COSTUME OF ROSE SWISS DOTTED WITH DEEP RED.

walnut, roomy, low and cushioned. Its back is a great oval covered inside and out with nut-brown leather. The chair when not in use, serves as a stand for the oval, which by closing the hinges forms a table, and is quite large enough for four at a game of cards or for a slight repast. There are book shelves which hang against the wall on which are appropriate mottoes, and peculiar lounging chairs with wide, long arms held in place by a seat of stout crash of striped and plaid effects.

For spring draperies the drop ruffle is again to the front. The windows when treated this way have first, sash curtains of dotted Swiss, which are looped back slightly parted in the middle. At the top of the woodwork hangs a long, cream-colored dimity with a flower border, or covered with wild roses, and over it a deep fringe of the same design as the drapery. The fringe and its hangings are on separate brass rods of slender make.

WAYS TO COOK FISH.

WELL-TESTED RECIPES FOR FRYING, BAKING AND BROILING.

By a Special Contributor.

There is fish and fish. Of all food substances it most recalls the famous little girl with the curl in her forehead, "when good it is very good indeed, when it is bad it is horrid."

Here is an epicure's proverb: "A perfect fish swims thrice in a day—first in water, second in oil, and last

A VEGETABLE PRODIGY. THE CULTIVATION OF MAGUEY AND ITS PRODUCTS.

By a Special Contributor.

"Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestido."

NOWHERE in the entire Spanish vocabulary do I recall an instance where so much is expressed in a like number of words, as in the foregoing simple couplet. Literally, its translation signifies, "food, drink, house and dress." What a world of meaning is embodied in those four words! To a vast majority of the earth's inhabitants they represent the sum total of existence, and in life's perpetual battle the struggle for their possession constitutes the one supreme motive of the conflict.

But there is one country wherein this great problem has long since been happily solved. There, hunger is an unnecessary pang, the choicest beverage in the land is within reach of the most lowly, and none need perish for the want of a tenement nor shiver through lack of apparel. Against all these exigencies nature has furnished an ample safeguard in the providing of a single shrub. It grows for the poor as well as the rich, and flourishes alike on farm and desert. Hence, to it the

breadth by four inches in thickness at the base, and are frequently ten feet in length, tapering gradually to a sharp, needle-like point at the extreme tip. Along both edges are arranged a series of keen, claw-like thorns, or barbs, which, with the terminating spike, constitute the armor of the plant. And a more effectual armament is not to be found in the entire vegetable kingdom, for in not a few instances full-grown cattle have been known to become hopelessly impaled by unwarily coming into contact therewith.

Its Beautiful Flowers.

The prevalent coloring of the maguey is a bluish green or drab, thickly mottled, in some cases, with dark purple, and again with deep crimson blotches. In some instances, in the higher altitudes of Mexico, the latter color predominates to such an extent that the entire plant, at a casual glance, appears a beautiful variegated red. But the most striking feature of the maguey plant, and one but seldom witnessed, is its bloom. This rarely develops prior to its eighth, and frequently not until its twelfth year. Somewhere about this period there springs from the center of the plant a slender green stock, which, upon attaining a height of from twenty to thirty feet, throws out a beautiful cluster of fragrant yellow blossoms. It is only in the heart of the wilderness, however, or possibly in some arborescent, that the plant ever attains to this stage of existence, the manifold uses which it fulfills, as will be later explained, precluding such a possibility.

The localities where the maguey plant thrives to the best advantage are in the elevated portions—otherwise

feature of the maguey industry is the fact that, while the three liquors are derived from the same plant, each has a particular district to itself, where it alone is produced. This is owing partly to the different stages of development attained by the plant in the several localities where it thrives, and partially to the various popular tastes of the people.

Pulque, the distinctly national beverage, is produced exclusively in the vicinity of the City of Mexico. The task of gathering the material from which it is manufactured is performed by the native peon, entitled by grace of his particular vocation the "tlachiquero." The duties of this functionary consist, first, in watching the magueys, in order to determine the exact day when their blossoms are due. His apparel invariably includes a white cotton shirt and trousers of like material, supplemented by leggings and apron of leather, and rawhide guaraches, or sandals, on his feet. He is armed with a short machete, a three-cornered metal scraper and a queer-looking oblong instrument about three feet in length, fashioned from a calabash. Lastly, he carries slung over his left shoulder a huge bag, made from the entire hide of a swine.

Securing the Liquid.

When the maguey exhibits unmistakable symptoms of an immediately forthcoming blossom, the tlachiquero approaches the plant, and, cautiously pushing aside the dangerous blades, deftly squeezes himself into the center. Then, with a blow of his machete he hews away the flower stalk and slices off the top of the cone-shaped corazon. This he next proceeds to hollow out to a depth of several inches by means of his sharp, three-edged scraper, having accomplished which he bends one of the broad blades over the cavity, weights it down with a sufficiently heavy stone, and goes on about his business. At the expiration of two or three hours he again puts in an appearance, slips in between the armed branches as before, and removes the cover from the partially excavated cone, which he finds full to the brim of a clear, greenish liquid. This is the agua miel, or sap, of the maguey. Into it he dips the small end of his calabash instrument, which is nothing more or less than a siphon, applies his lips to a small aperture in its base and sets the queer little pump a-going. It requires but a moment to absorb the liquid into the siphon, whereupon he reaches down, places a finger over the opening in its extremity, and, raising it, inserts the same into the mouth of the hogskin boot at his back. Having transferred the sap to this latter receptacle, he next takes his scraper, and, reaching down into the corazon, carefully removes a few shavings from the pulp in its center. He thus opens up the veins of the plant for a new flow of sap, after which he readjusts the covering and proceeds on his rounds.

Brewing Pulque.

Throughout a period of from three to four months repeated visits are made to the plant thus tapped, and when finally it is drained of its last drop of life-sustaining fluid, its great blades sag helplessly to the earth, their former beautiful tints give place to a dingy chocolate shade, and the maguey is dead. After collecting as much of the sap as he can carry at a load, the tlachiquero, bent nearly double under its weight, sets off for the hacienda buildings, upon reaching which he enters an establishment set apart for the brewing of pulque. Herein is contained a framework of poles, upon which is stretched several specially prepared beef hides in such a manner as to form a spacious vat. Into this the agua miel is poured, together with a small quantity of fermented maguey sap to act as leaven. At this stage the liquor has a sweet taste not unlike that of new cider, but it quickly ferments, and within three or four hours has attained the appearance and consistency of milk. It is now pulque, and is ready to be emptied into pigskins and transported to the city. It is estimated that out of the 350,000 inhabitants contained in the City of Mexico, at least 250,000 drink pulque in preference to water or any other beverage.

In its original state the liquor is no more intoxicating than the lightest Bavarian beer, and possesses great virtue as a tonic, as well as a beverage. But, unfortunately, it no sooner gets into the hands of the city dispensers than it is heavily drugged with extract of jimson weed, which at once converts it into a maddening intoxicant. Time after time has the Mexican government essayed to stop this diabolical adulteration, which contributes so woeefully to the misery and degradation of the lower classes, but to no avail. The unfortunate victims have developed an insatiable taste for it, and do not hesitate to brave even the law in order to gratify the ruinous habit. On the other hand, in its pure state, fresh from the hacienda, pulque is considered an indispensable delicacy in the best Mexican households, and as such constitutes one of the leading staples in local commerce. It retains its freshness, however, but a few days at most; and being thus perishable, will never be classed as an export. Statistics show that 75,000 gallons of pulque are daily consumed in the City of Mexico alone, and the internal revenues on the articles yield the government upward of \$750,000 annually.

The Profits.

The profits to the grower are correspondingly large. Each maguey plant yields from 125 to 160 gallons of pulque, and the average hacienda grows upward of 1600 plants to the hectare, or two and one-half acres. The market price of pulque is 8 cents per gallon; hence it will be seen that the foregoing number of plants will yield in that product alone in twelve years, allowing liberally for waste, etc., a profit of over \$15,000, an average of \$1250 per year, or \$500 per acre.

The value of the maguey plant, however, by no means ceases with the gathering of its sap. When this stage of its usefulness ends the withered plant is grubbed up and carted away to fulfill other offices of even greater merit than the yielding of pulque. Nor does its removal cause the slightest break in the income of the plantation, for a younger plant immediately takes its place, to yield its vintage in its regular order a dozen years hence. These smaller plants appear in the form



people of every station point with grateful pride, and every tongue throughout the land proclaims it what it is:

"Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestido."

That country is Mexico. The shrub is the maguey plant.

Those who are familiar with the Mexican maguey, or great aloe, as seen in its dwarfed state among the botanical gardens of the North, would hardly recognize it as viewed in its gigantic maturity on its native heaths. In general character it is decidedly formidable, though its symmetrical formation, combined with its colossal proportions, invests it with a stateliness and charm far above that which is merely prepossessing. In appearance the maguey is totally unlike any other plant outside of its own peculiar species. The trunk, or stock, of the native plant consists of a conical-shaped bulb, some twelve inches in diameter by twenty in height, from the base of which numerous sinewy roots extend into the earth. This bulb is called the "corazon," and somewhat resembles a huge pineapple. The inner portion of the corazon consists of a juicy vegetable substance, partaking in flavor somewhat of the Swedish turnip, while from its outer rind a series of long, tapering blades radiate in much the same manner as the leaves of the date palm. In the larger specimens these blades vary in number from thirty to fifty, according to age. The largest of the blades measure twelve inches in

known as the great mesas or tablelands—of Central Mexico. Here it not only grows in its wild state, but is extensively cultivated, in many instances forming the exclusive product of the vast haciendas of that district. The maguey being essentially a plant of the desert, requires no nourishment and but little attention, aside from its planting and the harvesting of its products. The latter process, in the case of each individual plant, takes place immediately after it has put forth its flower stalk and on the very eve of its blossoming; and although, as previously explained, this happens but once in many years, the harvesting, nevertheless, goes on day after day, year after year, on each and every maguey plantation. For in such an industry there must needs be a particular system. Hence, when the Mexican farmer lays out several square leagues of land for the cultivation of the maguey, he does not at once set the entire portion to plants. On the contrary, he subdivides the tract into twenty different sections, planting them out successively each spring and fall until the entire plantation is completed. This has required a period of ten years, but at the expiration of that time the perpetual harvest has begun, and, as will be shown, the tract will henceforth yield him a princely and unbroken income.

Three Mexican Beverages.

The chief sources of revenue from the maguey plant lie in its production of the three typical Mexican beverages, namely, pulque, tequila and mescal. A peculiar

the skin while they are being prepared against the heat of the sun. The maguey plant is a very hardy one, and is able to withstand the most severe frosts. It is a very common plant in Mexico, and is found in all parts of the country. It is a very useful plant, and is used for many purposes. It is a very hardy plant, and is able to withstand the most severe frosts. It is a very common plant in Mexico, and is found in all parts of the country. It is a very useful plant, and is used for many purposes.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) June 2.—A vast treasury of fresh and surprising facts, throwing new light upon the maguey problem as to where, how and why it grows, is being made available to the public by Arthur Macdonald, a photographer in the employ of the United States Department of Agriculture. The maguey plant is a very hardy one, and is able to withstand the most severe frosts. It is a very common plant in Mexico, and is found in all parts of the country. It is a very useful plant, and is used for many purposes.

The cultivation of the maguey plant for the production of tequila is carried on most extensively in the State of Jalisco, in the western portion of the State. The maguey plant is a very hardy one, and is able to withstand the most severe frosts. It is a very common plant in Mexico, and is found in all parts of the country. It is a very useful plant, and is used for many purposes.

By a Special Contributor.
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.
PUS IN BOOTS RENTS ALBERT HALL OF THE
DINNER TO THREE MILLION CATS.

By a Special Contributor.
RESCUERS.
HOW AN INTELLIGENT HORSE GAVE AID TO HER
BRAVE BROWN BESS.

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HOW AN INTELLIGENT HORSE GAVE AID TO HER
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The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

June 9, 1901.
June 9, 1901.

some parts of France, but I'm sure that is an exaggeration, because the wind was from the south and would have been far more likely to carry the noise up into Scotland, and it was not heard there, except at Gretna Green which is just on the border.

After this horrible yawp Fuss held up his paw and a silence like the woods came over those cats. Then he told them something else, and you would have thought that you heard heavy freight trains a hundred miles away. It was the purring of 2,999,999 cats. Some of them hadn't purred in years, poor things. There's not much to make a tramp cat purr in a great city. But now they knew that they were to have a dinner, and that it was to be thrown to them from the roof of the hall. Oh, I forgot to say that the reason there were not 3,000,000 purring is that one had caught a heavy cold singing a serenade in an unusually thick London fog.

Fuss realized that even mighty Albert Hall was not big enough for the mob of cats, which is the reason that they were to be fed in the street.

I can't begin to describe what happened when the meat was thrown to the cats. If they had been humans they would have been ground to death in the crush, but you must recollect that there were 27,000,000 lives in that crowd, and I believe that not one cat was seriously hurt, and I think that every cat got something to eat.

Those people who were lucky enough to live nearby and could watch the sight from their windows say that they never saw anything so interesting and really so grand in their lives—not even the Diamond Jubilee. There was something in the tone of Fuss' voice that kept those cats from falling on each other, and while there was much growling that shook the houses, it was so deep there was no out and out fighting.

As soon as the dinner was over Fuss asked the fairy godmother to run a scent of catnip down to the big steamer that lay in the Thames ready to sail for Australia, and those cats went tumbling aboard of her. When she was full of cats it was found that two more steamers would be necessary, and the Lord Mayor gave orders to get up steam at once, and by nightfall every cat had gone aboard and the steamers had started down the Thames.

I fancy that Australia will open her eyes when those cats are unloaded there, and I wouldn't want the job of feeding them all once a day with raw meat on the voyage down, but I can tell you that when London realized that, thanks to clever Fuss is Boots, she had no more tramp cats, they gave him a life pass on the railroads in the United Kingdom and an order everlastingly good at any butcher's for one pound of tenderloin steak.

And Robin Taylor's company was more firmly established than ever in the good graces of the English people.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

GOO-GOO, THE GIANT.

HE OVERTHROWS THE CHAMPION WRESTLER OF SIAM AND JOINS A CIRCUS TROUPE.

By a Special Contributor.

The night I tipped over the jail and regained my liberty I walked about twelve miles. I had no money, and I did not know where I was going, but my idea was to get far away from the village. If I was arrested again I should have no chance to tip over a jailhouse.

I met no one on the road, and it was, about three o'clock in the morning that I came along to a camp by the roadside. There was a tent and two or three carts and several donkeys, and as a dog barked to warn his master that a stranger was about, a man came out of the tent and called out to know what I wanted.

"I am only passing along the highway," I answered. "Do not tell lies to me!" he shouted. "I believe you are here to steal one of my donkeys, and if you don't make off at once it will be the worse for you!"

"I shall go on when I get ready," I said, feeling angered that he should suspect me of being a thief.

By that time a second man and a woman and a boy had been aroused and were outside the tent, and this second man said to the first:

"Aye, he must be a thief. Don't you see how he is puffed out? He has stolen five or six suits of clothes and put them on one over the other! I think we ought to hold him a prisoner until we meet an officer of the law."

"So do I," replied the first man, "and I will tie him up to the wheel of one of the carts."

He came forward and laid a hand on my shoulder, but as he did so I seized him under the arms, lifted him off his feet, and next moment I pitched him over the back of a donkey into an empty cart. He had scarcely landed when the other man pitched into me, but I stooped and seized him by the ankles and sent him whirling over the tent.

"It is the Evil One come to destroy us!" shouted the boy.

"May heaven protect us!" cried the woman.

The men were shaken up but not badly hurt, and as the first one came limping up to me, he exclaimed:

"Now, then, who can you be? No other man in Siam could have done that by me. I am Bim-Bum, the wrestler, and yet I was but a toy in your hands."

"I am Goo-Goo, the giant," I replied. "That is, I shall be a giant some day if I keep on growing, but at present I am only twelve feet tall. I have had to run away from home because I ducked the ruler of our village in the canal and then tipped over the jailhouse."

Then they all come around me and shook hands and invited me into their tents for a talk. When they had lighted a torch they gave me a piece of meat and two cakes to eat, and when I had finished them at three mouthfuls and drank a gallon of water Bim-Bum said to me:

"Now, Goo-Goo, listen to me. I am a showman, traveling from place to place. I am a great wrestler and my friend there is a juggler. He swallows swords, plays with knives and balls, and he is a wonderful fellow. This woman is my wife, and she plays the music and

takes the money at the door, while this boy is my son, performs many gymnastic feats and always receives plenty of applause."

"You seemed to be happy family," I said as I looked around.

"We truly are, and I want you to become one of us. I have long wanted a giant as another attraction, and now he is here. It is a free life we lead. We journey from town to town, making much money and eating of the best, and all the people are our friends. If you will come with us I will not only give you three cents a day as wages, but you will be treated as a son."

Three cents in Siam is quite a big bit of money. I had never earned any, and had never had as much as one cent at one time. I was not only pleased at the thought that I should earn more money every day than my father ever had, but I liked the thought of traveling around and seeing the world. So, after a little more talk I agreed to become one of them, and as soon as morning had come and we had had breakfast Bim-Bum set about painting a new sign. I was very proud of it when it was finished. There was a painting of a boy giant carrying a donkey under each arm and a man on his back, and the sign read:

Geo-Goo!

The Biggest Boy on Earth.

Only Ten Years Old and Weighs 600 Pounds.

He can lift donkeys, sling men about, pull up trees and tip over jailhouses. Come in and see this wonderful strong boy. If you miss this opportunity you may never have another. No one need fear him. He is as good-natured as a baby, unless you tickle his ribs.

As soon as the sign was ready we packed up and moved on to a village, and in my next I will tell you how I went on exhibition and what was said and done.

TOM-TIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A CHICKEN—THE BAD HABITS WHICH CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL.

By a Special Contributor.

When the little girl first knew Tom-tit, he was just a wee, downy chicken, with nothing about him to make one dream he was to grow into a most wonderful rooster. That's not strange, though, for they do say that Napoleon and Caesar were no different from other babies for one just to look at.

Tom lived on one big ranch and the little girl lived on another. The little girl was a lonely little girl, and Tom was a lonely little chicken besides. Tom was an orphan. His mother had died with some devastating chicken cholera or galloping hen consumption, and left Tom-tit alone to battle with cannibal pigs and chicken snakes.

One day, when the little girl's papa returned from the ranch where Tom-tit lived, there was a queer bagginess about his shirt, and all of a sudden, from no place at all that the little girl could see, a little chicken began running around the table. It hopped right in the butter and then tried to spread a piece of bread by jumping up and down on this with its little buttered feet.

Right after dinner, out under the live oak tree, where so many wonderful things happened, with the polka-dotted fawn that could walk on her hind legs, and the lame grasshopper that couldn't walk at all, because it had no legs, for sponsors, Tom-tit was duly baptized and adopted into the family. But what do you think! The very day that Tom was four weeks old, he gobbled up his own godfather, the no-legged grasshopper! He would have eaten it before, only he waited till he was as big as the grasshopper. The little girl was very unhappy about this. No one but a truly conscientious mother, and one who had gone through it, knows how sad it is to have her children turn out cannibals.

Tom wasn't long in growing up, and the first thing the little girl knew, she had a full-grown son. It is beyond comprehension how children grow! Then the next thing on the programme was grandchildren.

Minnie, the little Leghorn pullet, had fifteen baby chickens. Tom-tit was fearfully proud of his family. He used to stalk about the yard as if he were the only papa in the world with fifteen babies, all twins. He spent the most of his time finding fat bugs and juicy worms, and then calling the family to come see. And once, if you'll believe it, the little girl really saw him refrain from eating an exceptionally fine grasshopper and let Minnie have it!

One night, when the family was about two weeks old, the little girl went out on the back porch, and there in the corner, on her pink sunbonnet, sat Tom-tit and his fifteen babies! Minnie, bless you, had gone back to the henhouse roost and Tom, like a poor hen-pecked rooster, was hovering the poor little deserted family.

The little girl thought it so very funny that she ran and called mamma and grandma and Aunt Mary and Uncle Jack, and how they laughed!

Tom would stand the chickens wriggling under him as long as he could, then he would get up and walk gravely about, clucking in a fatherly, persuasive way to the dismal, howling little brood on the sunbonnet. Pretty soon he would go back and try it over again. He stood on one foot and then on the other. He turned his face in the corner, and then in desperation he backed up in the corner. When he wasn't standing on one chicken, he was standing on two or three.

Mamma laughed and told Uncle Jack that he looked as distressed as Tom, whenever Aunt Mary asked him to hold the baby. Uncle Jack hadn't been a papa very long. Aunt Mary said Tom looked at Uncle Jack as if to say, "You know just how it is yourself, old man!" and Uncle Jack said he could sympathize with Tom.

Always after this, Tom cared for the babies at night, and Minnie watched them during the day.

The little girl was very proud of Tom's accomplishments, but not more proud than Tom was himself. Every morning he used to come in and get on the foot of the bed and crow. Then he seemed so pleased to think what a fine chap he was that he would prance around on the counterpane, trailing his wings and

walking on them. Sometimes he was so charmed with himself that he went back and crowed again.

Whenever there was company, Tom was on parade. He always crowed and "showed off," when told. One day, though—and this was the beginning of the downfall of Tom-tit—he was told to crow and he refused. Mamma picked him up and spanked him. The spanking seemed to hurt Tom's dignity, for he flew at mamma in a rage and, catching the corner of her apron in his beak, he began to jump up and down and flap his wings and holler and claw the carpet. He held on so tight that mamma dragged him all the way out doors, and papa had to drive him off with the broom.

After this it wasn't safe for the little girl to go out in the yard at all. You see, she hadn't grown up as fast as Tom had, and her skirts were very short. Most likely, Tom didn't approve of short skirts on little girls of 11, for he never caught sight of the legs below the skirts that he didn't run after them. Of course, the legs ran, too, but Tom was the quicker, and generally got a piece of leg and a sample of stocking for his pains.

Now, she was a very little girl, and the only little girl in the family, and her mamma said she couldn't afford to lose her piecemeal, that way, so, one day, poor Tom was sold.

SUSIE C. OTT.

AN EVENING IN NOAH'S ARK.

A NEW AND ENTERTAINING PARLOR GAME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By a Special Contributor.

The stationers now sell a variety of cardboard which is black upon one side, but white upon the other. Several sheets of this board is the only requisite for an evening in Noah's Ark, a very amusing little entertainment of the moment.

Cut the cardboard into good sized squares and present a square to each member of the company, together with a well-sharpened pencil.

The players take seats as far as possible from each other, since sitting in a circle would enable one unconsciously even to observe the work of the others.

The cardboard square received by each man or woman is held white side up and on this white side is drawn the outline of some animal. Any quadruped in the entire zoological category will do, the only limitation being that its race is not extinct or imaginary. The definite idea of a real animal must be borne in mind. A mere imaginary creature is forbidden by the rules of the game.

No player is excused by pleading lack of skill from making any attempt. All, whether or not they have ever drawn a "stroke," must participate and become artists from the moment.

When the outlines have been drawn, scissors are produced by the hostess, and each player cuts out the drawing he has made. These outlines are collected by the mistress of ceremonies, who mounts them with paste upon a white sheet of paper board. The black surface of each outline is uppermost, and stands out very distinctly upon its white background. The sheet of cardboard is attached by means of thumb tacks to the wall in such a position as to be visible to every one.

The hostess then passes slips of paper among her guests. She asks each competitor to guess what animal was intended in each outline and to write the name opposite the number of each silhouette.

These lists are collected and examined by the hostess or some lady who takes no active part in the game. Each competitor is then asked to name the animal he intended to represent, the lists being corrected and points counted accordingly.

The player whose lists contained most animals correctly named wins the prize, one of the new and delightful collections of animal stories, so many of which have been issued of late.

There is a second prize for the cleverest animal drawn. This decided by taking up a vote and by each player voting for the work of any other player. If all the contestants receive a vote each receives a trifling prize. If one artist wins from his peers his reward might take the form of a classic picture of animals or a photograph nicely framed illustrating some phase of this appropriate subject.

As the entertainment is a Noah's Ark affair the boobies should be those gaudy wooden arks replete with impossible animals and all of the human beings who were saved from the Deluge.

A CURIOUS FROG.

[New York Herald:] In Brazil has now been found the most curious frog in the entire world. It is known as "Hyla faber," and the difference between it and other batrachians lies in the fact that the females of this species regularly build nests in which they lay their eggs, their object being to preserve their little ones from the enemies that constantly threaten them.

When the time for incubation approaches, the female goes down to a marsh and proceeds to build a circular wall of earth, which, when complete, is about one foot in diameter. She starts to build at the bottom of the marsh and she continues the work until it is at least 10 centimeters above the water. Two nights suffice to complete the nest, and then the female enters and lays her eggs. Her worthy spouse, it is said, does not give her the slightest assistance in constructing the nest, but, after the progeny are born, he shows his solicitude for them by remaining in the vicinity, presumably with the object of doing sentinel duty and giving warning of the approach of enemies.

Naturalists who have recently examined some of these nests in Brazil say that human ingenuity could not invent a better contrivance for protecting the young frogs from their foes.

Two-hand Euchre: He and she: She: Do you take my heart? He: Certainly! She: Then my entire hand goes with it.

Illustrated Magazine Section

June 9, 1901.]

of runners in the vicinity of the older magueys, and require no cultivation whatsoever.

Upon its removal to the hacienda buildings the lifeless maguey is stripped of its leaves, which, upon being laid open, reveal a thick mass of long, silvery fibers. These, after undergoing a simple process of curing, are manufactured into numerous kinds of cordage, from the finest thread to the heaviest cable. From the best of this material various textiles are also manufactured, the finest of which are equal to superior linen fabrics, while the refuse substance is worked up into a fair grade of paper.

Production of Tequila.

The cultivation of the maguey plant for the production of tequila is carried on most extensively in the State of Jalisco, in the western portion of the republic. Tequila is an alcoholic liquor, used both for medicinal purposes and as a beverage. In the manufacture of this liquid the blades of the maguey are first stripped off within two inches of the corason, or bulb, which in turn is sliced off immediately above its roots. The corason of the maguey frequently weighs a quarter of a ton or more, which necessitates its being divided into quarters to facilitate its transfer to the distillery. This is accomplished on the backs of native burros, the sections of one maguey bulb usually constituting a load. At the distillery the substance is placed in a great oven, where it is thoroughly roasted, after which it is transferred to a separating machine, and the liquor extracted therefrom by pressure. Unlike pulque, tequila is a perfectly clear liquor, and improves in strength and quality with age. The profits and revenues derived from this product, while somewhat less than that of pulque, are still very large. The maguey from which tequila is produced, being somewhat smaller than the pulque plant, is grown at the rate of 2500 to the acre. It is absolutely impervious to drouth, and hence is raised on land where almost no other vegetation will grow. The largest tequila distilleries are located at the town of Tequila, eighteen miles north-west of Guadalajara, each of which establishments pays the government a monthly tax of \$500 for the privilege of manufacturing the spirits.

The Making of Mescal.

Mescal, the third liquid product of the maguey plant, is a fiery intoxicant produced principally by the natives of the most elevated districts of Mexico. Its preparation involves practically the same process as in the production of tequila, excepting that the implements employed are more crude. The maguey of these districts, though somewhat dwarfed in comparison to the plants of less extreme altitudes, yield a much stronger sap, which accounts for the viciousness of the liquor derived therefrom.

Fortunately, however, the natives of these parts utilize the maguey for other and for worthier purposes, the heart of the plant forming a staple article of their subsistence. When roasted in their underground ovens the meat of the maguey bulb is most palatable and is much relished even by the better class of Mexicans. In sections where timber is scarce, the maguey is extensively used for fencing purposes. Planted close together in a long double row it constitutes an impenetrable barricade to stock and at the same time yields its products as readily as when cultivated to that exclusive end. Its broad, thick leaves are also utilized by thousands of natives in thatching the sides and roofs of their houses and when dry is widely used as fuel. Even the sharp, slender spikes at the end of the blades have their own indispensable office, being fashioned into needles with which the cloth made from the fibers of the plant is stitched into garments.

Thus, among the poorer natives, of which class there is so vast a representation throughout the republic, the maguey is even more of a boon than to the rich. True, its liquid products likewise involve a curse to the millions dependent upon its otherwise life-sustaining virtues, but that is the fault of the people rather than of the plant.

"Behind the cross is the devil," declares an old, but eminently accurate Mexican proverb, and quite as truthfully may it be said that Satan lurks within the branches of the beautiful maguey—just as he is rumored to mingle his personality with the tall, tasseled corn further north.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

PUZZLING PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

[Youth's Companion:] The remarkable discovery that a total eclipse of the sun develops a cold air cyclone as the shadow sweeps across the earth has been made phenomena observed during the eclipse of May, 1900. During the eclipse the winds were practically reversed in direction, as the umbra moved from one side of the continent to the other, and there was an outflow of air from the shadow to a distance of 1500 miles. As the shadow progressed about 2000 miles an hour "the cyclone, to keep pace with it, must have continuously formed within the shadow and must have dissipated in the rear almost instantly." Mr. Clayton believes that this discovery indicates that the fall of temperature at night must tend to produce a cold air cyclone, while the heat of day tends to the production of a warm air one, and thus the puzzling phenomenon of the double diurnal by H. C. Clayton through a study of the meteorological period in air pressure receives an explanation.

SARTORIAL ART IN THE ACADEMY.

[London News:] The art critic of "The Tailor and Cutter" surpasses himself this year. He is much as usual on the portraits of the living; he finds a lapel missing here and there, or a waistcoat—we should say vest—and trousers made in one piece, a coat with no seams under the arm, or only one button. He is fond of describing the dress in an historical picture as "fancy costume." But we did not expect to find him criticizing Mr. Abbey's "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem." He remarks that "the red cross on their clothing is one of the most prominent features of the picture." It would be interesting to have the opinion of the organ of the boot-making trade on the mailed feet of the standing warrior, and the views of the barbers' journal on the style of coiffure adopted by the central figure in the canvas would be instructive. It is a pity Jerusalem is out of the picture; were it otherwise, "The Builder" might have some suggestive comment to offer.

ADAM VS. EVE.
MASCULINE AND FEMININE NATURES
COMPARED ON LARGE SCALE.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) June 3.—A vast treasury of fresh and surprising facts, throwing new light upon the mooted problem as to where, how and when the feminine sex excels the masculine, has been amassed by Arthur MacDonald, a psychophysicist in the employ of the Bureau of Education. The data are the result of recent tests of millions of boys and girls, men and women, of all nationalities, conducted by a hundred different investigators, many using curious instruments of precision.

That the boy is excelled by the girl and the man by the woman, in nearly all of the higher qualities is the verdict of the averages tabulated. The experiments are distinctly original and unique. They are pregnant with surprises, and where they confirm suspicion they do so in statistics which are entertaining. Leaving out all technicalities, the discoveries are as follows:

A novel test proved that woman's is, in fact, "the gentler sex." Upon a blackboard was written the story of a little girl who, after having been given a box of toy paints, daubed the parlor furniture therewith, "to make them look nice for her mother." "If you had been her mother, what would you have done or said?" was the question asked thousands of boys and girls. A much greater percentage of boys than of girls stated that they would have administered a whipping. Among the children who would inflict such punishment, the proportion of boys increased with age. Thus was shown the extent to which girls are more merciful than boys.

In young children, the boys' idea of common acts which are wrong differs materially from that of girls. A similar test proved this. When asked to state what they thought of as most wrong, the boys answered that it is most wrong to steal, fight, kick, break windows and get drunk. The girls were more apt to state that it is most wrong to leave the hair uncombed, to spill things on their dresses, etc.

Girls the More Esthetic.

That girls are more esthetic than boys and that the latter are more practical is another deduction. This question was asked: "John's father gave him a piece of ground for a garden and said that he might plant three things. Guess what he planted? Why?" The boys selected plants which they prized for their material value, as for food. The girls selected those which they esteemed for their beauty or perfume.

Boys, on entering kindergarten, were found to be more ignorant than girls of things in their immediate surroundings. More girls than boys had never heard of animals and plants of the fields and woods, but more boys than girls did not know what was meant by the words "ribs, elbow, wrist, cheek, forehead, throat, etc."

An instrument to test ability to keep still was applied to boys and girls. A larger percentage of boys than of girls could not maintain repose during the given period. Three instruments, the ataxograph, the automograph and the tremograph, were applied to the various muscles. Their movements were recorded by pointers automatically writing the movements upon paper, in wavy lines. Each child was asked to fix his attention upon a distant object and to stand still for a minute. The amount of movement having been measured, the subject was allowed to rest for a half minute. Then the experiment was repeated as before, except that the eyes of the child were closed. Both boys and girls swayed more with their eyes closed than with them open.

Girls and women were found to fear much more than boys and men. The average person of the masculine persuasion was found to have 2.21 fears; of the feminine, 3.55 fears. Nearly six times as many of the gentler, as of the sterner, sex feared rats and mice. The fears of boys were found to increase between the ages of 7 and 15, and then to decline. Those of girls increase more steadily from 4 to 18. In fear of the end of the world, blood, being buried alive, thunder and lightning, reptiles, darkness, death, domestic animals, insects, ghosts, wind, robbers, machinery, solitude and imaginary things, girls were in the excess. More boys than girls feared water and great heights.

Six Times More Lazy Boys Than Girls.

Six times as many lazy boys as lazy girls were found among 17,000 children, whose dispositions were designated by their teachers. "While, of course, there is no standard for laziness," the report accompanying these data states, "there are certain children whose excessive laziness is apparent to every teacher. The same is true in regard to unruly children. As we might expect, the boys are much more unruly than the girls. The highest percentage of unruliness is shown by the dull boys. Dull colored girls, however, show the highest percentage of unruliness in colored children."

Girls have a higher average for brightness in school than have boys. Nine per cent. more bright girls than boys were found among these 17,000. There were found to be 15 per cent. more bright colored girls than bright colored boys. Among children of strictly American parentage, boys are inferior to girls in algebra, drawing, language, music, penmanship, reading, spelling and—strange to say—"manual labor." Boys are equal to girls in only four studies and excel them in but two. Sociological conditions are found to affect the girls more than the boys, poor conditions having a tendency to lower their relative ability more. But as between lazy and nervous girls and boys, of the same category, the girls are much ahead of the boys in mental ability. Colored girls are found superior to colored boys in six studies, equal in three and inferior in two.

Girls can remember more than boys. This was proven

by reading a story for three minutes to several thousand children and by requiring them to write all which they afterward recollected. It was found that growth of memory, power is more rapid in girls than in boys, probably because girls mature faster than do their brothers.

Boys More Sensitive to Heat.

Boys are found to be more sensitive to heat than girls. This was determined by aid of a queer instrument consisting of two thermometers fastened together. One was heated until it registered ten degrees higher than the other. The two were placed against the surface of the wrist in a line at right angles to its length. The child subject was asked which was the warmer and on replying correctly, the thermometers were retained against the skin, while they approached each other in temperature and until he could not determine which was the warmer. Then the difference in degrees indicated the sensitiveness of the subject in discriminating degrees of heat.

Boys are more accurate than girls in estimating distances. By drawing a long line and asking boys and girls to estimate its length by sight, the average for accuracy was greater among the boys except at two ages, 6 and 14. A peculiar discovery, brought out by this test, is that at the age of 6 the average child thus estimated a line at about one-fifth its real length. It does not appear to have a proper conception of length until its ninth or tenth year. Girls attain accurate judgment two years later than boys. Up to the age of 15 in children, distance is judged to be shorter than it actually is. Boys and girls between 7 and 15 are equally accurate in judging differences in weights, but above the latter age boys are the more accurate. Girls can distinguish more shades of the same color than can boys, but boys are found to be more quick than girls in responding to a given signal.

Our sisters are properly known as "the weaker sex" in the physical acceptance of the word. This is known to everyone who keeps his eyes open, but it has not been hitherto proven by aid of instruments of precision, applied systematically to large numbers. Often it is interesting to have an old fact proven to us by a new method. In such a case the obvious nature of the fact proves the accuracy of the method. The instrument used in this case was known as the ergograph, and consisted of a clasp which held the hand while the index finger—which seems to be the index to one's power of endurance—was attached to a string bearing a weight. The finger continued to wiggle and beat seconds, as long as it could, moving the weight the while. At this exercise the boys attained a higher average as might be expected. Boys were found to have greater muscular strength than girls at all ages, but the difference is slight until 14. At 19 a man can lift twice as much as a woman.

Age When Girls are the Bigger.

There is one time in her life when the average girl can glory in being taller and heavier than the average boy of equal age. This period comes between the ages of 11 and 14. But boys grow more regularly than do girls. City boys and girls grow less and are smaller than country boys and girls of the same age. Girls are more sickly than boys about the age when they are taller and heavier. At this age the heads of the two sexes are almost the same size. Afterward the heads of boys grow longer in proportion to their breadth, more so than do those of their sisters.

Women's heads grow in length until their eighteenth year, when further increase ceases. The heads of men continue to grow in circumference until their twenty-first year. Women's heads discontinue growth in width at 17; men's at 21. The average girl's face is wider in proportion than that of the average man.

In men a change in the color of eyes generally begins at the age of 21; in women, at 18. The hair of the average woman turns dark faster than that of the average man. Blushing is found to be more common among those of the feminine than those of the masculine persuasion. Its prevalence remains to a greater age among women. The most frequent cause for blushing is found to be teasing about the opposite sex.

Men and women, boys and girls, were entered in a unique contest purposed to determine the relative motor ability of the sexes. Each was required to tap with the fingers, upon some surface, as often as possible within five seconds. Below the age of 3 girls excelled, but from then on the boys and men held the record. Motor ability of course comes into play in many pursuits, as typewriting, telegraphing, etc.

The average girl was found to attain her greatest lung capacity at about 13, when the most rapid increase in the average boy commences. Until between the ages of 10 and 11 the pulse of girls is faster than that of boys. From then the reverse is the case, until 14, after which the pulse of girls beats at the faster rate and continues thus throughout womanhood.

Defects of speech were found to be more prevalent among boys than among girls, as were convulsions. The percentage of boys with abnormalities in general was found to be twice that of girls.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

THE CAMERA AS A DETECTIVE.

[New York Sun:] As legal evidence photography is growing in constant favor and use. Many times experts have been called to photograph localities where accidents have happened. Some time ago a question of responsibility was settled in court concerning two steamboats which had been in collision. One boat, which had received the blow of the other, had been at once repaired by the owner, but not until a series of photographs had been made unknown to the owner. At the trial some pretty tall swearing took place, when, to the surprise of the witnesses, they were put face to face with the art that cannot lie, photography, and the case went against them. In another case a witness swore that he was turning his horse to the right, when a photograph showed that a deep excavation made it impossible.

THE SPANISH DAGGER.
SOMETHING ABOUT A SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA PLANT.
By a Special Contributor.

MYTHS ABOUT BUGS.
POISONOUS QUALITIES ASCRIBED TO
HARMLESS INSECTS.
By Dr. L. O. Howard,
Chief Entomologist of the United States
Department of Agriculture.

CURE BY VIBRATION.
NEWEST PANACEA TUNES PATIENT
WITH A MACHINE.
By a Special Contributor.

CURE BY VIBRATION.
NEWEST PANACEA TUNES PATIENT
WITH A MACHINE.
By a Special Contributor.

A NEW cure-all fad has come across the ocean to this country, which in many respects is as picturesque as the Kneipp Cure, and which promises to have as great a vogue. Fashionable invalids in New York have taken it up, and now it is spreading among the great army of the sick and ailing in other parts of the country. Like the panacea of the Swiss priest, the new cures taboo the use of medicines, but its application requires no such inconvenient procedure as walking barefoot in wet grass in the early morning. Disease, according to the new idea, is a mere matter of altered vibration. If you have a headache, or dyspepsia, or rheumatism, or nervous prostration, or any other ailment in the catalogue, you are, or that part of you affected is, out of tune—your rate of vibration has become too fast or too slow and needs adjusting. To effect the proper adjustment the new curists strap you to a machine and shake you (or vibrate you) until, like a pendulum, you get back into your normal swing.

The system does not belong to any one person, as in the case of the Kneipp Cure. It came from Europe, and already there are half a dozen "institutes" in New York City and any number of practitioners who will bring their machines to private houses and give special treatment. There is one place on Fifth avenue where the fashionables are shaken to their heart's content. There is another in the heart of the shopping district, where tired women may stop in and be "restored" after a day's bargain hunting, and there are several "institutes" in the residential districts.

Theory of the Cure.
Every new cure must have its fundamental theory.

the motor is revolved at great speed, moves rapidly in unison with it, like a piston rod. To the end of the piston rod is attached a heavy leather glove, with the fingers cut out. The operator places her hand in the glove, and the piston rod moving rapidly back and forth gives to her hand a vibratory motion which makes it feel as though it were being traversed by an electric current. In fact, to touch her hand gives you a sensation exactly like that obtained from the poles of a battery. Now, imagine a sedate but overworked Wall-street gentleman sitting, placidly, with a far-off look in his eyes, while the young lady operator applies the thrilling touch of her hand to his forehead or to the base of his aching brain, and there is the cure in operation.

While the operator moves her fingers deftly along the bridge of your nose, bilaterally outward via your eyebrows and then downward back of your ears toward the upper end of your spinal column, she croons softly the reason for it all, telling you minutely just what is taking place inside of you while the process is going forward. Now, since the feeling in your spinal cord is precisely that described by the negro who said that mineral water tasted just as though his foot was asleep, you are not as much impressed by her remarks as you might otherwise be, but there are certain words, such as "capillaries," "stagnation," "stimulation," etc., which stick by you, and you remember it all afterward as you might a dream.

Applied for Catarrh.
"Ah," she says, "you have catarrh. Yes, every one has catarrh in this climate. Yet there is no need of it. It is a matter of stagnation, whether from the climate or something else. You see, the capillaries become clogged and the proper blood supply does not get to the delicate membranes of the nose. Then there is trouble. But with this method we stimulate the capillaries and presently the catarrh is gone. Of course, it cannot be done in a day. All of these treatments take weeks to accomplish. Now I will give you the indigestion movement."

Then you stand up and have a canvas belt strapped around your waist. The loose ends of the belt are attached to a metal rocker on the machine, and the latter

the amount of labor necessary to our livelihood. For generations a certain amount of muscular labor has been required of every human being. But suddenly in the nineteenth century the invention of labor-saving machinery, of elevators, of street cars, of the telephone and telegraph, removed the necessity for most of the muscular efforts to which we had been, so to speak, keyed up by our ancestors. On the other hand, the nervous force required of us is far in excess of that formerly required. Many persons instinctively appreciate the inequality of the balance, and yet it is almost impossible to get them to make up the difference in healthy exercise.

"Now here we have a machine which will supply the lacking muscular exertion without its otherwise consequent fatigue. Applied to the muscles of the leg or the arm or the chest we can cause it to produce the very muscular action necessary to make up the balance between nerve and muscle force. If you sit in the chair and have the extremities vibrated at the full rate of the machine, you have done more for your nerves than the daily 'walking to business' panacea could do for you in a month."

All sorts and conditions of men and women had the machine applied to them while the writer looked on, for there was nothing in the treatment that required privacy. Some had rheumatism and some gout, and some had nervous prostration which they wanted cured, and some had nervous prostration for fear of the machine itself and of what it might do to them; and all the while the voice of the operator crooned low, telling of the wonderful success of the shaking machine abroad, how Prince Pedovich thought it the greatest ever, and how Prince Alexander of Oldenburg recommended it, and Prof. Some-one-else considered it the monitor of the coming medicineless era, until only the veriest skeptic would have denied the efficacy of the new fad. One remark of one woman was highly significant of its power.

"Really," she said, as she left the room, "it is the oddest sensation I ever had. That long metal arm seems to hypnotize me, and I am getting so I cannot do without it. Curious, isn't it?" G. F. D.



THE PEDAL TREATMENT.



VIBRATING MESSAGE.

Here is the theory upon which the vibrationists go. In the first place, all things are in a state of vibration—light, sound, heat, are vibration itself. But even those things which are popularly supposed to be in a state of inanimate rest, the houses in which we live, the very furniture upon which we sit, are said to be in a state of vibration. And so the very act of living is a matter of vibration. In other words, every living animal and vegetable pulsates according to its individual wave length. Every part of every animal has its rate of vibration, which, when normally maintained, keeps the member in a state of health, but which, when it departs from the normal, induces a state of disease. At least so say the high priests of the new movement, who reason, therefore, that the use of medicine is a very round-about way of producing what can be accomplished with a few odd shakes. And since the writer himself saw the miracle of the palsied take place under his eyes by means of a vibration machine, and since the machine itself is not so complicated, but that, in the hands of an ingenious man, it might be constructed from an old sewing machine—perhaps within certain wide limits the contention is true.

The Modus Operandi.
Sometimes it is not advisable for the sufferer to be strapped to the machine. In dispelling a shopping headache, for instance, the operator straps her own hand to a long rod attached to the vibrator. The machine moves her hand at the rate of many hundred, if not thousand, pulsations a second, and when her hand is pressed or stroked gently on the sufferer's forehead, the thrill communicated is at least a delicious "new" sensation. The writer learned this during a recent visit to one of the New York "institutes" where many women go daily to be vibrated. The place is not pretentious. It looks like an ordinary doctor's office, plus the machine, which might be taken for one of those relics of the Spanish Inquisition to be found in all dentists' offices. An electric motor is geared to a small spindle, and to the side of the spindle is attached a long steel rod, which, when

is set going at high speed. You begin to move rapidly to right and left with a sort of shivering movement. It would be excellent practice for the coochee-coochee dance. But if you have been suffering from that feeling of oppression on the chest which a large and undigested meal develops you suddenly find that the new sensation has caused you to forget it. Perhaps it was surprised or scared out of you; anyhow, it is gone.

Then there is the foot movement. For this the patient sits with his feet strapped tightly to a footboard attached directly to the machine itself. When the motor is turned on he performs a lively and involuntary jig-step, the thrilling effects of which extend even to his knees. One case the writer saw where this treatment apparently banished the paralysis of a man whose case had been pronounced hopeless by the doctors. Months previously he had entered the room on the back of an attendant; now he leaned on a stick and walked in.

"His vibration rate went wrong," said the attendant. "Paralysis of the lower extremities suddenly left him helpless and the doctors couldn't help him, they said, without opening his head and removing the blood clot from the motor center. And yet this mechanical massage has restored him to his present condition. You see, the stimulation is tremendous and it must result in restoring animation. Of course, the foot movement is the least of the treatment given to him. He was massaged along the whole length of his spine and the treatment was applied to the head repeatedly.

In Nervous Prostration.
"But it is to the nervously prostrated that this system applies the most relief. Modern civilization has increased the number of neurasthenics in the world many thousand fold and the condition grows worse daily. Now every human being is put into the world with a certain balance or equal proportion of nervous and of muscular energy. If the activity on the part of the nerves is allowed to overbalance the activity of the muscles neurasthenia is sure to develop to a greater or lesser extent. And every modern invention tends to decrease

GEN. CORBIN'S POTATO CROP.
TWO BUSHELS COST HIM \$36 DOWN IN NEW MEXICO, BUT HE MADE IT PAY.
By a Special Contributor.

The first Irish potatoes grown in New Mexico were raised by Adjt.-Gen. Henry C. Corbin, Major-General U.S.A. That was over twenty years ago. Corbin was then a major serving on the frontier posts hundreds of miles from civilization. Part of his work—and no small part of it—was to get suitable provisions for his men. Fresh vegetables in New Mexico were almost impossible to be had, and were correspondingly craved by the soldiers. Having been brought up on a farm, Maj. Corbin took an interest in the problem of growing things for the use of the post, and particularly in the possibilities of irrigation. One day it occurred to him that by tapping a spring in the hillside and digging a ditch he might irrigate about an acre of ground, and that it would be a good scheme to plant the acre with potatoes. When he mentioned his plan he was scorned. He was told potatoes would not grow in New Mexico, and was reminded that there was no seed. There was not a potato short of "the States." But he was determined to try; so he sent for two bushels. They were sent by the pound, and when they arrived the bill for them was \$36. He cut them up carefully himself and assisted in putting the eyes into the ground. Then he superintended their cultivation and irrigation.

When the digging time finally arrived there was joy in the camp.

"We sent them all around to the officers and men," the general relates, "and there never were potatoes like them. I have eaten potatoes before and since. I have eaten fine dinners and sat through elaborate banquets in later years; but nothing has tasted or ever will taste as did those potatoes. The fame of them went abroad, and the seed from my patch started the potato industry in the Southwest."

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department, without charge, all communications, notices, advertisements, and other matter, which may be of interest to the public. The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department, without charge, all communications, notices, advertisements, and other matter, which may be of interest to the public. The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department, without charge, all communications, notices, advertisements, and other matter, which may be of interest to the public.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

The Cause of Malaria.

ONE can scarcely pick up a newspaper nowadays without coming across an article on mosquitoes and malaria. This is one of those latest medical fads which crop up from time to time like a new fashion in bonnets. It is claimed that experiments made by investigators in West Africa, in Italy, and elsewhere, have conclusively proved that mosquitoes are the chief, if not the only, cause of malaria. Since then the theory has been carried farther. We are told that the miserable mosquito, who disturbs our nightly rest, is also the cause of yellow fever, and now an English medical commission has reported that elephantiasis, or leprosy, is communicated by the mosquito. Before long we shall probably be informed that consumption and delirium tremens and even corns are caused by mosquito bites.

Already there is apparently some reaction against the absurd extent to which this theory has been carried, and some conservative physicians are advising a little caution before we abandon ourselves entirely to the theory of mosquito infection. Among those who place no confidence in this theory is Dr. Carl Schwalbe of Los Angeles, a physician whose wide experience of malarial conditions gives him a right to speak with authority. Dr. Schwalbe has spent many years in the malaria-infected regions of tropical countries, such as Central and South America, the West Indies and the Hawaiian Islands, and in Los Angeles has conducted a long series of careful investigations in regard to the cause of malaria, which he has given to the public in a book published in Berlin, the first part of which was reviewed some time ago in this department. A copy of the third part, a work of 180 pages, with illustrations, has just been received. It is, unfortunately, in the German language, and therefore not available to a majority of our physicians until a translation is prepared.

Dr. Schwalbe takes the ground that malaria is not caused by the inoculation of mosquitoes, but, as leading physicians and investigators have held for many years, arises from poisonous gases which come from the ground in certain sections. Malaria, he says, is not, as generally supposed, exclusively a product of swampy ground, but is also found in perfectly dry sections, which are devoid of water and vegetation. In barren, hot sandy deserts, intermittent fevers of a malarial character are often found, as they are in dry arid sections, at an elevation of from 10,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea. The conditions necessary to the production of these poisonous gases are not yet clearly understood. Dr. Schwalbe has made extensive experiments with gases produced from rotting flax, which is placed in a glass with some earth and water in a warm temperature. He has experimented with these gases, and others, upon a large number of pigeons, fowls, rabbits, guinea pigs and cats, and has succeeded in producing in the blood and organs of the animals unmistakable malarial conditions where there was absolutely no possibility of infection from mosquitoes.

In regard to the best method of preventing malaria, Dr. Schwalbe points to the fact that all investigators agree at least on one point, namely, that the malaria poison works only at night, or just before sunset, and shortly after sunrise. This is an important point, and shows the necessity of guarding against the night air in malarial regions. He advises sleeping in a room at a considerable height above the ground, and as further protection in malarial sections, that the window of the sleeping apartment be covered with a gauze screen, moistened with lime water, which, as an alkali, tends to counteract the effects of the injurious gases, all of which are of an acid nature.

It is shown that in many sections malaria has been greatly decreased, or altogether removed, by attention to hygienic conditions, and yet there has been no diminution there in the number of mosquitoes. The well-known fact that the upturning of new soil frequently leads to an outbreak of malaria is a good evidence of the fact that the germs rise from the soil, and is not explicable under the mosquito theory.

In regard to hygienic precautions, Dr. Schwalbe strongly advises against the general use of alcoholic drinks, which is so common in tropical countries, as a protection against fever. He believes that the consumption of alcohol makes the system more sensitive to an attack of malaria. In order to stimulate a healthy appetite in a tropical country, he advises, in place of the modern cocktail, and the frequent "nips" during the day, regular exercise in the cool of the mornings and evenings, and also regular bathing, either in cold or warm water, as may be preferred.

Nor is Dr. Schwalbe a great believer in that extremely popular remedy for all malarial conditions, quinine. He shows that when a strong injection of quinine is made into the blood of an animal affected with malaria—sufficient to kill the animal within a few hours—it does not kill or injure the malarial protoplasm. Many experiments made by investigators have proved, according to Dr. Schwalbe, that quinine works not on the blood, but on the vasomotor nerves. On the other hand, it is generally recognized that large doses of quinine are injurious. In some cases they have even caused death, and have frequently given rise to injurious conditions of the eyes and ears. In the Dutch East Indies, he says, the use of quinine has been almost entirely abandoned, it having been shown that cases of malaria among people who regularly take quinine are much harder to cure than among others. It is generally known that Prof. Koch, who was one of the originators of this mosquito theory of malaria, has recently begun to modify his ideas on the subject.

The author lays much stress on the importance of a

judicious hydropathic treatment of malaria, and believes that such treatment is likely to grow in popularity as its good results are noted. He does not believe that the public reports of the malaria experiments of the English expedition in the Roman Campagna were conclusive, because a sufficient amount of time had not been allowed to elapse, as there is often a long interval between a malaria infection and an outbreak of the fever.

In brief, Dr. Schwalbe's contention is that the malaria poison is not the result of the presence in the blood of a live microbe, introduced by mosquitoes, but of a condition of the blood and organs brought about by the inhalation of certain poisonous gases, which emanates under favorable conditions, from the soil.

The work abounds with quotations from recognized medical authorities, and gives evidence of a vast amount of painstaking and conscientious investigation.

[Beilage zur Malaria-Frage, Von Carl Schwalbe, M.D., Otto Salle, Berlin.]

Food and Nutrition.

SANTA MONICA, May 29.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Under this caption, in this department of The Times of Sunday, the 26th inst., the writer quoted seems to think that the "relative value of food depends very largely upon the relative value of stomachs," with some other causes, which, briefly, he proceeds to mention. While all the causes referred to have much to do with the failure of good food to nourish the body, the most essential of all causes of failure was entirely overlooked. One's thought has more to do with one's food nutrition, or lack of nutrition, than all other causes combined. Let one firmly believe that anything he is eating is not going to agree with him, and this auto-suggestion to his subjective mind, which controls all the automatic bodily functions, will cause the food to sour, and will neutralize its nutritious quality. On the other hand, let him firmly believe that nothing he has eaten will in any way distress his digestive organs, and the subjective mind will see to it, that he may eat anything that his appetite craves, or that is ever palatable, without indigestion or the loss of its nutritive tendency.

I write the above, not as a theory, but as the result of personal experience. For years I was a victim of dyspepsia, so that at times one meal a day would not properly assimilate. But, having tested the virtue of "mind over matter," within a very few weeks I found myself able to eat anything I desired, and that, three times a day, uniformly followed by only the best of results. One needs, in a relaxed condition, to change the inner body-keeper or sub-conscious mind, with the responsibility of looking after the best interests of the body; then dismissing the subject at once, set the active, or objective mind, to caring for its practical affairs. The results of this régime will astonish anyone who will try it faithfully.

GEORGE T. WEAVER.

Cause of Childlessness.

A NEW YORK physician, Dr. Octavus A. White, advances a new theory for the increasing childlessness of rich families. After showing that in fifty houses of the New York poor there were, by actual count, 338 children, and in forty-five houses of the rich only ten children, the World prints an interview with Dr. White, in which he advances the theory that the difference is largely due to the general consumption by wealthy people of drinks and foods containing salicylic acid, which, he says, tends to produce barrenness.

There may be some foundation for this theory, but there are certainly other and more evident reasons for the increasing absence of children among the families of rich men than the consumption of salicylic acid. Dr. White says:

"The startling facts brought to light by the World regarding the childlessness of the rich reveal a condition of things which I have noted for many years.

"It is by no accident or caprice of fashion that the rich are childless. The absence of children in luxurious homes on Fifth avenue can be explained on scientific grounds.

"After five years of more of careful investigation I have discovered the chief cause of the low birthrate among the wealthy people in our large cities.

"It is due, in my opinion, to the nature of the wines, condiments and medicines that are so popular among the well-to-do people who lead idle and fashionable lives.

"In the preparation of California wines, spurious champagnes, preserved fruits and medicines a great deal of salicylate of soda is used, and I have discovered that this drug is the direct cause of childlessness.

"So far as I know this discovery is original, and I have not made it public before. It is the result of much study and observation. As I have been in medical practice for fifty years I am not apt to make hasty generalizations.

"Salicylic acid is used to prevent fermentation in wines and canned goods. It is invaluable as an antiseptic. All medical preparations for the cure of rheumatism and throat diseases contain it.

"Thus the medicine that conquers one disease is liable to sow the seeds of a still more dangerous physical disorder. There is not to my mind the slightest doubt that barrenness can be traced directly to the use of salicylic acid in some form.

"If it were not for the poor this earth would become, like the moon, an uninhabited planet. The contrast between the childless mansions and the swarming tenements abundantly proves it.

"The more luxuries the fewer births. This can be noticed in every community. The use of luxuries, especially of those containing salicylate of soda, has an emasculating influence upon the human organism. This drug annihilates the germinating principle and prevents the normal reproduction of the race.

"Look at the contrast in the South, between the cabins of the negroes, overrun with children, and the ancestral homesteads of their former masters, containing perhaps a single child or none. And the families of the negroes were much larger before the war than they are today.

"In my early practice, forty or fifty years ago, there were very few cases such as those referred to, but today there is an alarming increase. No one can ever know how many cases of suicide are due to this cause. Some other reason is invariably assigned for the desperate act.

"It is unfair to hold the women more responsible than the men for the low birthrate. It is impossible for the man who lives luxuriantly to be the father of a large family.

"The laws of nature are inviolable. The hardy thistle, struggling for existence in rocky soil, throws out a thousand seeds while the pampered hothouse plant cannot reproduce even one of its kind.

"Social and medical science finds this same law of compensation operative among human beings, unless it is prevented by the means which I have discovered."

Infusion of Salt.

A REMEDY that is by no means a new one, but has recently come into renewed favor, is the injection of a salt solution into the veins of a patient. This was one of the measures adopted by the physicians in attendance on Mrs. McKinley during her recent illness in San Francisco, and is said to have been attended with excellent results.

Dr. John R. Haynes of Los Angeles, recently read a paper on this subject before the Southern California Medical Society, in which he showed that since the middle of the seventeenth century many substances have been injected into the circulation in the treatment of acute anemia from hemorrhage, shock, speticemia, uremia, comatose state in diabetes-mellitus and the toxemias of infectious fevers.

Blood direct from donor to patient, blood defibrinated blood mixed with liquor ammonii, blood mixed with sulphate of potassium and in varying quantities with saline solutions, milk and saline solutions, the latter varied in number and amount of ingredients, but all based upon the normal blood serum, have at different times been used.

Some physicians of large experience add other salines to the normal salt solution, but, according to Dr. Haynes, thousands of experiments upon human beings and upon animals by hundreds of experimenters have proven most conclusively that for efficiency, freedom from danger and ease of administration the sub-cutaneous injection of normal salt solution (hypodermoclysis), six drachms of sterilized salt to one gallon sterilized water, at a temperature of from 110 to 120 deg. Fahr., excels any and all things that have ever been used to relieve those suffering from shock and from the effects of hemorrhage, and as an eliminant in septic and toxic conditions.

Following is an extract from the paper referred to:

"When life is almost extinct and the patient's vitality so low that the probability of absorption from the sub-cutaneous spaces is slight, or where the tissues are edematous, then the solution should be injected into a vein, although the dangers of injection of air, too rapid distention of heart, phlebitis, thrombosis and embolism should always be borne in mind.

"The heat of the salt solution is a direct tonic to the sympathetic nerve centers, and to the muscles of the blood vessels, causing the latter to contract and thus overcoming the anemia of brain and heart produced by shock.

"The solution acts as a tonic to the heart by distending its chambers with increased bulk of hot liquid.

"It has a direct germicidal action upon bacilli in the blood and in the tissues. It washes out the tissues and the blood, dissolving the toxins and urea and other excrementitious products, and passes through the kidneys almost as fast as it is introduced under the skin, or into the veins, after any deficiency in amount is made up. If the administration of salt solution is continued long enough, the kidneys which secrete under its influence from eight and a half to fifteen times the usual amount of urine, will, after a time, secrete simply normal salt solution, this increase commencing within fifteen minutes from the time the salt water is first introduced.

"From two to thirty minutes after a normal salt solution has been injected into the veins, a severe chill may occur, with, later, a strong and rapid pulse, decided perspiration, flushing of the skin and labored respiration. With sub-cutaneous injections these symptoms do not occur; but the pulse becomes full and strong and slower, the temperature rises temporarily, the lips become red and the tide of life flows again."

Money in Patent Medicines.

THE immense quantities of patent medicines consumed in this country, and the great profits that are earned in the manufacture and sale of them, may be gathered from the following item in a contemporary, referring to the amount of money expended on advertising by some of these concerns:

"A newspaper estimate of the appropriations of general advertisers credits the Centaur Company and C. I. Hood & Co. with a yearly expenditure of \$500,000 each. Dr. Pierce's bill is put down as \$300,000, and the Pinkham Company, the J. C. Ayer Company, and Scott & Bowne are said to spend \$250,000 each. Brent Good is in the \$200,000 class. In the list of advertisers spending from \$100,000 to \$150,000 apiece for publicity are the Sterling Remedy, Postum Cereal Company, Frank Stuart, California Fig Syrup Company, Warner's Safe Cure Company, Pond's Extract Company, Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Enoch Morgan's Sons and the Ammonol Chemical Company of New York."

Apocryphal of these patent medicines, it is a well-known fact that some of them consist almost entirely of alcohol, in which fact lies their great popularity. One of them, recently placed on the market—and which is not included in those above mentioned—is said to contain 95 per cent. of alcohol. It is widely advertised as a cure for catarrh, and it is said that trainloads of this disguised liquor are consumed in prohibition sections of the country.

The W.C.T.U. might do well to divert a little of its attention from the saloons to the drug stores.

MYTHS ABOUT BUGS.

POISONOUS QUALITIES ASCRIBED TO
HARMLESS INSECTS.

By Dr. L. O. Howard,

Chief Entomologist of the United States
Department of Agriculture.

THE subject of insect poisons is one which is very generally over-estimated in the popular mind. Everywhere, among civilized people as well as among uncivilized races, there exist superstitions regarding perfectly harmless insects. For example, the common dragon flies, or devil's darning needles, are feared very generally by English-speaking races, and the children in this country think that these harmless insects will sew up their ears. The common tomato worm, or tobacco worm, a perfectly harmless insect, is considered to be fatally poisonous by many people.

Much of the common superstition about spider bites is totally unfounded, while the stories about scorpions and centipedes are grossly exaggerated. The effects of intense nervous fear, following a physical injury of an insignificant nature, are well understood by the medical profession. Hence it is not difficult to understand cases of severe nervous prostration and even death following a sting or a bite from a comparatively harmless insect. Nervous dreads are contagious, and psychologists will admit that the tarentism, or tarentella frenzy of South Europe, ascribed to the bite of the tarantula, which has been repeated at long intervals within the past few centuries, was largely a dread, or panic epidemic. Entomologists know that there is nothing in the poison of the tarantula to produce the symptoms described, such as the prolonged dances, ending in coma. The so-called kissing-bug epidemic of two years ago was probably in a modernized and minimized form influenced by one of these psychological crazes.

Two Classes of Poisonous Insects.

The truly poisonous insects, that is, insects which possess poison glands and secrete poison with their bites or stings, belong in the main to two classes. Either they sting for protection, as with the bees, certain ants and certain wasps, or they use the poison to assist in the capture of their prey, as with the digger wasps, certain predaceous bugs, and all spiders. The mosquito belongs to a third class, and the purpose of the poison which it injects is not fully understood. It may render the blood of its victim more digestible and less liable to coagulation, or it may have some other, unexplained use.

Insect poisons, as a rule, were undoubtedly developed for use against other insects. Therefore, they are small in quantity and, generally speaking, are serious in their effects only upon other insects. The exact nature of the poison is not well understood. In some instances it is a combination of an alkali and an acid, which become effective only when they are combined. In ants, wasps and bees it consists of formic acid and a whitish, fatty, bitter residue in the secretion of the glands. The corroding, active formic acid is the essential part of the poison. Cases are on record of the death of human beings as a result of the injection of poison with the stings of bees and wasps, as well as with the bites of spiders. Such cases, however, are rare. A number of cases are on record of death from a multitude of bee stings. I know of one case well authenticated, of the death of a middle-aged woman from a single bee sting. The physical condition of the patient undoubtedly had much to do with the fatal result, which was probably due partly to nervous shock and possibly to the fact that the poison was injected directly into a large vein and was thus carried immediately to the heart.

Death in Fifteen Minutes.

Another case of similar nature came under the observation of Dr. William Frew of England, in 1836. The patient, a young lady of 23 years of age, was stung on the neck, just behind the angle of the jaw, by a wasp. The sting of which was extracted by a servant. A solution of arnica was applied and, as the patient felt sick, she was assisted to bed. She complained immediately of a horrible feeling of choking and of pains in the abdomen. The neck swelled rapidly and the pains in the abdomen became agonizing. Two teaspoonfuls of brandy were administered, but before anything further could be done the patient became insensible and breathed her last, fifteen minutes after the sting. Dr. Frew saw the body about two hours after death and found the neck and lower part of the body much swollen. The tongue was swollen to such an extent that it filled the mouth. The young lady was of a nervous, excitable temperament, and had shown symptoms of weak action of the heart. From both father and mother she had inherited gouty tendencies, and the mother was remarkably susceptible to the action of certain medicines.

The stings of bees and wasps have very different effects on different people, and without doubt persons who habitually handle bees become immune to their poisons. That this immunity is produced by inoculation cannot be doubted, but there must be an almost continuous re-inoculation. A man may have kept bees for a series of years and have become in a measure immune to their sting. He may discontinue the industry for a year or so and upon resuming it he will find he is affected by bee stings as at first. It is a curious fact that some portions of the body may become immune and others not. Herbert H. Smith, who is a professional collector of insects, catches bees and wasps in his net and removes them with his thumb and forefinger. In his case, the forefinger is stung so often that it has become thoroughly inoculated and stings upon this finger produce no effect, but if he is stung on the back of the neck, or in some other part of the body the sensation is as painful as it is with another person.

Death from Spider Bites.

Authentic cases of death from spider bite are rare, although cases reported in the newspapers are of almost weekly occurrence. I have investigated more than a

hundred such reports in the United States in the past ten years. In many cases the reported facts were entirely erroneous; in the majority of cases no spider was seen to inflict the bite; there were almost no cases in which the spider was seen to bite and was saved for examination. Some years ago, a baby sleeping in a cradle in a Connecticut town was bitten upon the lip by a spider known as *Latrodectus mactans*, and died as a result of the bite. A laboring man in South Carolina, in the early '90's died, either as a result from the bite of a spider of the same species or as a result of the large doses of whisky which were given to him as a remedy. The latter explanation is the more probable one.

This *Latrodectus* is not one of our large spiders. It is glistening black in color and a little larger than a large pea. It is usually marked on the under side with a red spot. It is the most dangerous spider which occurs in the United States, but its fangs are so weak that it cannot penetrate the skin in parts of the body that are ordinarily exposed. If by chance, however, it bites a particularly sensitive, thin-skinned portion of the body which is especially well provided with blood vessels, the results are likely to be painful and serious. This spider occurs under old logs and rubbish and is occasionally found in outhouses. It is rather common in the Southwest and extends in small numbers northeastward to New England.

False Reports About Tarantulas.

I have been unable to authenticate a single instance of death from the bite of the large spiders known as tarantulas, although circumstantially reported cases are frequent in the newspapers. These stories usually tell how the tarantulas have been imported with bananas or other tropical fruit. A good example appeared in a daily paper published in a large western city two years ago. The scare headlines read, "In two weeks three men have died from the bites of tarantulas and another had to have his arm amputated. All were Sicilians and received their death wounds in the steaming-rooms of fruit houses." The exact localities were given. I had the matter examined with great care by a scientific friend, resident in that city, and he found, after thorough examination, that there was no truth whatever in the newspaper statement.

Many of the true bugs give severe punctures with their beaks. Some of them insert a slight amount of poison, but the inflammatory effects which occasionally follow the bite of most of them are due to the fact that their beaks have previously been inserted into some dead or decaying animal matter, so that the germs of putrefaction are thus carried into the human blood. This is the explanation of the comparatively few authentic cases of severe swelling following the bite of the so-called kissing-bugs. The large aquatic bug which of recent years has become known as the "electric-light bug," has a sharp beak and may inflict a severe wound when incautiously handled. Serious results, however, are not known to follow. The large, ungainly, predaceous bug known as the "wheel-bug," may give a severe wound under similar conditions, and Glover, many years ago, reported a serious swelling of his hand and a subsequent sloughing off of the skin and superficial tissues of the ball of his thumb as a result from the bite of this insect.

A Troublesome Caterpillar.

There is a little group of caterpillars armed with sharp hairs, which will pierce the skin and produce sometimes an intense irritation much like that which is produced by the nettle. The commonest of these caterpillars are the so-called saddle-back caterpillars, and the caterpillar of the lo or "corn emperor" moth. The irritation produced by these creatures is sometimes as severe as the severest cases of poisoning from nettles. I have seen the hand of a young woman swollen to twice its normal size, causing great pain, in consequence of being stung. The president of a Baptist college in the West wrote last year that one of these caterpillars accidentally touched his wrist and "for eight hours the pain was excruciating and could not be allayed by any treatment. It could be felt for twenty hours." The caterpillar of the so-called brown-tailed moth, a recent importation from Europe which exists in numbers about Boston, has this peculiar quality and the laborers engaged by the Gypsy Moth Commission were frequently stung by these caterpillars during the summer of 1899, with painful effects. Then, again, the so-called blister beetles of which there are many species in this country, are occasionally the cause of a blistering poison. When one of these insects alights on the back of one's neck the first impulse is to brush it off and it frequently gets crushed, in which case the blistering effect of its juices is very marked.

There is little danger from centipedes and scorpions in this country even in the Southern States. Notwithstanding an almost universal belief to the contrary, a scorpion's sting is no more dangerous than that of a honey bee, and often the effect is no worse than that of the prick of a pin. Down in Mexico, however, and especially in the State of Durango, there is a scorpion generally known as the Durango scorpion, which is much feared. The stories about even this creature, however, are generally exaggerated, and Dr. Edward Palmer, who has lived in that State, says that he has known but one death to result from the sting of this creature, and that was of a young woman who was in very bad health at the time. In the same way stories about centipedes are also exaggerated. We have no dangerous species in the United States. The tropical centipedes bite with their maxillipedes and possess poison glands. The old stories that they exude poison from the tips of their sharp claws and leave a trail like fire when they walk over the skin of a human being are entirely false. Their bite is poisonous, but the result is not serious.

In Central America, and among the Mexicans in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, many harmless insects are generally considered poisonous. This is due to a special cause. It arises from the fact that the blood of these people is so vitiated by unclean diseases, that an insignificant bite or scratch is apt to bring on blood poisoning, followed by serious results.

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THE SPANISH DAGGER.

SOMETHING ABOUT A SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA PLANT.

By a Special Contributor.

WE LEFT Los Angeles at 10 o'clock in the evening. Worn out with a long day of sight-seeing, I dropped asleep, as cosy in the Pullman sleeper as at home. Several hours later I waked from a troubled dream, to hear a strange creaking and groaning and rattling. I started up in alarm and drew the curtains of my berth and looked out upon the weirdest night scene my eyes have ever fallen upon. There was a brilliant moon shining, so that I could look miles away, as the train rumbled and creaked along, northward. There was a stiff wind blowing, and sand rattling, against the window like rain. As far as the eye could reach was a bare white waste, with here and there a great gaunt "tree palm," as I at first exclaimed, though my tired brain almost invested them with a personality, and I found myself turning from the strange scene with almost repulsion, as to something ghastly. In the early daylight we were creeping out of the Mojave Desert up into the foothills. My ghostly friends of midnight now took on a more cheerful aspect, and as we rose slowly up out of a deep cañon I recognized *Yucca brevifolia*, known only before in botanical works, or in the commercial aspect, the delicate fibrous wood being now found in all art and curio stores as a material for painting upon. It is also used throughout Southern California as a wrapping or protection for young trees, being very tough, and at the same time pliable. There are small factories in most California cities which utilize the almost inexhaustible supply of yucca wood shipped from the desert.

There are several varieties of the yucca in California, and at least two of them are far more attractive,



A SMALL YUCCA WHIPPLEI.

though possibly not so useful, as our friend of the desert.

Yucca baccata is found from Monterey to San Diego. Its stiff glossy lanceolate leaves have earned for it the sobriquet "Spanish dagger," and I can well remember the painful wound I received in an encounter after dark in a neighboring garden with a sturdy specimen, the pride of its owner's heart. The glorious blossom cluster of this species is a truly wonderful sight, like a great mass of waxen pond lilies, in cream and purple, and with a delicate perfume. The flower stalk crowns the tree, which often reaches a height of eight or ten feet. The fruit is very palatable, and near my Del Mar home, where this yucca fruits abundantly, I often see black-eyed, bare-footed little Mexicans greedily devouring all the "yucca bananas" which the industrious squirrels may have left to them. Personally the flavor as of "over ripeness" was never quite pleasing, but yucca fruit never goes begging among the children.

Yucca whipplei has quite as wide a habitat as has *Y. baccata*. Its foliage is indeed far more beautiful, the leaves spreading upon the ground in a handsome whorl, while the flower stalk shoots fifteen or twenty feet into the air, crowned with a delicate cream-colored blossom. The whole plant dies immediately after blossoming. Just before the flower stalk breaks into blossom the Indians often cut the stalk at the base just below the ground, bury it in many wrappings of the fibrous leaves, and roast it in the fire. The result is a deliciously sweet and sticky mass of gluten, which they devour greedily. The result is a feeling of slight intoxication, followed by excessive relaxation, so that the entire tribe will sometimes be unable to exert themselves for days following.

The yuccas come under the order of Liliaceae, and are a distinctive feature in Southern California, the blossoms being often offered for sale on the streets of the cities. There are said to be nearly a dozen species on American soil, but the three mentioned in this sketch are most common to the Southwest. Because of its palm-like aspect there is always a regular demand for seed and young plants with European florists, and many a *Yucca baccata* graces the conservatory of some wealthy home in far-away England or France.

BELLE SUMNER ANGLIER.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Ripe Melons on June 1.

A HANDSOME lithograph has been issued by the Coachuilla Valley Melon-Growers' Association of Indio, illustrating genuine California cantaloupes, grown and packed by this association. These cantaloupes are said to have been ripe on the 1st of June. It looks as if the Colorado Desert is destined to become one of the leading fruit and vegetable sections of the United States.

Phosphate.

JOHN R. DE MIER of Las Cruces, N. M., has been visiting California during the past couple of weeks. The Albuquerque Citizen gives the following particulars in regard to extensive guano and phosphate deposits owned by Mr. De Mier in New Mexico:

"Mr. De Mier is the lessee of the extensive guano and phosphate fields on the Armendaris land grant in Socorro county, these being situated about twelve miles east of Lava station on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. Mr. De Mier is shipping about six tons daily to California, where he has contracts with owners of extensive orchards and orange groves, for all the phosphate and guano he can ship them. He is now employing fifteen men and a foreman steadily and gives good wages. He finds his lease very profitable.

"Asked about the condition of the Mesilla Valley, Mr. De Mier stated that while the peach crop is a total failure, there will be extensive crops of all other fruits in the valley, and hence orchardists feel very good. The wheat crop will be the best and largest ever produced in the Mesilla Valley, and the wheat promises to be of a very superior quality, as are all of the cereals raised there. These cereals are taken to the mills of that county and used, the home market being the best. The farmers are doing well in this way.

"The Rio Grande is full to the banks and the ditches throughout the Mesilla Valley contain more water than can possibly be used by the farmers this season. If this condition of affairs continues for another month, crops will be safe. Mr. De Mier also states that the entire Rio Grande Valley, from Las Cruces to Albuquerque, looks like a garden and is beautiful and refreshing in the extreme. Times in Dona Ana county for the past two years have been very prosperous and promise to be still better this year. The people are contented and happy, and do not wish a change of administration."

Big Beet Crop.

A BIG beet crop is expected at Los Alamitos this year. The Long Beach Tribune publishes the following report of that place:

"Since the last rain of one and a fourth inches, foggy weather has prevailed, sometimes with slight precipitation, which has had a most beneficial effect upon the beet crop. Many fields in which the seed did not come up on account of dryness at the surface now show a good stand; as there is plenty of moisture below, a good crop will be harvested where before a partial failure would have resulted. It is estimated that double the 1897 crop will be harvested, and many fields upon the flooded lands will give a yield of from fifteen to twenty tons per acre. Unless something unforeseen occurs to injure the crop this will be the banner year in the manufacture of sugar by this factory.

"A force of men has been busily engaged since the last campaign putting the machinery in first-class order, and water development upon the factory grounds is being pushed rapidly forward by three steam rigs. As the artesian flow is practically unlimited, an abundance of water will be developed for the needs of the large amount of raw material to be handled.

"About the first of June, Superintendent Lawrence will receive applications for positions during factory operations; many former hands have already signified their wish to engage for the coming campaign."

Oiled Roads.

THE work of oiling some of the principal roads in Ventura county is to be pushed in earnest. It is stated by the Oxnard Courier that the Standard Oil Company will furnish the oil already heated at the Ventura works of the company. A heating tank is now being built.

Broom Corn.

THE Hemet News announces that the Chase Nursery Company will plant on its Ethanac ranch, in the Ferris Valley, ten acres of broom corn for the Van Winkle Broom Company at Hemet. It is expected to produce about a quarter of a ton of broom corn to the acre, also twelve sacks of seed and about a ton of fodder.

Perris Valley Sugar Beets.

IN THE course of an article on the beet fields of the Chase Nursery Company in the Perris Valley, the Ferris Progress says:

"The motto on the Chase Nursery Company's ranch is

evidently that 'things done by halves are never done right,' for the preparation of the ground, the sowing of the seed, the thinning and cultivation, all indicate the exercise of intelligence and industry. The thousands of rows of young sugar beets in various stages of growth are a sight beautiful to behold. It may safely be said that for their age, there are no finer sugar beets in Southern California.

"The rows are twenty inches apart. The beets in the rows are eight to ten inches apart. The stand is splendid. The uniformity is remarkable. Every land owner in the valley should go and look at the growing sugar-beet fields of Ethanac. Thousands of dollars are being expended in the experiment. After looking at the present stage of growth, one cannot help exclaiming, it is no longer an experiment; it is an assured success.

"On the same avenue, near the depot, at Ethanac, half a mile or less to the south of the same, is another field of beets planted later. Planting has been in progress most of the present month. The soil is here of a light nature—a red granite soil, easily worked. The beets are much less in size than on the fields just described. The stand is just as good, however. It seems almost perfect. Good results are expected."

A New Fruit Packing-house.

THE Azusa Foothill Citrus Association has been incorporated. The incorporators are J. S. Slauson, H. L. Macnell, Mrs. L. S. Macnell, Mrs. K. S. Vosburg and James Slauson. This organization will control the orange and lemon crops of the incorporators, grown on the old Azusa rancho, and their output will be marketed through the Azusa-Covina-Glendale Fruit Exchange. Plans have been completed for a packing-house, work on which will be begun at an early date, and the work pushed with a view to getting the building ready to handle the summer lemon crop, which promises to be large.

Southern California Gold.

REFERRING to a recent statement in the Los Angeles Herald that the output of the Yellow Aster gold mine at Kandsburg exceeds that of all other gold mines in Southern California combined, the output of the Yellow Aster being given in the same article at \$120,000 a month, the Los Angeles Mining Review prints the following remarks to show the erroneous nature of this statement, and how much greater the gold output of Southern California is than is indicated in the above quoted article:

"Exceeds that of all other gold mines in Southern California combined! We repeat the words, so as to further emphasize their absolute incorrectness. And that there may be no doubt about that, we will give a few figures: The Golden Cross mines in San Diego county are producing \$45,000 a month; the Gold Mountain in San Bernardino county, owned by Capt. De La Mar, is, with its present forty-stamp mill, producing \$24,000 a month; Dean & Jones mine, in the Ballarat district, \$15,000 a month; Kandsburg mines (outside of the Yellow Aster mines,) \$30,000 a month; mines of Mojave camp (producing 100 tons of ore a day, averaging \$20 a ton,) \$60,000. But it is unnecessary to go on. It is sufficient to state that the few instances here cited show a monthly gold output of \$174,000. We will add that in every one of the cases cited the figures are below instead of above the actual facts. And if to the output of the mines above mentioned there be added the combined gold output of all the other mines in San Diego, Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, Ventura and Kern counties, and of the Ballarat district in southern Inyo county, the absurdity of the Herald's statement that the Yellow Aster's monthly output of \$120,000 is greater than that of all the other gold mines in Southern California combined is made more clearly manifest. That the Yellow Aster is a good mine no one is disputing, but it will not be very long before it will be demonstrated that there are other gold mines in Southern California just as good and as big as the Yellow Aster. It might in the mean time be a good thing to give that much-heralded property a rest."

A Rare Mineral.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY appears to be prolific in rare minerals. The following, in regard to a recent discovery, is from the Los Angeles Mining Review:

"J. E. McIver, who is in Los Angeles for a few days, reports having discovered in the mountains lying between Poway and Ramona, in San Diego county, Cal., a ledge of ore carrying gold, silver, and other metals he was not familiar with. He had some of it assayed by W. R. Martin, Los Angeles, who reports that the ore is classed as arsenopyrite, with gold and silver values of about \$20 per ton, and containing traces of nickel and copper.

"Mr. McIver says that only a limited amount of work has been done on the ledge, but sufficient to show that with further development a large body of the ore would be uncovered."

Southern California Fruit Prospects

JUDGING from present appearances, the citrus fruit crop for the coming year is going to tax the resources of both packers and transportation companies. The California Cultivator says:

"It is perhaps a little too early to predict with absolute certainty, but the blossom was full on all varieties and fruit is setting very abundantly, but the falling off period is not yet passed. Until that time better reserve calculations on the output. On the other hand, the deciduous fruit crop is generally a disappointment. Last year the trees had an off season of leaving out and blossoming, the result of which was that but little blossom

wood was formed, and the surplus of fruit left after home consumption will not be much of a task to handle. As announced in newspaper dispatches, the frost was bad north of Tehachapi and in a few localities south of that point. It would seem, therefore, that the frostless belt is somewhat of a shifting myth. Berries look well as usual and nothing seems to interfere with the regularity of the crop in that line. The Loganberry still maintains its reputation as one of the best novelties created in recent years, that is, generally among the people. The Kelsey plum also keeps up its reputation as a regular and heavy bearer, although the quality and flavor is not strictly up to the standard. So far it is about the only one of the Japanese family of plums that is at all reliable."

Important Water Development.

YET another important development of water has recently been completed in this section. The Anaheim Plain Dealer in a recent issue says:

"A 'community of interests' pumping plant, the development of which will be watched with keen interest by those in the county who irrigate, or wish they could if they don't, is about to be started in this neighborhood. Reiman & Neiger, progressive and ingenious ranchers, who came here a few years ago from Dakota, are the originators of the plans for the central neighborhood water plant they now have nearly ready for business. The wells from which they will pump are three in number and located on their ranch, about a mile south of the town. From the three wells about one hundred and sixty inches of water will be secured, a compressor being used. At the main delivery station the water is raised about six feet and from that elevation a good fall is secured to all the lands that water may be desired for, and the plant have capacity to furnish. The wells are located in what is considered an old bed of the Santa Ana River and are 240 feet deep. Pipe rests in a big bed of gravel and boulders, carrying a large volume of water.

"Economy and ease in handling the water secured have been carefully and apparently successfully looked after. Matched redwood lumber has been fashioned into cylindrical pipe. This has been stoutly bound with heavy wire. Thus secured it is closely joined and put down in trenches from the wells to carry water where it may be wanted without waste. It can be taken up easily and made to serve on a new route in short order. Fifty-two hundred and fifty feet of this pipe has been made and more will be constructed as it may be needed. It is all ten-inch pipe and will carry 150 inches under pressure to be supplied.

"Several ranches in the neighborhood will receive water from the Reiman-Neiger plant. If it proves the success that it seems certain it will, unless legal proceedings threatened should interfere with its conduct, there is no doubt that it will prove the pioneer in a field of industry that in the next few years will work a great change through those sections of Orange county that have water within reach, but are out of the ditch districts.

"The opposition that nearly every enterprise has to face in the beginning is not lacking in this case. No definite line of action has been decided upon by the few who are against the Reiman-Neiger irrigation scheme, but if an examination of the law reveals any way to hinder operation of the central plant, litigation will probably be commenced. Only one man's water supply is affected, so far as learned, by the pumping of the three wells to be used. This man's well is evidently on the same water strata, and but a short distance removed. When the three wells are pumped the water in his well takes a very decided fall. He is not among those standing in the way of threatening litigation. On the other hand, he expects to secure water for a part of his ranch from the central plant and if successful in doing so says he will have no complaint to make as long as enough water is left him for domestic purposes. His is a public-spirited position, particularly in view of the fact that he could undoubtedly prove damage from the operation of the wells above him."

San Jacinto.

SAN JACINTO, which is said to be the oldest town in Riverside county, is making a healthy growth. The San Jacinto Register says:

"The town of San Jacinto is located thirty miles southeast of Riverside, in the midst of a rich farming country. It is the terminus of a branch of the Santa Fé Railroad, running from Perris, and is a trading center of importance. One of the hotels has been enlarged and many new residences have been erected during the year. A large box factory is in successful operation. Deciduous fruit and alfalfa growing, farming and stock raising constitute the principal industries. There is an abundant artesian water supply. Several hot springs, celebrated for their curative properties, are located a few miles from town. The subject of transforming the place into a health resort is being seriously discussed. The town is well lighted by electricity. The trade of the place will be largely increased next summer, as the extensive improvements contemplated at Strawberry Valley progress. This has long been a favorite summer resort. It is located high in the mountains, and was purchased a year ago by a wealthy Los Angeles syndicate as a suitable site for a large sanitarium."

"Mr. Jones, did you hear about the kidnaping up at your house?"

"What is it?"

"Your boy Tommy!"

"What of him?"

"He is asleep in the hammock."

OFF FOR BUFFALO.
EXCURSION PLANNED BY MEMBERS
OF THE CAMERA CLUB.
By a Special Contributor.

MR. DOOLEY.

Contributed by F. P. Dunn.

OF THE SUPREME COURT.

MR. DOOLEY.

Opportunities for Americans in China.

HOW WAR TOOK US EASTWARD.*

**AUTHORIZED DRAFT OF ADDRESS BEFORE THE
AMERICAN ASIATIC SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.**

By Edwin H. Conger,

United States Minister to China.

THREE years ago, while passing through this city on my way to the Orient, I met for the first and last time the late distinguished president of the American Asiatic Association, whose long experience in the East and familiarity with all things Asiatic furnished me much information which I have since found most valuable. The American Asiatic Association had been at that time only just organized, but for a full half century the pioneers of trade and mission work had been laboring in Asia; and although the Pacific Ocean had forever been washing the rocks and sands of our 'entire western boundary, and with the songs of its gentle waves and the balmy breezes been wooing American shipping to possess its splendid routes to seize the commercial profits which awaited courageous ventures upon and beyond its blue depths, yet to American masts or keels it was then almost a stranger and our flag was a rara avis upon its waters.

But even while I was in this city talking with the members of the association, and upon their advice planning for the work in my new field, which, co-operating with the association, might be a benefit to all, the great national heartbeats, throbbing for humanity, had compelled the tocsin of war to be sounded in behalf of tortured, tyrannized Cuba, directed Dewey's splendid squadron toward Manila, where it destroyed the Spanish fleet and planted the Stars and Stripes for all time in the Philippine Islands. At the same time the paradise of Hawaii came voluntarily, but forever, into the possession of the United States. We thus marked out and perfected new rights of way over these great water routes to the East, and since then from the masts of our battleships, our transports and merchant vessels our flag has been more frequently seen. We have become a world power and have been so acknowledged around the globe.

This all gave encouragement to merchant and missionary alike, and both looked for increased and more hopeful results, particularly in the great empire of China. Conditions existing then justified in ample measure their high hopes, and, notwithstanding the unparalleled and unheard-of barbarisms of last summer, the present situation has still most alluring promises for commercial and philanthropic work in the Orient. Great trade possibilities are still existent in the Middle Kingdom, and if properly, industriously and judiciously taken advantage of, both by government and individuals, great profits are in store.

Untold Wealth Buried in China.

I would like to make it understood that I disclaim all sympathy with or indorsement of the Col. Sellers sort of commercialism which has been so constantly promulgated in public speech and public press all over the land. Because there is supposed to be 400,000,000 Chinese in the great empire, it does not follow, as some have so persistently declared, that you can sell them 4,000,000 bottles of beer every day, or 4,000,000 pounds of flour, or 40,000,000 yards of cotton every year. Before they can buy much they must find much to sell. Their mines must be developed, the treasures which have for ages been hidden beneath their rocks and mountains must be brought to light and opportunities furnished to market them. Trade does not grow upon bushes over there, ready to fall into your laps simply from a vigorous shaking, nor can you shovel up profits there as golden sand is said to be shoveled up at Cape Nome; but both can be found there, and will reasonably respond to intelligent development and untiring enterprise. Executive effort and diplomatic endeavor have already done much in this direction, and will do much more if their work is only generously supplemented by necessary Congressional action. Fortunate it is for the United States and China that during the last four years this work has been in the hands of such eminent statesmen as President McKinley and Secretary Hay, and still more fortunate that they are to direct it for four years more.

We Must Build Ships and Lay Cables.

It is exceedingly to be regretted that some sort of measure in aid of American shipping did not pass the last Congress. In my judgment, this is not a political measure, but a patriotic one, and is demanded in order to fairly meet the competition of shipping, subsidized by other governments. This is a judgment formed from observation and experience in two continents where I have, with humiliation, witnessed foreign governmental capital chasing from its legitimate rights individual capital of citizens of the United States. This is being done all over the world, and unless our own people take advantage of the conditions created by the expansion policy of the last three years, and occupy the new routes which have been blazed by the present administration, they will soon be preempted by foreign companies and lost to us forever.

Since the Philippines came into our hands, a splendid line of ocean greyhounds has been started between Hongkong and Australia, making Manila their principal port of call; another has been established between Sidney and San Francisco via Manila; a magnificent fleet of Japanese ships has been put on between China, Japan and San Francisco, and negotiations are now on foot to extend one of the finest and largest European lines from Japan to the coast of California. The members of the Asiatic Association cannot invite or direct American capital into any channel promising more

potent aid to the work they are engaged in than this. Governmental assistance is imperatively demanded in laying a cable across the Pacific Ocean. It is a cause for national chagrin and humiliation that all telegraphic communication with our new possessions in the Pacific and our doings in the Orient should be wired over foreign lines and with foreign profit. These, and other important aids, the government may and should furnish.

But there is much, very much, which American merchants must do themselves. Our government cannot create commerce or originate trade for its people in China or elsewhere. It can only furnish the opportunity of which they must take advantage for themselves. It can only open the door, plant the national flag within, and they, under its protecting aegis, may enter, establish their commercial methods, and with great patience and indomitable perseverance, earn, win and hold a trade which will at once give mutual encouragement to Chinese and Americans, and finally yield results which will gratify and glorify both.

Make Foreign Trade a Serious Business.

The unfortunate and inexcusable happenings of last summer have obliterated trade in North China and sadly interfered with progress all over the vast empire. A Newchwang, through whose door, opening into Manchuria, our trade in 1898 and 1899 was rushing by leaps and bounds, commerce is now practically paralyzed; and at Tien-tsin, except in army supplies, nothing is being done. Something may, can and must be done to regain the situation and restore the former conditions. This can be accomplished by insisting upon the fulfilment of the assurance secured by Secretary Hay in his open-door negotiations (of 1899) and in carrying out the policy suggested by President McKinley in his Circular of July 3, 1900.



EDWIN H. CONGER, MINISTER TO CHINA.

One great trouble with our foreign trade is that our merchants and manufacturers have never taken hold of it as a serious and permanent business. Whenever they have found themselves with a surplus of products, and only then, they have gone abroad to sell them, if possible, regardless of profit or future transactions, and then abandoned the field until an accumulation of another surplus has driven them forth again. In the meantime their European competitors have been on the ground all the time, studying the wants of the people, familiarizing themselves with the conditions and methods of trade, acquiring the language of the country, accommodating themselves to the situations and establishing intelligent and permanent agencies—plants which may not be at once profitable, but from which bountiful harvests may be reasonably expected in the future. Americans must, if they hope for success, go and do likewise.

The present is a most auspicious time for general expansion of American trade. Our products are abundant, and money is cheap and anxiously seeking investment. In the last four years, under wise American policies, marvelous improvement in industrial and economical conditions has been wrought throughout all the Union. We have gone from fireless furnaces to flaming forges; from silent spindles to singing looms; from abandoned shops to flourishing factories; from trade stagnation to bustling business; from idleness to activity; from want to plenty; from poverty to prosperity; from distress to comfort from; tears to smiles, and from misery to happiness. Advantage should now be taken of this magnificent flood-tide, and the splendid opportunities offered not be permitted to slip away on its recurring ebb.

An American Banking System in China.

Under our revenue system, which bears a less weight upon the people than any other known, and which has proven to be the best financial policy the world has ever seen, capital has increased so rapidly that, after fully developing our own country, we find ourselves no longer a borrowing nation, but a lender to the richest governments on earth, and must still look abroad for additional investments. No enterprise in the Orient promises greater returns than that of banking, no busi-

ness pays better, and no one thing lays a heavier or more unnecessary burden upon our foreign trade all over the world than the lack of convenient American banks. American merchants, who in their exchanges have had to pay heavy tribute to the foreign corporations, can verify this statement. The demand for a strong American bank in the Orient with convenient and necessary branches, and the benefit it would be to American trade, are questions worthy of the gravest consideration.

Great assistance can be given to the purposes of the American Asiatic Association by active and confiding cooperation with the consuls of the United States. It is true that some reformation in our service would improve it. But I am glad, after an extended acquaintance with all, I can adversely say that our consular service, taken as a whole, is the best in the world—gives more valuable information to trade and renders more real assistance to commerce than does that of any other country. Conditions favorable to foreign trade can and must be created in the several countries of the Orient, but if they are to be of best value and most permanent they should and can be obtained with the consent of those countries and not ruthlessly forced from them. However, having once given their voluntary consent, they must, as other countries in the world, be held strictly to the terms of their agreement. The United States will in the future, as they have always done in the past, strictly, fairly and justly see to it that all obligations from foreign governments to their citizens are fulfilled, that their interests are conserved, their property protected and their rights sustained.

What of the Future?

But you ask me what of the Chinese troubles of last summer, and no doubt expect me to relate some of the thrilling incidents of that memorable s'age. The story is a most startling one. It was an event entirely unique in the history of the world, unequalled and unequalled, one that never happened before and, it is to be hoped, never will occur again.

I would especially be glad to tell you of the splendid and courageous defense made by the United States marines who constituted our legation guard, and of the desperate and almost successful effort made by Capt. McCalla to reach us; or something of that magnificent and unequalled soldiery which, under grand, old Gen. Chaffee, came, timely to our relief; something of the sublime heroism displayed by those grand men and women, of Dr. Ament, in whose praise too much can never be said; or something of the brave Christian Chinese upon whom we relied so much. I would like to tell you some of my own interesting experiences, but it is so difficult to separate personal experiences from official acts that it would be neither wise nor politic for me to discuss them now; so I will leave the story to others or for a later date. However, if you ask me how this culminating crime of the century has affected trade, I must answer, most disastrously, of course; or, if you ask, what can be expected in the future? I reply, revived trade, renewed commercial activity, increased educational and hospital work, and more effective religious and missionary progress. When can the inauguration of this hopeful situation be expected? When the powers have come to an amicable and final settlement with China. This ought, and I believe will soon be accomplished. Our Civil War was the last great struggle of the South to preserve slavery, but instead it was forever destroyed, and they now rejoice in its destruction.

So this attempt to forever establish Chinese exclusiveness will, I firmly believe, result in breaking down the barriers which they have endeavored to raise, and in time China will be grateful for their obliteration and will welcome Western methods of educational progress and commercial development.

Note with care the twelve articles agreed to by the Chinese Peace Commissioners and the representatives of the powers, and you find that intercourse with foreign nations is to be simplified and facilitated, that financial methods are to be improved, commercial arrangements are to be revised, and the treaties rearranged so as to bring China willingly into such contact with the rest of the world as will result in mutual benefit to all. Satisfied with this, foreseeing the resultant betterments, and moving upon this line, China's more intelligent viceroys and governors are already planning for the establishment of scientific and other schools which will prepare the people for the progressive future which may now be opened to them. If we are to share in the good to them and the world that is to come from this new development, then it behoves us all, merchant and missionary, manufacturer and philanthropist, individuals and officials, to lend a hand.

These remarks are based upon the hope, which I most confidently cherish, that a satisfactory settlement can and will soon be made by the powers with China. But should the worst come, and failure result; the four hundred million of people will still be there, their wants must be supplied and their products bought. The requirements of commercial life will still exist and must be met, and the great water highways thence from our shores will still remain. We must be ready to adapt ourselves to the new conditions, do our part of the work and secure our share of the reward.

There is abundant work before us. China is not alone within the scope of American operations, but Japan, Korea, the Straits Settlements, Siam, India, and the Oriental islands await your efforts, and it is to be hoped that all agencies, governmental and mercantile, individual and official, religious and commercial, may so cooperate as to harm none but benefit all, and bring profit to our people and glory to our flag.

*Reprinted from Collier's Weekly by special arrangement.

THE story of "The Puppet Crown" is that of the struggle for the throne of a small European country, the importance of which lies in its situation as a gateway to the Orient. The real King, who was a troublesome man with ideas, died and left his daughter, who was an orphan, to be crowned. The story is told in a simple, straightforward manner, and is a good example of the kind of story that is popular in many lands. Although he is said to be an American, the author is of Scotch descent, who resides in Syracuse, N. Y.

THE author of this novel is an American, Journalist of Scotch descent, who resides in Syracuse, N. Y.

ROYAL BOUNDARIES.

FICTION.

Fresh Literature.

Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

The writer calls attention to the fact that Jesus met with comparatively small contemporary appreciation. The ordinary run of mankind judge by purely accidental circumstances. No height of moral grandeur will convince them that those with whom they are familiar are anything but very ordinary sort of people. This book is bound in cloth, gilt top, and bears the words on the decorated cover, "Consider the Lilies."

[The Wit and Wisdom of Jesus. By George Wright Buckley. James H. West Company, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Forum for June is an issue of notable interest, and one which covers wide and varied problems in many lands. Every article is of timely importance. Paul S. Reinsch, professor of political economy of the University of Wisconsin, writes of the difficulties of "Governing the Orient on Western Principles." John P. Young, managing editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, writes an interesting article on the commercial future of the United States in "An American View of the British Industrial Situation." Among the leading contributions of this number are "The Work of the Cuban Convention," by Albert G. Robinson, and "Russian Nihilism of Today," by Abraham Cahn, one of the staff of the New York Commercial Advertiser; "The Place of the Senate in Our Government," by Henry Litchfield West; "The Kaiser's Speeches and German History," by Karl Blind, and "The Secrets of Tammany's Success," by Gustavus Myers. "The Housekeeper's Stone," by Alden W. Quimby, is a plea for higher educational interest in the wage-earners in domestic service, that household labor may be made less obnoxious to helpers in the home. "Poe Fifty Years After," by Prof. Edwin Bowen, who has published several monographs on English philology, both in European and American journals, is an appreciative study of Poe as a poet and romancer.

The Cosmopolitan for June contains stories by Ian MacLaren, H. G. Wells and Le Gallienne, Tudor Jenks, Egerton Castle and O'Neill Latham. Francis Trevelyan tells "How to Choose a Child's Pony," Mary E. Blossom has an illustrated article, "The Well-Gowned Woman," E. C. Machen tells of "A View of Pierpont Morgan and His Work," Harry Thurston Peck writes of "The Psychology of the Printed Page," which is a sketch to be commended to all literary workers. "Insight," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, contains some noble sentiments.

Frank Leslie's Monthly for June contains the initial member of Edin Philpott's "Cross Ways," which promises to be a tale of dramatic interest. The story opens in the central waste and fastness of Devon, among the old mills, where men made gunpowder, where mystery still lurked in countless recesses. In the initial chapter, the maiden Jane and her rough and cruel lover, and the strange guest are the characterizations. Robert E. Speer writes of "The Morning Calm Country," Korea, the land which Russia covets, an illustrated article of interest. Some political glimpses are afforded by the illustrated sketch of T. Edward Addicks, Brandywine.

Harper's Bazar for June contains William Dean Howells' studies of heroines of romance. The subject for the current issue is "Anthony Trollope's Mrs. Proud." Mr. Howells considers Anthony Trollope "the most English of all the English novelists," and gives his well-considered reasons. E. Nesbit writes for the children of "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

The Home Magazine for June is decorated with the prize cover design of Miss Noble Zoes. The fiction of the number includes such representative names as William McLeod Raine, Anna S. Richardson, L. C. Shattuck, Joe Lincoln, James Gardner Sanderson and Frederic Bart. Robert Gordon writes of "The Cost of Wars," the estimation being made from a financial standpoint. This number contains D. R. Campbell's illustrated description of "New York's Horticultural Garden." The issue has entertaining sketches, some bright rhythmic features, and the usual departments of literary and social interest.

The Book World for June contains Wilbur Finley Lanley's illustrated sketch of "Great Newspapers" of New York. John de Morgan tells of "British Writers—Their Homes and Haunts," Bessie L. Putnam writes of "President McKinley's Alma Mater," the sketch is illustrated with views of Alleghany College, Pa. The number contains three short stories and has the usual reviews of literature, music and art.

The Saturday Evening Post, in the June special number, has the first installment of "Calumet K., a Romance of the Great Wheat Corner," which represents a collaboration of Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster. Mr. Merwin is the author of "On the Road to Frontenac," which is a story of New France and the Iroquois, and Mr. Webster has contributed short stories to the publications of the day. These young college men connected themselves with the work of a grain elevator construction, it is said, in order to learn details for this novel. Henry B. Fuller contributes to the fiction of the number, and various sketches and notes of passing events add to an issue of popular interest.

Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard has written a lengthy contribution on "The American Woman, from the German Standpoint," for the International Monthly (Burlington, Vt.), in which he pronounces the college-bred American woman "the perfection of Eve's sex." "German Criticism," by Richard M. Meyer, is concluded from the May number. Simeon E. Baldwin writes of "The Encroachment of the American College Upon the Field of the University." Charles A. Conant tells of "The Literature of Expansion," Charles H. Hull of "Railway Alliance," Russel Sturgis writes on "Two Works of Decorative Art," and André Lebou on "The Declaration of Rights of 1789."

The American Monthly Review of Reviews, in its varied table of contents for June, has an article on "The Pan-American on Dedication Day," by William H. Hotchkiss. The paper on "Artist's Effects of the Pan-American Exposition" is contributed by Ernest Knauff. Other important articles in the June Review are an account of the electric power-development at Niagara, by

William C. Andrews; a sketch of the late Prof. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, the great physicist; a description of the recent inventions in wireless telegraphy and long-distance telephony, by Prof. Joseph S. Ames; "The Winning War Against Consumption," by Sylvester Baxter; "The New Oil Fields of the United States," by Dr. David T. Day, of the United States Geological Survey; and "The Printing of Spoken Words," by Frederic Ireland.

"The Making of a Jockey" is the illustrated leading article of *Alma's Magazine* for June. Among the various interesting contributions of its extended table of contents are "Girl Colonies in New York," by Alice K. Fallows; "Ocean Steamships," by S. A. Wood, and "Alone Across the Alaska," by Robert Dunn. Sports Afield for June contains Winfield S. Mason's "With the Arctic Whalers," T. D. Barnes's "The Red Robin," Morris Browning Rice's "Our Common Birds," and, for its initial article, Basil C. D'Easum's "In the Cattle Country."

The Forester for May (Lancaster, Pa.) is a number of practical interest. The subject of "Forest Fire Season" has enlisted the pen of editor and artist, in showing the destruction of forest reserves. Articles are contributed by Henry S. Graves, C. S. Crandall and H. Stuart Hotchkiss.

The Memorial number of Collier's Weekly (June 1) contains a sketch by Carter H. Harrison on "What It Means to be Mayor of Chicago," Edwin H. Conger writes of "Opportunities for Americans in China," Booker T. Washington tells of "The Most Unique School in America," and Hamilton Garland tells of "Whiteman's Court." The number contains an illustrated sketch of the late floral displays in Redlands and Los Angeles.

Harper's Weekly (June 1) contains Henry Loomis Nelson's "The Army and Its Rulers," A Maurice Low's "Two Lessons in Colonial Government," and the usual tributes to Memorial day. George E. Walsh, in his account of "Steam Power for Agricultural Purposes," writes of the automobiles of California, which have cheapened the cost of harvesting on the Pacific Coast.

"Life Among Early New Yorkers" is one of the informing articles of Town Topics. The number contains the usual novelette and varied collections of fiction and verse.

Impressions for June (San Francisco) contains a series of bright reviews by popular authors on recent fiction. Among the contributors are George W. Cable, W. C. Morrow, Jack London, and others. "The Realm of Romance" is contributed by Lorenzo Sorsio; "The Popularity of Novels" by Thomas R. Bascom.

The Critic for June continues the "Conversation Between William Archer and Stephen Phillips," Sidney Lee writes on "Shakespeare and Patriotism," "Art at the Pan-American Exposition" is contributed by Christian Brenton. Leslie Stephens writes of the late "George Murray Smith," and "Egeria at Brighton" is from the pen of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

The Popular Science Monthly, with its wide and varied table of contents, is always a welcome guest. In the June number, Prof. J. W. Tourney writes of several forest reserves in this States, in an illustrated sketch on "Our Forest Reservations." President David Starr Jordan writes of "The Blood of the Nation," Dr. Gary N. Calkins of "The Malaria Germ and Allied Forms of Sporozoa." Studies in science and horticulture are contributed by representative students and authors. The number pays tribute to the recent death of Henry Augustus Rowland of the Johns Hopkins University. One of the delightful sketches of the number is Prof. Herrick's "The Wild Bird at Arm's Length."

The Independent (May 30) contains a sketch on "The Old and New Patriotism," by Ethelbert D. Warfield. Richard C. Morse writes of the "Y.M.C.A. and its Future," T. C. Mendenhall calls attention to "Some Twentieth Century Problems in Physics," and Poultney Bigelow's account of "A Ramble Through the Royal Academy," 1901.

The Engineering Magazine for June contains an interesting study of Capt. Ericson, the inventor of the monitor, by Egbert P. Watson. This issue has a comprehensive article by E. Phillips, on the steps England must take to check her waning supremacy in iron and steel making.

Donahue's Magazine for June contains an illustrated tribute to the memory of "Father Faber," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham. James Bennet Allen writes of "Men of Action," and the bravery of the firemen, and their coolness and heroism. T. T. O'Malley tells of "New England's First Convent School."

Among the editorials of interest in the Saturday Evening Post, June 1, is one by Samuel E. Moffett, endorsing the national credit, which it is asserted is not only good, but the best in the world. Charles M. Skinner writes on "Preserving Places of Historic Interest," George H. Phillips of the Chicago Board of Trade, writes on "Corn, and its Meaning to America."

St. Nicholas for June is a number of youthful freshness and charm. Cleveland Moffet has reached the sixth installment of "Careers of Danger and Daring." "Queer Steeds" is the contribution of C. F. Holder. "Words and Their History" is a contribution of value. Jennie Betts Hartwick tells, in a delightful series of fancies, of "Wild Flowers I Have Known." Christopher Valentine tells of "In Fairyland," and Josephine Daskam relates the history of "The Prodigal Imp."

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

"The Supplement to Catalogue, Comprising the publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons, from Autumn, 1895, to Summer, 1900," covers a wide and interesting field. This list includes the "Stories of the Nations" series, with portraits of some of the authors, and many standard works of historic, economic, political, religious, and literary interest.

The Literary Outlook (McClure, New York.) calls attention to Charles M. Robinson's "The Improvements of Towns and Cities." The book is a practical basis of civic esthetics. Mr. Robinson has, it is said, made a thorough study of European and American cities, and

has shown what may be done, by pointing out what has been done.

Hamilton W. Mabie has written a story whose title is "John Foster," which is said to be a work of great power.

"The Cities of Northern Italy, Grant Allen's Historical Guides," are to be continued since Mr. Allen's death by G. C. Williamson, who was familiar with Mr. Allen's ideas. (A. Wessells Company, New York.)

Mrs. J. Torrey Connor is the author of a series of Mexican sketches, "Tales Told in the Patio," which are appearing in the Land of Sunshine. Mrs. Connor's descriptive art is familiar to the readers of The Times, and the clever illustrated character sketches are sure to meet with popular favor.

Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will call his second book, "The Bears of Blue River." It is one of the forthcoming publications of Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Harper & Bros. will begin immediately the publication, once a month, of a "Portrait Collection" of short stories, thus called because the dainty cover design will be signalized by a portrait of the author whose work lies between the covers. The first volume will be "A Pair of Patient Lovers," and is gathered from the work of William Dean Howells.

The Monthly Bulletin of Harper & Bros., New York, for June announces "Waterfront," by Will N. Harben, as No. 6 in the twelve American novel series to be issued this month.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, announce "Tilda Jane," by Marshall Saunders, as the best girls' book of the year.

Harper & Bros. publish this month a novel entitled "The House of De Mally," by Miss Margaret Horton Potter, which is the third book by this author, who is a daughter of a gentleman of Chicago.

The third volume of "The Encyclopedia Biblica" will be published by the Macmillan Company in October. The work on the fourth volume is also well under way for publication early in the spring of 1902.

The Text-Book Bulletin of Ginn & Co., New York, Boston, contains leading articles, educational notes and book reviews with form of a regular magazine.

E. Percivale Baker, whose translations from Chinese authors have appeared in this Magazine, has recently written some acceptable poems for eastern magazines, Modern Culture among the number.

S. D. McConnell's work on "The Evolution of Immortality" is among the popular publications of the Macmillan Company, New York.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, will issue "Content in a Garden," by Mrs. Candace Wheeler. Dr. Azel Ames's "The Mayflower and Her Log," and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's "The Second Book of Birds."

Henry Holt & Co., New York, announce Godfrey's "The Harp of Life," Miss Bowers's "John Thimbleton," and Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," on the extensive list of their recent popular publications.

Among the attractive and indispensable possessions for the student, Henry Holt & Co. have made Henderson's "Side Lights on English History" attractive with eighty full-page illustrations from rare originals. Maurice Hewlett is preparing a revision of his "Earthwork out of Tuscany" for a new copyright edition which the Macmillan Company will immediately publish uniform with his other works. This edition will take the place of the English edition hitherto published in America by G. P. Putnam's Sons who have transferred their rights in it to the Macmillan Company.

If one of our readers has a copy of the second Book-Lover (San Francisco) he is willing to part with, the publishers will pay him \$2 for it or send eleven consecutive numbers, as published, from number three on.

Basil King, the musical name of the author of "Griselda," is said to be the pseudonym of a clergyman, who is well known in Cambridge and lucky enough to be exceedingly popular with the students at Harvard. Herbert E. Stone, Chicago.

LIQUID AIR AS A BLASTING AGENT

[Scientific American:] The problem of the exact field of usefulness of liquid air has been simplified by the elimination, for the present at least, of one class of work for which it was claimed that the new liquid would prove highly efficient. We refer to its use as a blasting agent. A paper recently read before the British Institution of Mining Engineers by A. Larsen described some tests recently made in the Simplon tunnel with cartridges which consisted of a wrapper filled with a carbonaceous material, and placed bodily in liquid air until it was completely saturated. The cartridges were kept in the liquid, at the working face of the rock, until they were required for use, when they were lifted out, quickly placed in the shot holes and detonated with a small gun-cotton primer and detonator. It was found that, owing to the rapid evaporation, the useful life of the cartridges was very short. The cartridges, which were three inches in diameter by eight inches in length, had to be fired within fifteen minutes after being taken out of the liquid air; otherwise there was danger of a misfire. It was chiefly on this account that the tests were discontinued. The disruptive effects, however, were said to be comparable to those of dynamite.

KING ALFRED'S CAMP.

[London Chronicle:] The approaching millenary of Alfred the Great lends special interest to the estate of Winklebury, in Hampshire, now in the market. It contains the well-known circular camp of that name, said to have formed a stronghold of Alfred. Excavations just made by Reginald Smith, of the British Museum, have brought to light fragments of ancient British pottery. An examination was also made in the autumn of last year, and on both occasions bones of extinct animals have been discovered, showing traces of fire, probably sacrificial. The camp is believed to have existed before the Roman invasion. It was occupied as late as the seventeenth century, by the Parliamentary forces when besieging Basing House.

MR. DOOLEY.

HE REVIEWS THE RECENT DECISIONS
OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Contributed by F. P. Dunn.

"I SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "th' Supreme Court has decided th' Constitution don't follow th' flag."

"Some wan," said Mr. Dooley. "It happened a long time ago, an' I don't raymber clearly how it come up, but some fellow said that ivrywere th' Constitution wint, th' flag was sure to go. 'I don't believe wan wurru'd iv,' says th' other fellow. 'Ye can't make me think th' Constitution is goin' thrapezin' around ivrywhere a young liftnant in th' ar-m-y takes it into his head to stick a flag pole. It's too old. It's a home stayin' Constitution, with a blue coat with brass buttons onto it, an' it walks with a goold-headed cane. It's old an' feeble an' it prefers to set on th' front stoop an' amuse th' childher. It wudden't last a minyit in thim tropical climes. 'Twud get a pain in th' fourteenth amind-mint an' die before th' doctors cud get ar-round to cut it out. No, sir, we'll keep it with us, an' threat it tenderly without too much hard wurruk, an' whin it plays out entirely, we'll give it dacent buryal an' incorporate ourselves under th' laws iv Noo Jarzey. That's what we'll do,' says he. 'But,' says th' other, 'if it wants to travel, why not lave it?' 'But it don't want to.' 'I say it does.' 'How'll we find out?' 'We'll ask th' Supreme Court. They'll know what's good f'r it.'"

"So it wint up to th' Supreme Court. They'se wan thing about th' Supreme Court, if ye lave anything to thim, ye lave it to thim. Ye don't get a check that entitles ye to call fr it in an hour. Th' Supreme Court iv th' United States ain't in anny hurry about catchin' th' mails. It don't have to make th' las' car. I'd book th' Auditorium again it anny day fr a foot race. If ye're lookin' fr a game iv quick decisions an' bas' hits, ye've got to hire another empire. It niver gives a decision till th' crowd has dispersed an' th' players have packed their bats in th' bags an' started fr home.

"F'r awhile ivrybody watched to see what th' Supreme Court wud do. I know meself I felt I cudden't make another move in th' game till I heerd f'r'm thim. Buildin' op'rations was suspended an' we sthud wringin' our hands outside th' dure waitin' f'r information f'r'm th' beside. 'What're they doin' now?' 'They just put th' argymints iv larned counsel in th' lee box an' th' Chief Justice is in a corner writin' a pome. Brown J. an' Harlan J. is discussin' th' condition iv th' Roman Empire before th' fire. Th' r'-reet iv th' court's considerin' th' question whether they ought or ought not to wear ruchin' on their skirts an' hopin' crinoline won't come in again. No decis' on today?' An' so it wint f'r days an' weeks an' months. Th' men that had argyied that th' Constitution ought to shawef th' flag to all th' tough resorts on th' Passaic Coast an' th' men that argyied that th' flag was so lively that no Constitution cud follow it an' survive, they died or lost their jobs or wint back to Salem an' were f'gotten. Expansionists contracted an' anti-expansionists blew up an' little childher was born int' th' wurrudd an' grew to manhood an' niver heerd iv Porther Ricky except whin some wan got a job there. I'd about made up me mind to thry an' put th' thing out iv me thoughts an' go back to wurruk whin I wake up wan mornin' an' see be th' pa-aper that th' Supreme Court had warn'd th' Constitution to lave th' flag alone an' tind to its own business."

"That's what th' pa-aper says, but I've r-read over th' decision an' I don't see annything iv th' kind there. Theys's not a wurrd about th' flag an' not enough to tire ye about th' C. n-stitution. 'Tis a matther iv limons, Hin-n'say, that th' Supreme Court has teen settin' on fr' this generation—a cargo iv limons sint fr'm Porther Ricky to some Eyretalian in Phillydephy. Th' decision was r-read be Brown J., him bein' th' las' justice to make up his mind, an' ex-officio, as Hogan says, th' first to speak, afther a crool an' bitter contest. Says Brown J.: 'Th' question here is wan iv such gr-rent importance that we've been sthurglin' over it iver since ye see us las' an' on'y come to a decision (Fuller C. J., Gray J., Harlan J., Shiras J., McKenna J., White J., Brewer J., an' Peckham J. dis-sent'in' fr'm me an' each other) because iv th' hot weather comin' on. Wash'nton is a dreadful place in summer. (Fuller C. J. dis-sent'in'). The whole fabric iv our government is threatened, th' lives iv our people an' th' pro-gress iv civilization put to th' bad. Men ar-re excited. But why? We ar-re not. (Harlan J. 'I am.' Fuller C. J. dis-sent'in', but not fr' th' same reason.) This thing must be settled wan way or th' other undher that dear cl' Constitution be varchue iv which we are here an' ye ar-re there, an' Congress is out West practicin' law. Now what does th' Constitution say? We'll look it up thoroughly whin we get through with this case. (Th' rest iv th' court dis-sent'in'). In th' manetime we must be governed be th' ordinances iv th' Khan iv Beloochistan, th' laws iv Hinnery, th' Eighth, th' opinyon iv Justice iv th' Peace Oscar Laran in th' case iv th' township iv Red Wing varaus Petersen, an' th' Dhred Scott decision. What do they say about limons? Nawthin' at all. Again we take th' Dhred Scott decision. This is wan iv th' worst I iver r-read. If I sudden't write a leather wan with blindern on, I'd leap off th' bench. This horrible fluke iv a decision throws a gr-reat, an almost blindin' light on th' case. I will turn it off. (McKenna J. concours, but thinks it ought to be blowed out. But where was I?) I must put on me specs. Oh, about th' limons. Well, th' decision iv th' court (th' others dis-sent'in') is as follows: First, that th' District iv Columbya is a State; second, that it is not; third, that New York is a State; fourth, that it is a crown colony; fifth, that all States ar-re States an' all Territories ar-re Territories in th' eyes

ty other powers, but Clawd knows what they ar-re at
times. In th' case iv Hogan varnus Mullins, th' de-
cision is he must paper th' barn. (Hogan ry VIII, six-
ten, four, eleven.) In Wiggins varnus et al. th' cow be-
longed. (Lou's XIV, 90 in rcm.) In E. P. Vigore varnus
Ad. Lib. th' custody iv th' childher. I'll now fall back
a furlong or two in me chair, while me larned, but mis-
guided, colleagues r-read th' Histhry iv Iceland, to show
ye how wrong I am. But mind ye, what I've said goes.
I let thim talk because it exercises thier throats, but
ye've heard all th' decision on this limon case that'll
get into th' fourth reader.' A voice fr'm th' audjence
'Do I get me money back?' Brown J.; 'Who ar-re ye?'
Th' voice: 'Th' man that owended th' limons.' Brown
J.: 'I don't know.' (Gray J., White J., dissentin' an'
th' r-rest iv th' birds concurrin', but fr entirely
different reasons.)

"An' there ye have th' decision, I amnissy, that's shaken th' intellects iv th' nation to their very foundations, or will if they try to read it. 'Tis all r-right. Look it over some time. 'Tis fine sport if ye don't care fr checkers. Some say it laves th' flag up in th' air, an' some say that's where it laves th' Constitution. Anyhow, something's in th' air. Eut there's wan thing I'm sure about."

"That is," said Mr. Dooley, "no matter whether th' Constitution follows th' flag or not, th' Supreme Court follows th' election returns."

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THE SEA LIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

**THEIR PARTIAL DESTRUCTION IS THE RESULT
OF MISTAKEN IDEA.**

[Science:] Prof. Woodward's wholesome address on the necessity of verifying theories by the observation of facts finds an excellent illustration in the sea lion question in California. These animals, which have long been prized by lovers of nature as one of the great attractions of the coast, have fallen into disrepute among the fishermen because their presence was supposed to account for the deterioration of certain fishing grounds. So confident was the belief in their fish-devouring habits that their destruction—or at least a great reduction of their numbers—was advocated and in part accomplished by the State Commission of Fisheries. But it now appears that this belief was without substantial foundation.

The appeal to fact has been made by the critical examination of the stomachs of slaughtered sea lions, and it has been found by Prof. Dyche that the twenty-five animals examined had eaten only squids and other cephalopods, eschewing fish altogether.

The investigation of food habits by means of stomach examination is of far-reaching importance. Dr. Merriam is engaged, through the Biological Survey, in the most elaborate study of animal foods ever made. For many years the stomachs of wild birds and mammals have been systematically collected and laboriously studied, to the end that the favorite and the occasional foods of each species in each season of the year and in each part of the country may become known. As each group is worked up, the facts are published by the Department of Agriculture, and farmers and legislators are thus informed what species may properly be regarded as friendly and what as hostile to the interests of the people. In many instances it has been found that popular impressions, almost necessarily founded on a comparatively small number of facts, are altogether erroneous, so that war has been waged on our friends and protection given our enemies.

FRIENDSHIP GROWN OUT OF WAR.

[Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National Magazine:] Not far from Admiral Dewey's house I met Capt. Hobson, preparing to go to the Buffalo Exposition, where he has been detailed to look after the naval exhibit. His blonde mustache was drooping, but his blue eyes flashed as he walked along the avenue. He is soon to be married, and perhaps the frost of undeserved neglect has not cut so deeply in the case of the admiral. There is no bitterness in Hobson. He is a sturdy fellow, and I think rather enjoys his rest from the "push" of publicity. He has received a cordial invitation from Admiral Cervera, his Spanish captor, to visit him in Spain, and then the "castles in Castle" will become a fact of his life experience. The friendship which sprang up between these two in the heat of war was chivalrous and affecting, and had a most salutary influence upon the general conduct and conclusion of the Spanish-American war. Capt. Hobson has had several charming letters from the Spanish admiral, who writes that, if it were not for his advanced age, he would visit the Hobson home in Alabama under somewhat different circumstances from those in which he received the heroic young lieutenant in the Morro Castle, at Santiago. The son of Admiral Cervera will be a guest of Capt. Hobson during the summer.

A COLLEGE GIRL NOW A COWBOY.

[Lincoln (eb.) Correspondence Chicago American:] A handsome young woman who runs a farm, a woman who rides astride clad in the costume of the cowboy, leads her men in the wild races across the prairie lands, shows them the way to punch steers or herd sheep—such is Miss Jeanie Fuller, formerly of this city, who is now conducting a successful farm in South Dakota.

Miss Fuller is a graduate of the State University. After her graduation, she served for a time as a court reporter on the Yankton and Mitchell circuits and retained this occupation until two years ago. Then, tiring of the confined life, she bought a ranch eight miles north of Mitchell.

The ranch is a well-watered one of 960 acres. It is stocked with 1000 ewes and 500 cows. While Miss Fuller has many men working on the place she personally superintends all the operations and leads in the cattle herding. She is a beautiful woman and looks fairly bewitching in cowboy costume.

OFF FOR BUFFALO.

EXCURSION PLANNED BY MEMBERS
OF THE CAMERA CLUB.

By a Special Contributor.

"THE presidential party scheduled to leave for Buffalo next week." Such is the heading of current events on the Camera Club bulletin board. "And thereby hangs a tale."

A party of Camera Club people, headed by the genial president, has planned to make a photographic tour of the Eastern States, with Buffalo and the exposition as the objective point, and great have been the preparations thereunto. For the past two weeks all has been excitement, hurry, and glad anticipation. New cameras of various sizes and shapes have been purchased, tried under various conditions, and pronounced just the thing. Old picture boxes have been overhauled, lenses carefully inspected, cleaned and replaced, the boxes thoroughly examined for weak places, where light might leak through, the interiors dried and the outlets nicely blackened.

All literature bearing strictly upon snap shots and instantaneous photographs under trying conditions has been religiously perused and mental notes thereof taken and stored away for future reference, for all pictures taken within the wonderful exposition grounds must be taken with a "Hand camera 4x5 in size, and no tripods." So reads the official notice bearing upon photography at the Pan-American.

The men have been working day and night getting their businesses in shape to admit of a thirty-day absence, and the women have been equally busy with their household affairs. The men have dropped in at the tailor's on their way to the office and ordered the necessary additions to their wardrobes, but the women—alas! The columns of *The Times* are inadequate for a reproduction of the discussions as to the proper outfit for a photographic tour. Never having made just such a trip no one was able to help the others, and so, after having made several decisions which were as quickly reversed, each concluded to work out her own salvation in the way of a comfortable, convenient and appropriate outfit costume. All came to the conclusion, however, that a long gown could not be worn, for, with a camera, tripod and satchel to be looked after, and but one pair of hands to manipulate them, a long skirt is apt to suffer. The regulation bicycle costume, which includes these delightfully capacious pockets, high boots, a belt and securely attached leather bag, with a small hat which can be pinned on so as to defy the Kansas breezes or gusts from the Atlantic, comes pretty nearly being the ideal costume for a woman starting out on a photographic tour of this kind. The neat little jackets which afford protection against the heavy fogs of the seacoast or cool nights in the mountains, with wash-silk waists for the warm days, render the photographic artist comfortable and happy under any condition of wind or weather which may be experienced in the long journey from one side of the continent to the other. She is thus equipped for a tramp in the country, a climb up the mountain side or for a long wheel ride to some point of unusual photographic interest.

Her gown thus happily arranged, our kodak girl's mind is free, her body is comfortable, and she is ready to enjoy her outing to the utmost and secure pictures which will be always treasured and recall to mind in years to come her memorable trip with camera and tripod.

The members of the party just starting are not the only people who have been busy of late. Many of those left behind have devoted themselves to helping the others, both in securing photographic apparatus and appropriate costumes, for this party was hastily gotten up, plans formulated on the spur of the moment, the ever-present enthusiasm of the camerites serving to overcome all difficulties which appeared in the way from time to time and threatened to delay or indefinitely postpone their departure, lack of funds and the securing of necessary leaves of absence being not among the least of their troubles. "On to Buffalo," has, however, been their watchword, and by dint of much planning by day and "dreaming out ways" at night, the early departure of this jolly party is an assured fact. The route going and coming has been decided upon, the lines of railway affording the best opportunities for sight seeing and picture-making having been selected, and daily bulletins will announce to the club the progress of the absent members. Few stops will be made on the way East, for all are anxious to reach the seat of war and turn their rapid-firing machines upon the tempting marks afforded by the beautiful buildings and grounds of the exposition, Chicago and Cleveland being the only cities where stops of any consequence will be made.

When strength and ammunition have become exhausted upon the beautiful views to be obtained in and about Buffalo, the camera people will go on to New York and Washington, where temptations to use up plates and films are to be found at every turn. The eastern summer resorts will be visited and snap shots taken which will be brought home to compare with the views of Santa Monica and Long Beach during the season.

A trip down the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands has been planned, and the photographic pulse beats high in anticipation of the natural beauties awaiting the artist there. The visit in Ottawa will also afford many opportunities for securing photographs of the Canadian government buildings, etc., which, it is safe to predict, will not be overlooked by the party.

Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake will each claim a share of the photographers' attention on the return trip, but the details of this part of the journey have not yet been fully decided upon. **HELEN L. DAVIE.**

Fresh Literature.

Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

Royal Boundaries.

THE author of this novel is an American journalist of Scotch descent, who resides in Syracuse, N. Y., although he is said to have known life in many lands.

The story of "The Puppet Crown" is that of the struggle for the throne of a small European country, the sole importance of which lies in its situation as a gateway to the Orient. The real King, who was a troublesome man with ideas, died and left his daughter, who was an unprincipled woman, to carry on his schemes. The reigning King Leopold was more interested in the byways of Kant and a grave in the Cassian Hills than the new affairs of state.

The diplomatic relations of some English holders of \$5,000,000 of government bonds, loaned to the throne of Leopold, are a part of the story. Love plays an important part in the political intrigues and numerous characterizations. The most interesting figure is that of Maurice Carewe, who remembered Arizona days, its endless burning sands and the dull routine of a cavalry trooper. He had tramped the streets of Washington, had been Consul to a South American port. He had gone from there to Calcutta, and to Australia, and had finally been attached to the American legation at Vienna.

John Fitzgerald, the son of the English diplomat, is a part of the chronicle. His relations to his father's duties and the sacrifices he makes to the court of Duke Josef is an illustration of blindness which leads to an unhappy conclusion. The plot leads the son of the diplomat and the newspaper correspondent, who was serving as United States Charge d'Affaires, into curious and profitless complications. They encounter mysterious royal ladies, are imprisoned under a despotism of amazing policy. The clear-eyed American, however, is swift to see the illusion of ancient ideals. The tale is an indirect plea for American political and soldierly standards.

The story offers a series of quickly-moving pictures, and illustrates the versatile imagination.

[The Puppet Crown. By Harold Macgrath. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

The Lady of the Portrait.

This book is dedicated to Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, "as a token of profound sympathy." It has among its characterizations a Capt. Gaston des Comptes, who was condemned for treason under a false accusation. There is a charming Mlle. Denise, who is his sister. The lady is loved by a young Scotchman, who was an officer of the Cunard service.

This young man saved from drowning a Mr. Ephraim Sandbacher of Los Angeles. The jump from the stern rail of the "Servia" proved a plunge into a new life, for at his death the grateful Californian gave the young man a million dollars.

After journeying over the world, the hero arrived in Paris. One fateful day he entered a salon. There he found the beautiful portrait of "Mlle. X." The haunting eyes were the beginnings of his romance. When the fair lady was discovered in the old Chateau of Cour-des-Comptes, she was surrounded with many perils, and in great distress over the fate of her brother. The atmosphere of the book is vital with mystery and intrigue, and belligerent complications precedent to an elopement. The marriage at sea is a picturesque wedding picture. The book is one of surprising episodes graphically told, and will hold the reader's interest for its original and inventive art.

[Our Lady of Deliverance. By John Oxenham. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price \$1.50. For sale at Jones's Book Store, Los Angeles.]

Darkened Ways.

This novel is the record of two unhappy marriages, the man of the title role appearing as central in each, as the son of the first relation and the husband in the second act. The student, Paul Gotch, was the son of a father who abandoned his mother in their early married life. After twenty years, the husband returned penitent, longing for domestic comradeship for his declining years. Neither the wife nor the son would receive him, as the long years of silence have consumed the wife's love, and the son felt bound by gratitude to the mother, who had devoted her life to him. That night the father died by an accident, and "the son of austerity," in his closet wrestled with many problems, in trying to understand the law of his creation. He strove to learn the center of his life amid the jar of the machinery, for it did not seem a reflection of his mother's, or to have any fashion or tone of the world around him. His character was not gregarious. Having come to no entirely satisfactory conclusion concerning the powers of heredity and environment, or their relative importance, he thought that a man who had been so powerless to select his parental influences should be able to begin life anew, by giving his spirit its native air in the companionship of the woman he adored. No suspicion rose within his mind that he was exaggerating the interest of the young girl whom he had almost coerced, in her childish weakness, to become his wife. Psychological problems follow this new relation, and the development of a perfection of comradeship comes after the man has learned to see many humbling conclusions, among which might be mentioned the six-sided tendency of the law of crystallization—a law of its nature which it cannot resist.

Among the characterizations of the story is the blind Elsie, the daughter of the vicar, who loved a dwarf, and imagined him a fairy prince. This Scotch lad would not destroy the blind girl's beautiful illusion. Though

heart-broken at the separation, he went away, with messages of final consolation, which reveal the tender and half elfin characteristics of an ideal true knight.

The airy visions of this blind Elsie, of an imaginary Lohengrin, and her pathetic reading of the fourth gospel, and the journey to Emmans, furnish a suggestive chapter.

The novel deals chiefly with the introspective aspect of life. The author has given proof of an analytic pen. [A Son of Austerity. By George Knight. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co., Los Angeles.]

JOURNALISM.

An Historic Experiment.

In case one wishes to know the record of the journalistic experiences of Lord Roberts when the British army was at Bloemfontein, preparing for the march to Pretoria, he should read this unique chronicle. The four "editors" were Kipling, Ralph, Gwynne, and Landon, who selected Julian Ralph to act as editor of this book, which is said to contain the best of the stories and poems which were contributed to "The Friend." It is of interest to know the opinions of men of the army of that time, and to see the conditions of that campaign with the eyes of the soldier, the courtier, the artist and the poet. The various exasperating features of newspaper publishing are vigorously and humorously told. The enormous difficulties in keeping the daily paper up to the required standard cannot fail to interest all journalists. The book is graphically illustrated. Mr. Ralph says: "The newspaper articles are mainly the works of men who wrote between battles," and in these letters, sketches and verses, one sees the spirit and temperament of the soldier in camp. Men of every rank down to Tommy Atkins, have contributed to the book.

The publication has already reached a wide circulation and cannot fail to win increasing value as a record of the traditions and adventures of brave men.

[War's Brighter Side. By Julian Ralph. With Contributions by Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle and Others. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]



THE LATE M. FELIX GRAS.

Contributions by Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle and Others. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Felix Gras, the poet and novelist of sunny Provence, the official head of the poetical society of Félibrige, died at Avignon, March 4, 1901.

He was born in the little town of Malemort in 1844. When he was 10 years old he was sent to the seminary at La Sainte Garde. He received his poetic impulses from his neighbor, Pascal. He was sent to Avignon to study law with Maître Jules Gléras, whose brother Paul was one of the seven founders of Félibrige, that society of Provençal literarians whose ambition has been the restoration of the semi-Italian language of the South of France to a more recognized place in literature. Through the marriage of his sister, Felix Gras is said to have become one of this brilliant coterie. After the death of his brother-in-law, Roumanille, Gras became editor of the Félibrige annual, to which he is said to have contributed many important articles. Felix Gras published a volume of poems, "The Provençal Romances." In 1895 he wrote "Les Rouges du Midi," which presents scenes of the French revolution as it was enacted in Provence. Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier translated this work for D. Appleton & Co., New York. The book received the commendation of Gladstone. After the publication of "The Reds of the South," Gras completed the revolution with "The Terror" and "The White Terror," which were received with public favor.

JUDICIAL.

Legal Influence.

An address delivered on Forefathers' day, 1900, which celebrates the two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, has been published. It was written by the presiding justice of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, State of New York. The author has referred to the history of nations, he states, in his

preface, in order to indicate the influence which fundamental law necessarily has upon the permanence of nations. He asserts that "A nation must be founded upon justice to the individual, liberty to every citizen, and obedience to the law of God." The book is intended to show the influence which the bench and bar have had in the formation and development of national institutions, and is a logical argument for the profession, and a glowing memorial tribute.

[The Bench and Bar, as Makers of the American Republic. By Hon. W. W. Goodrich. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.]

PHYSIOLOGICAL.

Benefiting the Health.

This book was written by a physician of the surgical division of the Bellevue Hospital of New York. The author writes of ventilation, heat and light, water, milk, sewerage, foods, drugs and cares of the person. The subject of bacteriology is introduced. Directions are given for selecting the family physician. The work contains useful dictation. A short chapter devoted to mental diseases. The reader will find in this important volume many valuable clues to knowledge of the science of hygiene.

[Health and Hygiene for the Household. By John Joseph Nutt, B.L., M.D. The Abbey Press, No. 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

PHILOSOPHY.

Hindu Teaching.

The advent of Vedantism in America has been gently announced by the publication of a number of books. A Vedanta Society has been organized. Three Hindus, who command the English language, are winning reputation among non-Christian Americans as lecturers. Prominent among them is the author of this book. Swami Vivekananda, who took part in the Chicago parliament of religions, and attracted attention there. In 1894 he was employed as a lecturer in the Vedanta Society of New York. He returned to India and another Brahman lecturer took his place.

This book commemorates a series of lectures which were delivered in New York under the auspices of the Vedanta Society. It memorializes a Hindu saint of the nineteenth century. Many of his countrymen are said to have regarded him as a divine incarnation. Great crowds of people are said to have listened to his words. The writer claims that to the oriental world of the spirit is as real as to the Occidental, the world of the senses. This was the Hindu priest's last message to the modern world:

"Do not care for doctrines or dogmas or sects, they count for little compared with the essence of existence in each man which is spirituality. The more this is developed in a man, the more powerful he is for good. Criticise no one. All doctrines and creeds have some good in them. Show by your lives that religion does not mean words, nor names, nor sects, but that it means spiritual realization." This is all very noble to the Occidental mind, but the incarnations and faith which adores the various Hindu deities together is a condition of devotional eclecticism, to which the adjustment is not altogether clear. This man is known in his own country by the following name, of which the first two words signify "A great soul, most revered," Paramahansa, Sriamat, Rama Reishna. The temple of Dakshineswara about four miles north of Calcutta, India, which is represented in the frontispiece is the temple where the saint passed the last years of his life. The book is interesting as showing phases of oriental religious thought.

[My Master. By the Swami Vivekananda. From the Theistic Quarterly Review. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

ESSAYS.

A Sacred Study.

This book, which was written by the author of "Carlyle and Emerson: A Contrast," "Politics and Morals," etc., is a portraiture of the character of Jesus, and the gracious wisdom and tender and appealing humor of His speech. That spontaneity which marked His expression, giving it the strong cast of a consecrated philosophy, finds loyal appreciation. The Russian saying is quoted on the title page, "Humor is an invisible tear through a visible smile." Some of the laconic sayings are quoted as "Be not anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Paley's says: "In a numerous collection of our Savior's apothegms there is not to be found one example of sophistry or of false subtlety, or of anything approaching thereunto."

Coleridge teaches that exclusive of the abstract sciences the largest and worthiest portion of human knowledge comes in the form of aphorisms.

The wisdom that turned the dross of common thought into pure gold, and inspired the highest aspirations of the ages should have the strongest claim to popular interest. The treatment of this theme has engaged several authors. French, in his studies of the Parables, has given the world proof of a beautiful Catholic taste, and discriminating power of appreciation.

The author speaks of our Savior as the Prince of Righteousness. Whatever may be the judgment as to the influence of a book of this character the treatment of the theme has evidently been one of reverent and commemorating impulse.

The writer quotes in the preface to various chapters some of the poems of John W. Chadwick, and Joseph Truman, also the sentiments of Emerson, Goethe and others.

Among other pertinent ideas is one of Dr. Hooykama.

...I know all about you," he roared at the climax of the old gentleman was sarcastic and then the young man went to ask her father if he would consent to his marrying the daughter. A Turn of Tide. (Continued from The Times.)

...I heard no more about it," he says, "until exactly six months later, when I received a bill for eight and a half pence of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold. I was a little perturbed at the time, but I received a bill for eight and a half pence of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold. I was a little perturbed at the time, but I received a bill for eight and a half pence of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold.

...I heard no more about it," he says, "until exactly six months later, when I received a bill for eight and a half pence of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold. I was a little perturbed at the time, but I received a bill for eight and a half pence of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold.

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

Stories of the Fourth Infantry.

NOW that the Fourth Infantry has brought itself so prominently before the public by the surrender of Gen. Trias, it may be apropos to cite a few of the stories which arose from incidents during the series of "hikes" which finally resulted in Trias's surrender.

One is told with the town of Magallanes as the scene. It appears that Agapito Espinilla, the presidente of Magallanes, had proved to the satisfaction of Gen. Otis that he was one of the faithful, and he was granted a pass with the official seal, couched in all the magnificence of gubernatorial language. This order was as good as golden fleece to the faithful Agapito, for he was allowed to go anywhere and everywhere and to mulct the people to his heart's content. Whenever his authority was questioned Agapito flashed the sign-manual of Gen. Otis, and the heathen were confounded.

On inquiry Col. Baldwin learned that the presidente had been squeezing the people like a sucked orange, and had large quantities of wines and beeves, and had his sheds filled with stores of rice. He also had large sums of money which were due to the town officials in wages, but had never been paid. An investigation by the colonel of certain documents, found in the house of the presidente, proved it worth searching, and the colonel was staggered to find full insurrectionary receipts signed by the faithful presidente up to December. Then that individual took a trip to Manila, where he now is, and for two or three weeks the people lived on the fat of the land, and the officials, who had been subsisting on "great expectations" and a mouthful of fresh air, were paid, and peace and prosperity smiled over all the land, and the people rose up and called Col. Baldwin and his men blessed. As a result of this policy, combined with an occasional gugu hunt, 1056 took the oath, and seventy rifles were forthcoming.

Another tale concerns a wily secret service native and Lieut. Boyle. The native got wind of several insurgent's in Bullan, and he told Lieut. Boyle to post his detachment at one end of the town and await developments. The wily native then dashed into the town horseback, yelling to the residents to get out their rifles as a bunch of Americans were cornered not far away. And "then and there was hurrying to and fro," and natives grabbed their rifles and gladly obeyed the summons of the supposed insurgent to "Follow me!" They followed him, and all Lieut. Boyle had to do was to stand and wish them good-day, and express his pleasure at such a happy meeting.—(Manila Times, March 21.)

Col. Mosby's Ruse.

COL. JACK MOSBY was not very particular who he picked up on his raids around the country, but of course preferred a prisoner with straps on his shoulders to one without them. It is told of him that one night in March, 1863, he and his men were prowling about the Union headquarters at Fairfax Court House, Va., and from a prisoner learned where Gen. Stoughton, commander of the infantry outposts, was sleeping. Taking with him a few trusty men, Mosby stole up to the general's house, and as Gen. Stoughton turned to face the intruders he was confronted by a brace of revolvers.

"You are my prisoner!" said the guerrilla. "My name is Mosby—Jack Mosby, at your service. Stuart's cavalry is all around us and Stonewall Jackson's between you and the army."

And Stoughton was so thoroughly deceived that, though having an army of several thousand within call, he allowed the guerrillas to carry him off a prisoner.—(Deseret News.)

Chaffee's Sternness.

AS INDICATIVE of the sternness with which Gen. Chaffee has repressed looting in China, a traveler who was there at the time of the greatest excitement, says: "When a rich American in Peking hinted to the general that he would gladly bear the expense of transporting two magnificent temple bronzes to New York as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art if the general would overlook their removal he roared until his voice fairly shook the walls of the inner city: "The American caught looting will be shot on the spot." That's the sort of stuff Chaffee is made of."—(Chicago News.)

Twelve-year-old Yankee Fighter.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, the war correspondent, tells the following story of Boots, a twelve-year-old Yankee, whom he met fighting with the Boers, and who may be still dodging bullets and lyddite shells. Said Mr. Millard:

"His real name is William Young, but in the laagers he is known by the sobriquet of Boots. I think he came by this title honestly enough, for he drags about, a huge pair of legging boots many sizes too large, and ornamented with enormous brass spurs.

"Boots is a midcet of 12—or at least he gives that as his age, though he doesn't look it by three years. "Boots was born in the United States. Just where this important event occurred he does not know. "It was somewhere near the ocean," he says when questioned, as if that location was definite enough for all practical purposes.

"When very young he remembers being taken to England, whence he came to South Africa. His parents are long since dead, and since their death William, having no other relation that he knew of, has rustled for himself.

"When this war began William espoused the cause of the Boers and joined the Irish Brigade, under Col. Blake. The men who formed this adventurous corps took a fancy to the walf and made him one of them.

They named him Boots and Boots he remains. Being of a self-reliant nature, Boots was not content to remain in the laager when a fight was going on. No sooner was the brigade well on its way to the field than he followed, and the men chancing to look around as they entered the fight generally spied the diminutive figure of Boots. At first they tried to drive him away, but this failing, and finding that Boots was well able to care for himself, being singularly adept at finding cover, his accompanying the brigade to battles came to be regarded as a matter of course.

"So it was that Boots saw all the bloody battles of the Natal campaign—Dundee, Newcastle, Nicholson's Nek, the Platrand, and the many fights along the Tugela. Armed with two water bottles, the midcet would enter a fight, and more than once has a wounded brigadier, on finding a cooling drink placed to his parched lips, looked up to discover Boots. If the fire were too hot to permit his wounded comrades being removed to a place of safety the boy would remain to attend them until the battle was over or night fell.

"When Capt. Hassell organized the American Scouts as a separate company Boots decided to join his countrymen. So far as I know, he is still with them. Boots has a horse to ride, but his ambition is to possess a pony of his own and a Mauser carbine, so he can fight like the other scouts. For the purchase of a pony he has saved up £2 and 5 shillings, which will buy no horse in South Africa in war time. So Boots has to go without a pony until better times. But he has hopes of capturing one from the British.

"Meanwhile, since he cannot fight like a full-grown man he makes himself useful around the laager. As to the future, Boots seems to contemplate it.

"What'll I do when the war's over?" he said. "I dunno. I'll do whatever I can. Maybe, if the Boers lose, I'll go to America."

Can't Feaze De Wet.

THE most marked characteristics of the commandant general are his imperturbability under adverse conditions, his zealous devotion to official work, his effervescent humor, his kindness to the burghers and prisoners, his great regard for the opinions of the enemy, and his unbounded, inextinguishable faith in the ultimate success of his and his country's cause. Although the greater part of his life has been devoted to peaceful pastoral pursuits, De Wet is as calm a fighter as though he had been a soldier from his youth. At Rooivaal, in June, while Lord Kitchener and thirty thousand troops were trying to capture him, De Wet spent half a day in laager, looking over his devastated farm. As he was returning to his laager a dispatch rider brought him the information that the British had occupied a certain favorable position. "Come," he said quietly, as he remounted his pony, "let us scout!" The following day Kitchener reported De Wet's escape.—(Howard C. Hillegas in World's Work.)

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Benevolent Snail.

THE great Darwin, who learned so much about animals and their ways, tells many wonderful stories about them in the books he published. In one instance he attempts to show that lower animals have reasoning powers by citing the actions of a couple of snails that were placed in a walled garden. This garden was absolutely devoid of vegetation, and the poor snails began to suffer for want of food. One of them became ill. Then the stronger of the two evidently concluded that something had to be done. It seemed to hold a conversation with its sick companion and hurried away. The persons watching their actions concluded the sick snail had been deserted and left to die. Not so, however. The strong snail laboriously climbed over the wall and found a delightful garden adjoining full of green leaves and plants. Then it turned back, crawled to its sick friend and "talked" with it again. At last the two started over the wall and in time were lost in the paradise that had been found.

Bulldog Milked Cows.

A BIG white bulldog which had been living off the fat of the land—spring chickens and fresh cow's milk—had his career brought to a sudden ending late Tuesday night by a bullet from the revolver of Patrolman Scott of Mt. Washington.

This dog was of unusual size and for more than a month past his movements about the village had attracted attention. He was declared guilty by a court consisting of Rev. Byron Clark, Mrs. Margaret Carroll and Patrolman Scott of eating chickens and surreptitiously milking cows. For the former offense he might have been punished only with a beating, but the latter charge was so unusual that the death penalty was deemed the only effective one.

According to Patrolman Scott the dog did not have a strictly legal trial, because he was not present in court, nor did he even have a representative, though his master, William Welch, was devoted to him. This was partly the fault of the dog, as the officer of the court was unable to find the culprit, and Patrolman Scott waited two days and two nights before he could execute the sentence. Mr. Welch acquiesced in the action of his neighbors after learning the nature of the evidence.

Just how the dog formed the habit of milking the cows is not known, but it is thought he acquired it by following the example of calves. He had often been seen with the many cows in pasture about Mt.

Washington. Of late it had been noticed that he and the cows were very friendly, and he was often seen stretched across a cow's back while she was lying down. His appetite for milk grew so strong that he was not satisfied with part of the supply, but wanted it all. A few days ago he objected to Mrs. Carroll entering her barnyard to milk her cow. A shortage in the milk given by the cow had been noticed for some time.—(Baltimore Sun.)

Gyp Saved the Kittens.

GYP, the Brooklyn (N. Y.) terrier which achieved notoriety two years ago by saving his master's family from death by gas asphyxiation, by giving a timely warning, has recently again come before the public.

Henry Thomas, a well-known resident of Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y., is Gyp's owner and is willing to vouch for the truth of the following story, as told in the New York Herald:

Not long ago the house cat presented the family with a litter of six kittens. As it was inconvenient to have all that number grow up in the back kitchen, it was decided to pick out the prettiest one and drown all the rest. To reach this decision and to select the fortunate kitten a family council was held, at which Gyp was present. Though he took no part in the discussion, he understood enough of what was going on to feel that some danger was threatened his friend, the cat, and that the kittens were to be the victims of some horrible plot.

That same afternoon, taking advantage of the cat's temporary absence from home, Mr. Thomas, armed with a pail of water, approached the box to carry out the judgment of the council. To his surprise he found the kittens gone.

No one about the house knew where they were. Mr. Thomas took the trouble to make sure of that. The cat then returned and stepped halfway into the box before she noticed anything wrong. She showed soon enough that she, at any rate, had had no hand in their disappearance.

Where could the kittens be? Who could have taken the trouble to remove them? No stranger had been in the house all afternoon, and everyone in the family denied having anything to do with them. "Who on earth could have done away with those blamed kittens, anyway?" Mr. Thomas ejaculated, and no answer was forthcoming.

It was not until two days later that this mystery was cleared up. Gyp and the cat, although quite friendly, were not chummy, and so when she was seen going into Gyp's kennel, investigation followed, and the six kittens were discovered comfortably installed in Gyp's own quarters. Mr. Thomas is sure they were carried there by Gyp himself, to save them from some danger his subtle senses told him threatened his friend's young ones.—(Portland Oregonian.)

Took the Train.

SHE was a tall, finely-proportioned woman, handsomely gowned. As she paced along with slow and majestic tread her voluminous draperies trailed after her with a silken swish that was truly impressive. It must have been the fluttering motion of the ruffles that attracted a little dog from one of the neighboring porches. Here was something to play with, and he ran after the swishing flounces, pawing and biting at them, and standing aside between times to watch their fascinating flutter.

He was a very little dog—one of the toy variety, and a puppy at that—and the dignified wearer of the flounces seemed unaware of the attentions he was paying her swirling draperies. She was oblivious, even, when the doglet, tired of harrying the swizzling mass, suddenly plumped himself down in the midst of it. Whether the motion pleased or frightened him it would be hard to say, but he clung to his perilous position as though used to snatching free rides whenever occasion offered. Then his weight began to tell, the train was gathered up with a jerk and the puppy rolled clear across the sidewalk.

He yelped, too, as much as to say it didn't pay to take a train when you only wanted a dog cart. But the people who sat on the adjoining porches smiled, and the pace of the majestic woman was hastened to quick time.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Cleared by Cat's Testimony.

RUBBERNECK is a cat, gentle and friendly, fond of his owner and yet the cause of his being summoned before a West Hoboken court yesterday; but, called as a witness, it answered to its name, and its mute testimony cleared him. Two neighbors, a spite fence and a wise justice of the peace also figured in the story. The two neighbors are William Ackerman and Emmanuel Prandoni, who live at Nos. 504 and 506 West street. The spite fence is fourteen feet high and has been the occasion of several legal battles. Henry Karl is the Solomon in the case.

Before him yesterday appeared Mrs. Ackerman, Prandoni's young son, she said, had called her improper names, among them "rubberneck." Young Prandoni said he was only calling his cat. Justice Karl then called the cat as a witness. The boy went out and soon came back with the cat. The justice took the cat and its owner into the rear yard. After the animal had been released the justice called "Rubberneck." The cat went up to him and rubbed its fur against the leg of his trousers. The Ackermans were again beaten and the fence still remains.—(Unidentified.)

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compile for The Times.

A Turn of Tide.

WHEN the young man went to ask her father if he would consent to his marrying the daughter, the old gentleman was sarcastic and then abusive.

"I know all about you," he roared at the climax of the scene. "I don't believe all the property left you was worth \$5000. Yet here you are driving fast horses, playing golf, keeping a yacht, and pretending to live by speculating in stocks. The first thing you know you'll get on the wrong side of the market and away your money will go. You have no anchor, no back log, no nest egg, er—no nothing. If you think I am going to risk my daughter with a man like that you are barking up the wrong tree, young man. I made my money and I know how to take care of it. Just you keep mighty scarce around here till you've done something."

This was before the terrific and unprecedented boom on the stock market. Toward the tail end of the storm the daughter telephoned to call at once. "Father is horribly troubled about something and will pay no attention to us," she added.

But she was mistaken, for he no sooner heard the young man's voice than he sent for him, took him to the "den," and asked him how he stood on Northern Pacific.

"Got quite a bunch of it," he replied blushing. "It's down in the safety deposit. Father must have got in on the ground floor and bought very cheap. Pretty good thing to have these days. I'm thinking about taking it over to New York tonight and handling it there where you can lend it over night for more than it's worth."

"Heavens!" groaned the old man. "Charley, I'm busted. Busted to smithereens. I don't often dabble in stocks, but I sold short on that stock and it's bound to sink me. I'm the biggest old fool in Detroit."

"That's right," admitted the honest youth without knowing just what he was saying, and the old gentleman showed no resentment. Before the happy family party broke up that night Charley was sitting with his arms about her, and the next day the old gentleman was boasting how he had beaten the stock game.—[Detroit Free Press.

Evarts's Joke.

ONCE, when twitted on his small size by a statesman of the strenuous type, the late William Evarts retorted: "That remark proves what I have always asserted—that in your eyes measures were more important than men."

To another critic, who found fault with his habit of stringing out a whole paragraph without a break, by the use of parenthetical clauses, he said, cheerfully: "I have noticed that criminals object to long sentences."—[Chicago News.

Challenger's Name Appropriate

A GROUP of men well known in yachting circles were gathered around a table in an uptown café the other evening, and were good-naturedly chaffing one of their number, an Englishman, who was very pronounced in his advocacy of the superior merits of any candidate, for any honor, hailing from "the tight little isle." The coming contest for the America's cup was naturally a topic, and in the Englishman's opinion the cup was as good as won.

"We have had blawsted luck heretofore, you know, but this time Tommy Lipton will carry back that cup to England. Your Constitution may be a smart boat, you know, but she cannot touch our Shamrock II."

"Her name is a hoodoo right at the outset," interposed one of the group; "it reads like a newspaper headline the day after the races."

"Why, how is that?" asked the Englishman, puzzled.

"Perfectly plain," retorted the other. "It will be read 'Shamrock Second,' and that's where she will be."—[New York Sun.

Popovers a la Chinois.

OUR Chinese cook was very successful with a breakfast delicacy called popovers. A lady who was a guest of the family having one morning expressed a desire for the formula for their compounding, we called John in to impart the secret.

"You takee him one egg," said the pleased master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flour on slev, takee pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You makee him flour go in, not move fast, so him have no spots. Makee but'd pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind you business; no like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."—[Harper's Bazar.

A Literal Shoemaker.

RIO DE JANEIRO, it is said, is the easiest city in the world in which to get credit, but the worst place to dodge a debt. All business is done there on the semi-annual account system, and one can get anything he wants and have it charged without difficulty; but the end of every six months is settlement day, and if he is not on hand with his cash he can never again get credit, and is socially tabooed.

For instance, on one occasion an American ordered a pair of English riding boots in the Brazilian capital from a shoemaker, remarking that his number was eight and a half. In due time eight pairs of boots and one odd one were delivered, whereupon the indignant purchaser protested against such a ridiculous blunder. The

shoemaker insisted that the boots had been ordered; and so, after arguing in vain for an hour, the American announced that he would accept but one pair, and accordingly sent back the rest and considered the incident closed.

"I heard no more about it," he says, "until exactly six months later, when I received a bill for eight and a half pairs of riding boots at \$15 each—\$127.50 in gold—and a polite notification that seven and a half pairs awaited my pleasure at the shop." He protested in vain and finally had to settle to escape social ostracism.—[Chicago News.

Mistaken for His Father.

JOHN HARE, the eminent English actor-manager, who has been touring America, says that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double-ended compliment; whichever way you took it it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare has invariably played the part of an old man, his character as Mr. Boldby in "A Pair of Spectacles" being a good example. Added to this he has a horror of having his picture taken.

Once he consented to have a flash-light picture taken after a performance in New York. The photographer waited until he was exhausted, after the last night of an engagement, and Mr. Hare, after some moments of hesitation, finally rushed out, called to the manager to bring the man in, and then dropped down in a chair. The photographer began to adjust the apparatus, and Mr. Hare kept calling out: "Go on, go on! You take no end of a long time."

The photographer got so nervous and Mr. Hare so irritable that the flash-light was not a success. Mr. Hare saw the negative of the picture, threw up his hands, and said that he would never try it again.

Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The Premier's favorite play was "A Pair of Spectacles," and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The really old man and the made-up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Roseberry had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend, John Hare. The actor came in smooth-shaven, looking about 35. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the Prime Minister shook his hand most cordially and said:

"My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the Earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.—[Saturday Evening Post.

How His Debt Was Offset.

JOSEPH REND was telling a little coterie of gentlemen at the Great Southern Hotel a funny story recently narrated to him by Gov. MacCorkle of West Virginia. A colored man was telling a white friend about another negro who owed him \$2 and absolutely refused to pay the debt. The creditor dunned and dunned him, but all to no purpose. Finally the creditor went to his white friend, who is a lawyer, and poured his tale of woe into his ear.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the colored man, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, an' he didn't owe me a cent."—[Columbus Dispatch.

The Lecturer Lectured.

J. S. SANBORN, the wealthy coffee merchant of Boston, has a stock farm at Portland, Me., which is one of the show places of the country. Mr. Sanborn, when he is there, among his coach stallions and mares, is having the best time of his long and busy life. He gets right on to the farm, wears old clothes, talks farmer talk and forgets that he ever lived in the city. Here is the thing that has tickled him most in ten years:

Mr. Sanborn occasionally orders from the city a little something to keep in the cellar for the horse-loving friends who drop around at his place to see him. And as he admires his friends he has only the best stuff. A while ago a shipment was started to him over the Grand Trunk. When the packages reached Poland it was found that some thirsty individuals had "lifted" a considerable portion of the best whisky. Mr. Sanborn complained to the railroad's agent at Lewistown Junction, and the matter was reported. In the course of time a claim agent dropped off the train at the junction one day. The name "James S. Sanborn" did not convey to him the significance it would to some others. That is to say, he wasn't looking to find J. S. Sanborn, of Boston, on a farm down in Maine.

Now, it happened that Mr. Sanborn had arrived at the station only a few moments before to look after some freight that he expected. He had been assisting some of his men who had been ploughing. The wind had been blowing across the field, and the clothes Mr. Sanborn wore were the oldest he owned. There was more or less grime on his face, and as he had walked across lots to the station he hadn't bothered to wipe it off.

He was sitting by the office stove when the claim agent came in. The stranger from Montreal pulled out his papers and looked at them.

"Where will I find one James S. Sanborn?" he asked the station agent.

"There sits Mr. Sanborn, right there," replied the man whom he questioned.

"Ah!" The claim agent fixed his eyeglasses on his nose and looked at the burly man in the rusty, dust-stained clothes. "Ah! So you are J. S. Sanborn?"

"I am," said Sanborn composedly.

"I find that you have put in a claim for loss of certain goods in transit."

"I think I remember something about it," returned Mr. Sanborn.

"I see that you have listed here a certain amount of whisky at \$8 a gallon," continued the claim agent, looking severely at Sanborn.

"Yes, as I remember it, that's what I put it in for."

"What is your business, Mr. Sanborn?" Again the agent took a look at the old clothes and the dirt.

"A farmer."

"Aha! A farmer! I don't know much about the State of Maine, but I would like to ask you if most farmers down here buy whisky at \$8 a gallon?" The agent's tone plainly indicated his opinion that Sanborn was asking the railroad to pay an exorbitant price. The station agent started to interrupt, but Sanborn was enjoying the situation too much.

"We won't need any assistance from you, Mr. Blank," said Sanborn. "I think this gentleman and myself can settle the matter all right. Now, Mr. Claim Agent, here's the bill of that whisky from the firm of which I bought it. You can see for yourself that I am only asking to be reimbursed. It really is eight-dollar whisky."

The agent looked the bill over carefully, and then, fixing Sanborn with a severe look, he said:

"Mr. Sanborn, it is evident that what you say is true. We shall pay the bill. But I really do feel compelled to say that I am surprised to think that a farmer in your circumstances should be throwing away hard-earned money in that way, buying whisky that only men in comfortable circumstances ought to buy. I advise you to stop using liquor altogether, but if you must drink, then for Heaven's sake buy a cheaper grade and use your money for yourself and your family." Again the claim agent looked at the old clothes.

Sanborn said very humbly: "I'm very much obliged to you, mister, for your advice to an old farmer. I will think it over. But," and here he rose and towered over the man, "how long has it been since the Grand Trunk has been sending blasted little runts around delivering temperance lectures to the patrons of the road?"

The station agent grabbed the stranger by the arm at this juncture and whispered fiercely in his ear. The man dropped papers, pencil and all on the floor and stared at Sanborn.

"What?" he repeated, "the Boston—"

He turned around and faced the other way.

"The kick about the whisky has been fixed," said he, "but you've more kicks coming to you, Mr. Sanborn."

But Sanborn closed that incident with a laugh that shook the building.—[Lewistown Correspondence Boston Advertiser.

Accounted for the Bad Weather.

THERE is always some one who has a good baby story to tell, and here is the latest. This baby is one of a larger growth, a small boy who has reached the mature age of 6 years. He had a great disappointment the other day. He was to be taken on a nice little excursion, and he certainly would have gone but for the weather, which on this particular day was so very bad that no mother would take a small boy out in it. Being a boy, the young man did not cry, but he felt hurt, and set out in a logical, masculine way to reason matters out. He is a well-taught, smart boy, and he has learned many things, among others something of the creation of the world ages ago and the Creator. He also knows that the Creator of the world is the Creator of what is known as the weather. After thinking the matter over, he went to his mother.

"Mama, it is a long time since God made the world, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered mama, "a long time."

"Then don't you think, mama," he went on, earnestly, "that he is getting pretty old to manage it?"

The young man's reasoning had what he must have considered a sound basis, the family concurred in thinking it over, for he has a grandmother who is now an old lady, and he has frequently heard remarks as to her inability to do this, that or the other on account of her age.—[New York Times.

Stole a Dead Dog's Tag.

A PATHETIC incident of an ungraded crossing accident out in the northeastern end of the city was the tragic death of a dog, which, before it could utter the faintest wail of protest, was caught under the grinding wheels of the locomotive and crushed to a shapeless mass. There were many expressions of pity for the fate of the poor dumb brute, and one sympathetic lady had been almost moved to call the Coroner when a heavily-built man advanced to the body of the animal and proceeded to make a critical examination.

"Good, kind man," said one of the women bystanders, "perhaps he's going to give the poor thing a respectable burial."

Suddenly the man shocked the sensibilities of the spectators by whipping out his knife and cutting the collar from the dog's neck. The first presumption was that he was the owner of the deceased dog and that he wanted to save the tag for another dog, but he dissuaded this speculation by remarking as he walked away:

"Well, I'm certainly a lucky cuss. Things come to me just like finding 'em. I was goin' down to the license collector tomorrow to buy a tag for me dawg, an' now I've got one fer nuttin'."

Sentiment had no part in that man's make-up.—[Detroit Free Press.

He Loved Cabbage.

AN OLD ex-slave of Tennessee went to Memphis recently to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to \$11, he sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbages. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good times ahead.

"What yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them. "Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I've bin free forty years, and dis is de first time I've had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I've gwine ter eat cabbage till I fergit de way ter my mouf."—[Chicago News.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Outside Paint and Paper Friezes.

A. J. B., LOS ANGELES, writes: "We wish to paint our house and had decided on old moss green, but so many houses are that color. How would a white, frosty-looking roof be, with the rest green? Would a white roof have to be painted every year? The style of the house is square, with deep overhanging cornice; cobblestone work around veranda, chimneys and pillars of cobblestone; the rest is shingle. There are a good many green trees around the house. The dining-room is on the north, so I have decided on yellow for decoration. The ceiling is beamed with yellow pine. The floors are oak, rough plaster walls in deep cream, a brick mantel up to beams. Should the bulk be in yellow or red? Is the tinting on the rough plaster done in calimine or must it be in oils? The bedroom off the living-room I want in blue. I would like a frieze, if not too expensive, in Chinese cotton in blue and white. Could I leave the walls a natural gray of plaster, or should they be tinted blue. A paper frieze cannot be put on with the rough plaster, can it? Any suggestions will be very acceptable. Would you advise shingle stain or paint? I like the former, but am told it is not durable."

I think you could render your house most attractive by staining the shingles a medium dark green, using cream or ivory white trimmings and a green roof. The white roofs have good points I admit, but I have never admired them as I do the green ones. Nothing seems to fall so readily into nature's scheme as a moss green roof. If you have the cobblestones and cream trimmings

rug that will do for one room, ground work light tan, predominating colors in figures, deep and light red and leaf green, shading to brown in the border. Have two pairs of Irish point curtains and our piano has a mahogany case. How can I make these rooms pretty and attractive without great expense? Would you paint the woodwork or have it revarnished? There is a double doorway between the rooms. You will note that the hall is long, although of fairly good width—can you offer any suggestions regarding that?"

I fear that your rooms are not well lighted. I would therefore advise you to have the walls of your dining-room yellow, a soft creamy shade, if you prefer it. You can get beautiful tones in cartridge paper, making ceiling and all alike. Instead of revarnishing the redwood I would have it rubbed down to a soft finish, which is much prettier. Get the heaviest chairs and table that you can afford in golden oak, and tie flat, well made, and firm cushions of golden brown velvet or corduroy in the seats. Cushion a seat under your long window with this, and if there is space for cushions, make them of yellow silk. If this "double window" means two windows, use both pairs of your Irish point curtains here, as you have not enough for the three windows of bay in parlor. Curtains of golden brown corduroy, lined with yellow satin, or of double face brown velvet would look very handsome in the archway between the rooms, but are not necessary. A good quality of Chinese matting would look best in here. Now you will have to paper and furnish up to your Brussels rug in parlor. I would use a yellow and white striped colonial paper in here, with border and ceiling of plain yellow. A little gold in this would be handsome. If you object on principle to striped papers, as many do, use any cream ground with figures in stylish design having green or yellow and some gold. Carry out the ceiling in the plain color. A few good pieces of mahogany finish in furniture, with two wicker chairs and one upholstered, will furnish well. If you use the yellow here, over net or point d'esprit draped at your bay window, use cur-

pet, and a soft tan wall should not be unharmonious with anything. Could you not hang sash curtains of thin silk in yellow tan at your windows and use awnings outside? These are easily pushed aside, and the awnings can be raised when you wish to change the lights, but you might so arrange your lights as to deliberately lend a charm to the room. As your curtains at the doors and couch cover are blue, I would make all small accessories also blue. Perhaps you need a large, comfortable chair upholstered in dull blue to give cosiness to the room; also a pretty tea table or work table near a window, holding flowers. As you have spent a good deal of thought on your house, it is worth thinking about still further. I would also use blue for the seat in the hall, as your carpet here is blue. A dull blue curtain, hung over your door, will look much handsomer than the wood that you so dislike. Use a pole with brackets and the curtain will not interfere with opening of door.

A Little Four-room Cottage.

Mrs. H. M. K., Redlands, says: "Will you kindly give me some advice in regard to repapering and refurnishing a little four-room cottage. I cannot spend over \$100 upon it. Still I wish to make it cheerful and attractive to my husband, who works hard all day and likes to rest at home in the evening, when his work is done. You will see by the rough sketch that the bedroom and dining-room open from the sitting-room. Could I have some pretty, soft material for curtains to hide the doors? And what color would you have them? What kind of curtains shall I have for the windows? At present I have dark green roller shades. What color in paper shall I have in each room? What shall I have on the floors? They are too rough to paint. What color shall I have the woodwork? What shall I do to the ceiling? What kind of furniture shall I put in the sitting-room? The bed and children's crib in the bedroom are white enamel; should the rest of the bedroom furniture be white? The dining-room furniture will be oak, and the porch in front is nearly covered by vines. Would a couch and stand for books look well here, with a few rugs and cushions, and what color shall they be to look well against the green vines?"

For durability, cheapness and a really refined effect, I cannot think of any scheme for your sitting-room so good as blue and white. You will not tire of clear, refreshing blues and they seem cooler in summer than other shades. Therefore, I would advise you to use a plain blue ingrain paper on the side walls, and a cream white or blue and white figured ceiling. Stain your woodwork with mahogany stain, or paint it black. There are two methods of covering your floor prettily. You can choose the least expensive, which I presume is this: Tack dark blue denim of a heavy quality all around the edge of your floor and tack a blue and white rag rug in the middle. You know that you can use for these rugs old underwear or any pieces you may have and have half of them dyed indigo blue. The other suggestion is to cover the floor with plain white matting and make for yourself some of those pretty braided mats in blue and white that our grandmothers were fond of. Follow for your furniture the advice that I have given many others; that is, find the necessary number of chairs in strong good shapes at some second-hand store or buy a commonly-finished cheap new chair, paint it black and seat it with thick indigo blue denim, fastening down the slightly stuffed seat with brass tacks. You should have four of these chairs. A pine table the size of a small kitchen table, also painted black and smoothly covered with the denim, makes a fine center table on which to place a lamp with a pretty crimson or orange-colored paper shade, books, etc. Do not forget, in putting on your denim top, to leave a narrow margin of the black wood on the outside edge. Use a half-inch slip of cardboard to measure between your tacks. You should have one large, comfortable chair of some kind for your husband. I believe the brown wicker chairs (large rockers bought for porches) can be had for \$3.50. Cushion this with blue and white cotton, and if you can afford a white wicker small rocker for yourself buy one. If you cannot do this, paint and cushion some old chair that you may have on hand comfortably and neatly with blue and white. You can get for 25 cents a pretty Japanese bamboo stand that will hold a fern near your window. Curtain your windows with plain white muslin ruffled curtains, full and caught tack. I do not know just what you can manage this for here, but I know a young woman in San Francisco who bought her white thin stuff by the bolt, and her curtains cost her 36 cents a window, as she got it for 6 cents per yard. They were beautifully made, ruffled down the front, hung well and full, and were carefully tied back with little white cotton cords and tassels of her own manufacture. When I remarked that her cords probably cost almost as much as her curtains, she laughed and said: "No, the cords and tassels for all these windows cost me 5 cents—the price of a large ball of white cord." Run a copper wire through the casing, leaving a little frill at the top of your curtains and fasten this wire taut with screw eyes. Buy an unpainted dresser or bureau or use an old one and paint it white to match your crib and bed; paint two plain chairs white, and dress your bureau prettily with some gay ribbons tied on basket and cushion. Use pink, or light blue, or yellow, but buy your wall paper in the same color. With yellow delicately flowered wall paper I would advise yellow woodwork, except that to have a handsome finish in these light paints, it takes a great many coats. Perhaps you would find the mahogany stain with varnish a cheaper finish all through the house. I think your dining-room would be pretty with a green and white paper with the oak furniture. Full white curtains under scarfs of plain green, at the windows and a white doyley with fern in the center of oak table. You could use blue denim curtains in a soft medium shade of old blue much less dark than the furniture cover in your doorways, but, perhaps, you will not feel the need of them when your room is fitted up as I have suggested. You will find Turkey red bright and serviceable on your porch. I have also given a suggestion for a porch chair in a letter above, which you may like to use. By all means have your couch, table, etc., on the porch.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries not frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.



A HANDSOME HALLWAY.

to "pick" your house out, you will be all right. If you use a reliable stain it will outlast paint and I think, too, that you would not like painted shingles. They should always be dipped. As for the brick mantel in your dining-room, use the yellow brick by all means, if you wish a yellow scheme in here. Calimining on rough plaster is prettier and less expensive done in water-colors. In fact, the calimine treatment is always water-color. Oil paint is often used in kitchens, or, where the room has very hard usage, but you cannot get so soft and pretty an effect. I like the blue and white friezes in Chinese calico, and do not think you will find it expensive. You could leave the walls gray, but they will be much prettier if calimined in a blue which, though lighter, tones in precisely with blue of the calico. I have not always met with success in using a paper frieze on rough plaster. It sometimes pops off with a loud report, which is both startling and discouraging, and yet I have known of instances where it worked beautifully and the frieze in this case looked exactly like the handsomest mural painting. However, it is a simple matter to have an outer coat of smooth plaster put on the ceiling to the picture mold.

To Lighten Rooms.

M. A., Los Angeles, writes: "Being a lover of the beautiful and artistic in the home, I have been greatly interested in your articles in The Times, and have followed them very closely for some time. Your ideas are so attractive and practical, suited to those of limited means as well as those with an abundance, that I am led to ask your advice in the refurnishing of two living-rooms in my cottage home. I enclose a rough pencil sketch to give you an idea of the plan of the rooms. You will note that the only windows in the parlor are those in the bay, and in the dining-room the extra large double window. Both rooms are to be repapered; the woodwork is the redwood. Will have to get new floor covering for one room; have a large tapestry Brussels

tain of yellow raw silk also caught tack. Your hall would light up well with walls in golden tan.

A Dilemma.

E. R., Los Angeles, writes: "Having made use of some of your suggestions with such pleasing effect, I come to you again to help me out of a dilemma. You suggested that we have the walls of our living-room and hall tinted a soft yellow tan to harmonize with the mahogany-stained woodwork. We did so, but we spoiled the effect by a red carpet in the living-room. The red is not so bad, but there is too much crude green and yellow in the carpet. In the dark store where I bought it, the tones were soft. The yellow, the soft tan of the walls, and the green was so insubstantial that I did not know there was green in it. In the high light of our room it is ugly and harmonizes with nothing. We have tried to dispense of it, but cannot, so must endure it. As the portieres are of old blue, the couch cover dark blue and russet brown (and these we must use at present,) the case seems hopeless. Such small things as bookcase curtains, chair, covers and the like we can change. Does the case appear hopeless to you? There is a mahogany round table which does not look well with the carpet. Nor does the mahogany-stained bookcase. A wicker chair, stained brown, and a few rockers complete the furnishing. The room is large and needs something to make it home-like. What, I cannot think. The hall is carpeted in blue and harmonizes well with the walls, but an awful door under the stairs, stained to represent mahogany (but looking not at all like it) spoils the entire effect. What can I do without removing it? Also what would you suggest for the seat? The stair carpet is red and blue."

Has it occurred to you that the fault of your living-room may lie in the fact that you have not softened the light in here. If light glares into a room, the most beautiful effects are often spoiled. I do not see why mahogany furniture should not look well with your car-

THE LOST COUNTRY.
By a Special Contributor.
IN THE WORLD.
GREATEST ELECTRICITY GENERATOR
BEATS NIAGARA.

THE LOST COUNTRY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Lost Country—now lost no longer—began at one end of the great black forest that threw its huge shadows over the river; ended almost at the mouth of the river, where it dwindled to the size of a mere mountain stream.

Anshel Brodsky built his inn in the heart of the forest on the road to and from Nowhere—a tiny oasis in the wilderness that defied all efforts of civilization. The Pristav and his convoy, the smugglers and their brother-robbers alone knew the path that led to his cabin, but though they often clashed, with now the law then the outlaw claiming victory, Anshel stood his ground unmolested. He could have told many a thrilling tale of peril and rescue, but to wayfarer and highwaymen alike, knocking at his door for a night's lodging, he invariably said:

"I will sell you the best of vodkas to give you courage, the choicest hay for your horse and the softest bed to rest upon, but never ask me to discuss matters a poor old Jew has neither eyes nor ears for. May the God of Israel guard you from evil!"

Perhaps to this discretion he owed his immunity; perhaps he knew too much for his own good to be telling tales. Who knows? Certain it is that Yankele, an adopted son of fourteen, was far too young to be taken seriously by either Cosack or smuggler.

The winter of the year 1881 still lingers in the memory of the Moushiks of the Lost Country. It was ushered in by a series of blizzards, one fiercer than the other. A grand, wild and awe-inspiring picture they made of the forest. Laden with snow till only here and there a green bough could be discerned, the tall birches and the stalwart elms joined tops across the narrow forest path, forming, as it were, one long, winding canopy—one shining, dazzling mass of white—while the low pines buried underneath peeped piteously out from their snowy graves, with a twig or two still struggling under their icy burden in a mute appeal for aid. In the forest all life seemed extinct. Here and there the course of a bear or deer could be plainly followed, had there been a hunter game enough to do it. But no one not thoroughly familiar with his ground would have found his way to old Anshel's roadhouse. Drifts of snow, mountains in height, completely buried it out of sight. The Dniester, frozen and still, seemed more than ever lost in the monotony of the prevailing whiteness.

Anshel, prepared for the tempest, felt snug and safe in his cabin, like Noah in his ark, wanting for nothing. He spent his time equally between making up a shortage in prayers and teaching his adopted son the creed of his fathers. He went to bed early, leaving a bright log fire blazing in the fireplace. About 12 o'clock that stormy night Yankele, who slept in the kitchen, was suddenly awakened by the crash of broken glass falling in a shower upon the floor, and strange voices, hoarse and commanding, calling for Anshel. The boy's first instinct was to hide his curly head under his quilt and thus escape whatever danger there was in this unexpected visit. But soon the voices grew louder and the demands, accompanied by oaths, more threatening. He nimbly rose to his feet, crossed the threshold into the adjoining room and, without stopping to look back, grasped Anshel's hand, jerking it with all his strength.

"Father," he called, "get up! They are here! They want you! Get up!"

"They want me? Who? Why?" muttered Anshel, bewildered, his eyes still heavy with slumber. In another instant he was on his feet. A terrific bang, and the window pane, frame and all came crashing, jingling into the room, letting in a gust of wind that made a rush for the fire as if it had been awaiting this chance to get in from the cold.

"The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob!" murmured Anshel's blanched lips. "Who's there?"

"Open up, you old dog of a Jew, or the devil himself won't find enough of you after we get through. Hurry up, curse ye!"

With trembling hands Anshel lit a candle. Motioning Yankele to go to bed again, he unbolted the door. The wind blew the light out. When he struck light again, Anshel beheld six bearded Moushiks in convict garb lining the wall. Their leader held out his hairy hand toward Anshel. Instinctively the old Jew drew back a step.

"You—Stepan—out of jail—here—tonight!" he stammered.

"Ha-ha-ha! And why not? I thought I would surprise you! Oh, well, you mustn't mind little things like these. I got tired of government grub and decided that a change would do me lots of good. So a fortnight ago, in the company of these gentlemen" (Stepan pointed to the five surly men behind him) "I persuaded the guards to take a trip to a warmer climate—where saints and fools never go, Anshel, and here we are to pay you our respects. Borom friends come first in our affections, eh, Anshel?"

With this he slapped the Jew a vigorous blow upon the shoulder, almost driving him through the floor.

"Come, now," he resumed an instant later, helping Anshel to his feet. "There's no harm meant. Bring out your strongest, reddest vodka, some bread and a few herrings. I could devour a whale myself tonight, and the lads here feel about the same. Step lively, now!" Without a word Anshel went into the next room.

Stepan made a careful survey of the room, looked into the woodshed, raised the quilt under which Yankele lay, eyes shut and scarcely breathing, yet wide awake for all that, and apparently satisfied, addressed his friends:

"Everything is all right, fellows, just as I expected it. But we can't stay here long. Before the rooster crows his morning song tomorrow the work must be com-

pleted. And then for a merry time! Would I knew if the cursed Cosacks are on our trail again—Damn the luck! The wind gave out too soon and it won't be much of a job to track us, I fear, once these hounds get the right scent."

"How about Anshel? Are you sure of the Jew?" broke in one of the smugglers.

"Oh, the old man will do his part. If he tries to spoil our little game, why, I'll—!" Instead of finishing his sentence he pulled out from his right boot a long shining cleaver and with a sly wink passed it over his own throat. The smugglers laughed aloud; a hoarse, vulgar laugh. The sight of the cleaver and the laughter made Yankele shudder; he felt a cold shiver creeping all over him, and his little heart seemed to stop as if frozen.

"I say, Stepan," said Matvei, his nearest pal, "don't you think it were best to kill the miser, anyhow? You can never tell when he is going to play Judas. Sooner



"KISS ME, LITTLE ONE, JUST ONCE."

(Illustration by R. Hastings.)

or later we'll walk into his cabin to find the Pristav and his troop hidden in the corners. You can't trust a Jew!"

"Yes—yes, Matvei. You are wrong here, my lad. You can trust Anshel. Without him the game won't be worth the candle. Besides—here he is!"

Anshel came in with a lamp and a tray, upon which, as he walked, there dangled a bottle of vodka, six glasses, some bread, onions and herring. He put his burden down upon the table and silently withdrew a few yards, his eyes fixed upon the visitors. Between big gulps of food, Stepan, in a few words, laid before Anshel his plan of action and the part he wanted him to take. Ten miles farther north, where the Dniester, making a sudden curve, runs the narrowest, a number of desperadoes had established a camp, whither all sorts of



ANSHEL SAT READING THE PSALMS.

(Illustration by R. Hastings.)

fugitives were brought in large numbers to be smuggled over to Roumania. The business paid enormously, and for a while everything went well. But strife over the division of spoils soon arose in the camp. A few fugitives never reached the Roumanian side, and the melee ended in the Cosacks swooping down upon the camp, killing a number of smugglers, and capturing the rest. Stepan and his five henchmen alone escaped. He sent word at once to the men and women still waiting in the frontier city of Ungen, but none would trust their lives to the gentle mercies of Stepan. If Anshel would write a Hebrew letter to the Rabbi of Ungen, indorsing the scheme and guaranteeing safety, Stepan would let Anshel have a fair share of the proceeds.

"And be quick about it, Anshel," concluded the smuggler. "We must return at once with the letter to be back here tomorrow with the goods."

Anshel listened silently to the story, but never ut-

tered a word himself. At last, when addressed directly, he rose to his full length and said in earnest tones:

"You may go, Stepan—You may go at once—but without the letter you want. Remember, I am a Jew!"

Stepan's face grew red, then dark. His eyes shot lightning, but he soon controlled himself.

"Yes, Anshel," he said, quite coolly, "I know that you are a Jew. This is why I want your help. Your confounded old fool of a rabbi won't take my word for it, but he will take yours. Write this letter at once. Mind, I will stand no trifling now; time is too precious. Either you do as I say, or, by the Blessed Saint Stepan, whose sacred name I bear, there'll be one Jew less in Russia tonight."

"You ask the impossible!" pleaded Anshel. "When you came here bragging of your raids, to divide the plunder, I was deaf and blind to it all. I prayed to Jehovah, who reads the hearts of men, to forgive me my grave sins, for I meant them not. But the blood of no man, Jew or Gentile, shall ever be upon Anshel's hands."

"Nor upon mine! I am done with it. This is a straight business and a fair one. The God, God bless his soul, is dead—blown up by Nihilists. The Moushiks in the cities have risen against the Jews! The streets of Balta are filled with their goods, thrown into heaps in the gutters. The mob is drunk on their blood and their vodka. Like rabbits in a burning forest, your brethren are running wild, begging for cover. Will you stand between them and freedom? Remember, you are a Jew!"

Anshel's head dropped upon his breast. The fire that burned there a moment ago vanished from his eyes. They were shut. For several minutes silence reigned in the room.

"The God dead!" murmured Anshel. "My people murdered.... God of Israel.... Thou art just." When he turned his face again to Stepan it was deathlike in its haggardness.

"You wish me to indorse your plan and guarantee the fugitives safety. What guarantee have I that they shall be treated as you promise?"

"The fact of my coming here tonight is your best guarantee, Anshel. What is there to prevent my digging your grave in the snow this very minute; to bring another Jew in the morning, not half as big a fool as you are, get his letter and complete my work as planned? Come to your senses, man! Can't you tell a lamb from a wolf?"

Again Anshel sat silent and motionless, his eyes closed, all lost in meditation. Only his features, convulsed and pitiful, betrayed the struggle. At last, determined, he took out a piece of soiled paper, a pencil, and began to write rapidly.

"Here," he said, putting the note into Stepan's outstretched hand. "Here is your letter. The God of my fathers has often before saved his chosen people through messengers of lowly race and birth. Go, and may He soften your hearts and bring you back here in safety!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the smugglers in chorus, crossing themselves. Ten minutes later the inn was again deserted save for its owners. The empty glasses and the remains of the frugal supper alone bespoke the presence of the midnight visitors. The lamp burned low on the table and before it Anshel sat, his deformed figure swaying to and fro, reading in a low, monotonous chant the Psalms of David. Big tears rolled from his aged eyes down his pallid cheeks over the faded pages of an old prayer book.

From the depths of the next room came the moaning of Miriam, tossing restlessly upon a bed she had not let in months. On his cot Yankele sat up, big-eyed, puzzled and scared. Outside the wind blew again, cold and furious, breaking in with a dismal howl upon the heavy stillness of the night.

The last chapter in the history of the Lost Country was begun.

The next day—Friday—the storm raged anew with greater fury. At 4 o'clock dusk, with characteristic suddenness, gave way to utter darkness, and the Sabbath was ushered in early mid gloom and dismal forebodings.

Anshel sat at his post near the window, like a man in a dream. He was all ears, all eyes. But no sound of outer life came. He sat down with Yankele to the Sabbath feast with none of the usual signs of gladness. Neither partook much of food. The boy sat quiet and alert. To both the stillness was oppressive.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Yankele. "I hear the jingling of bells."

"Tis the wind blowing in the chimney, my son!" reassured him Anshel.

But again the jingling, now so clear and distinct as to seem right near them, then so faint as to leave no echo, broke in upon the grim silence of the room. Before either could make for the door, cries of "Help! help!" for a moment held them captive in their seats. But only for a moment. Forgetting the Sabbath, Yankele grasped the lighted lamp and in a bound reached the open. Anshel ran after him, panting and praying. Left alone, Miriam cried and called for Anshel in piteous tones. He returned, lamp in hand, five minutes later. After him came a young Jew, fair and slender, clad in the old orthodox style—long flowing silken coat, loosely belted with silk girdle, a round fur cap and slippers. Yankele wound up the procession. They carried into the room and deposited tenderly upon the bed a black figure, wrapped in furs, that tossed restlessly and emitted low moans.

"In the name of God," the young stranger turned to Anshel, "help me to save my father. He is wounded—shot—and senseless!"

His voice was soft and musical, and his face, as he turned to the host, looked most pathetic in its feminine beauty. But ere he finished, Yankele had already unloosened the sufferer's wraps and was sprinkling water upon the blanched face. Anshel forced down his throat some brandy and the wounded man opened his eyes.

"Father! Oh, speak to me! It is I."

But the wounded man only rolled his eyes, recognizing no one, and immediately sank into a deep slumber. While Yankele crudely bandaged the wounded arm of

of having had further communication with the building of the Rio Grande, North Me.

Mining in Mexico.
A FIVE-WEEKS' JOURNEY THROUGH
THE STATE OF CHIHUAHUA.
From a Special Correspondent.

By a Chinese Contributor.

An Interesting Tradition.

Now, the Emperor's wife, Si Ling Chi, was a woman of wondrous beauty. And she was as good as she was beautiful, which is saying a good deal, indeed, for so altogether charming and beautiful was she that, before her marriage with the Emperor, she was known far and wide, at home and abroad, as "The Princess Lovely," and kings, princes and nobles had journeyed from far countries to woo her; but she wisely chose the good and benevolent Hwang Ti.

day there is not a province in that country which has not at least one temple dedicated to the memory of the "Goddess of Silkworms," as she became known, whither the people annually repair to celebrate her discovery of silk.

I may add that, so highly do my countrymen and women appreciate the value of the silk industry in furnishing them with an easy, profitable and respectable means of livelihood, that, in honor of the little creatures to whose labors they are indebted for it, since the year of its discovery silkworms have been known in China as "the precious ones."

Chances for Industry in America.

During 1890 silk to the value of \$5,880,000 (nearly \$30,000,000) was produced in six countries of Europe alone. From this one may form some conception of the vast importance of the industry to China—which produces more silk than all the rest of the world combined. As the industry has already gained a footing in the United States, and the conditions are almost ideally suited for it, ere many years high-grade "pod" silk should become one of its leading, staple exports—especially in California and the warm Southern States. The constant and growing demand for silk the world over, and the total inadequacy of the supply, are responsible for the unreasonably high prices of this commodity. It will require an enormous increase in the amount of capital and number of those engaged in its production to bring the market price to a normal figure.

Like everything else connected with this fascinating industry, the life history of the insect, to the indefatigable labor of which we are indebted for every thread of true silk in the world, is of absorbing interest, from the time it is hatched—and before, even—until, after passing through four distinctly separate ages or aspects of its life, it becomes a full-fledged worker, and then on through two successive, additional changes, finally becoming a winged moth ready to lay eggs and propagate its kind. Although the life of the silkworm is one of continual and wonderful change, new and startling phases of its characteristic peculiarities and needs are constantly presenting themselves, to be learned and memorized, yet that very novelty, which renders a study of the insect's habits and requirements so pleasant and absorbingly interesting a task, itself tends to impress them upon the mind of the student, thus making the very necessary mastery of all such detail's comparatively simple and easy of acquirement. For a thorough knowledge of these apparently unimportant trifles is vitally essential to the successful pursuit of silk culture. Nearly 5000 years of absolute reliance upon the care of man has left "the precious ones" totally unable to care for themselves in the slightest particular, except in the matter of building their cocoon prisons; hence, should they be left to shift for themselves, in less than a twelve-month their complete extermination—the utter extinction of the species—would be the inevitable result of such desertion. There are no wild silkworms, that is, of the species *Bombyx mori*—the only true silkworm.

Incubation and Growth.

When first laid, the egg of the silkworm moth is a tiny, round, bright yellow atom, about the size of a mustard seed, slightly flattened; they are usually covered with a sticky, gum-like substance, which causes them to adhere to the paper upon which they are generally deposited, one at a time, in regular rows; each mother moth laying, on an average, a total of about five hundred eggs, which gradually grow paler day by day until hatching time, which occurs late in the spring or in very early summer, and may be equalized so that all will hatch about the same time, by pouring warm water (95 to 100 deg. Fahr.) over the eggs at intervals of about an hour, then spreading them on mats, which should be placed on bamboo shelves arranged around the sides of the room. Bamboo should be used for the shelves, as it is an odorless wood, and the tiny creatures are very sensitive to malodorous influences—frequently dying from a short exposure to those of an offensive character. Noise is also abhorrent to them, and care should be taken not to jar or jolt the shelves upon which they rest. The temperature of the house wherein worms are kept should be as nearly that of the human body as practicable, and they should be sedulously guarded against dampness and draughts—special care being exercised to protect them against the latter, as it frequently is the cause of a species of rheumatism which, if it does not kill the worm, injures it to such an extent that both the quality and quantity of its future product of silk will be seriously affected.

When first hatched, the grub is an almost invisible, black, hair-like object about one-twelfth of an inch long, and exceedingly thin for even that length—or rather, shortness. Under a powerful glass it is seen to be covered with a short—very short—growth of black hair; the body is composed of twelve segments, the first three of which are equipped with a pair of legs each, while five pairs of false or temporary legs (being discarded with the skin later in life) grow from the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and (then skipping two) twelfth, or hindermost, segments. The skin, if denuded of the black hairs, appears to be much too large for the little orphan (having lost both its parents months before it was hatched) which inhabits it. However, as it immediately sets to work upon the finely-chopped mulberry leaf which has been prepared for it, it soon grows into its clothes, as it were; and, in fact, as it continues eating (for it is born hungry, and never appears to get enough during the four first stages of its life,) it soon outgrows them; they begin to split along the back and their owner ties them to the nearest projection, with a silk thread, which it spins for that purpose, and squirms and wriggles and rips them still farther, until he finally twists himself out of them, appearing in a brand new suit of clothes, lighter in color than the last, and, strange to say, also very much too large for the wearer, though the ones just discarded, which covered them,—were far too small.

Moults Four Times.

in size very rapidly, as it is incessantly eating, except during the short periods when it stops to change clothes. This change of skin (moulting, it is called,) occurs four times during the silkworm's life, each change requiring several hours, during which the worm is, of necessity, compelled to forego its "continuous performance" at the dining table for that length of time, and as "all the time is dinner time" with our hungry little friend, it becomes very cross and irritable when compelled to interrupt its never-ending meal long enough to get into a suit of clothes sufficiently large to accommodate its rapidly-increasing bulk, and thus permit it to continue its gastronomic performances; it savagely resents the near approach of any moving object, and great care should be taken at this period not to annoy or further irritate it, lest it should unintentionally commit suicide (which it frequently does,) by trying to get out of its skin with one jump, before it is sufficiently loosened—presumably that it may return to its pleasant occupation of feeding without any more waste of time. During the fifth and last stage of its existence as a worm, which begins immediately after the fourth moult and lasts about a week, "the precious (hungry) one" eats almost double as much as during all the rest of its life put together, and attains its full growth, being, at the close of that period, more than three inches long, quite thick, of a pale, almost white color, and presenting a decidedly waxy appearance. Also, wonderful to relate, for the first time in its life it refuses food!

Develops New Traits.

It develops a number of new traits, every one of which should be carefully observed, as they are ominous of the near approach of another and more wonderful change in its life—the beginning of the end. It becomes cross, irritable and restless; it will not eat, has a tendency to wander, and continually sways its head from side to side, high in the air, spinning short bits of silk thread, which it attaches here and there to every near projection. The period of its first labor is at hand; it knows it, and accepts the situation with a very bad grace. However, we should not censure it too severely for this, inasmuch as it must now spend several days in hard, unceasing toil, weaving a silken prison about itself, in which 'tis doomed to lie in dark and solitary confinement for from seventeen to twenty-one days, after completing it, before regaining its liberty.

It soon begins to build the outside frame of the cocoon which is to be its prison. This it does by running threads back and forth irregularly from one support to another, usually projecting twigs or leaves, which it has chosen as the outside limits of the cocoon. The rough, irregular outline completed, it continues to work inward, irregularly crossing the threads as before, until a hollow space of not more than an inch and a quarter in length remains, in which it lies doubled up, as it is fully twice that long itself.

It now commences the cocoon proper, or inside wall of its prison. This is composed of true or "pod" silk, as it is commercially known, being one long, unbroken thread of soft, shining silk, white in the best breeds, sometimes slightly tinged with yellow, or again, of a beautiful deep golden color. This thread is frequently more than three-fifths of a mile in length; its production is one of the most wonderful and interesting processes in nature, and was for many years a prolific source of dispute among naturalists. This is the manner of its accomplishment: The lower lip of the silkworm terminates in a slight projection called the spinneret, through which a tiny perforation extends from the upper to the lower side; the worm presses its spinneret against the inside wall of the cocoon, a glutinous, sticky substance is ejected and cozes through the hole in the spinneret, adhering to the wall and slightly hardening upon contact with the air; the worm now moves its head forward and sideways in the form of the figure eight, drawing the gummy substance out into a silk thread, and attaching it to the inside wall of the cocoon continuously throughout its entire course; after spinning a number of layers in one place, it shifts its position slightly to one side, spinning another layer of figures eight, which slightly overlaps the first; it again shifts its position slightly, always without breaking the thread; and so on, repeatedly spinning layers of figures eight, and shifting to one side, until it has turned completely around inside the cocoon, and spun one series of overlapping patches, each patch composed of many layers of silk of the figure mentioned; when one series is completed another one is begun; when that is done, another; and so on, until the inner wall is quite thick, when the insect plasters it over with a different kind of gummy secretion, and the cocoon is completed.

Takes a Rest

Having finished its labor, the silkworm lies down to take a three or four-days' rest, at the end of which time its skin splits and the pupa or chrysalis emerges therefrom, having shrunk to less than a quarter of its former size, leaving its old skin, together with the five pairs of temporary legs formerly mentioned, attached to it. At the end of two weeks more it again sheds its skin, ejects a thin, alkaline liquid against the walls of its prison, dissolving the gummy plastering, the threads become loose, the tiny insect pushes its way between and through them, emerging into light and liberty an entirely different creature from the one it went in, possessing, it is true, five pairs of legs less than formerly, and (perhaps as a penalty for its gluttony during previous aspects of its existence,) totally minus a mouth! In place of the discarded organs, however, Nature has equipped it with two pairs of wings and endowed it with grace and beauty, neither of which is possessed in even the smallest degree while a mere worm. To adopt the language of the Hindus, it has passed through the several aspects of its being, completed its karma, and in its winged state is experiencing the blissful perfection of silkworm Nirvana—the delights of mothhood. And it has bequeathed a valuable legacy—its cocoon—to man, who has but to unwind the beautiful, shining thread of silk, reel it onto spools, or bobbins, and send it to the "thrower" of the loom, whence it will emerge as finished silk cloth, in due time to become a robe of state, gracing the person of royalty, or a gown of fashion, enhancing and ennobled by Beauty's charms. This, in brief, is the life-history of the silkworm, or, as they are called throughout China, "the precious ones."

PAK GAW WUN

This article was written in the Chinese by Prof. Pak Gaw Wun, and translated and abridged by E. Percivale Baker, interpreter-secretary to the author.

[June 9, 1901.]

the father, Anshel dragged the son away to the table, forced him to drink a glass of wine, and said in a stern voice:

"Young stranger! You are not a Jew, though your garb and your German might deceive others. What's more, you are a woman. How came you here in this storm, and why this masquerade?"

Tears were the stranger's sole response.

"Don't!" cried Anshel. "I can't bear to see those tears. Tell me everything, hide nothing. Anshel was never blind to a woman's grief!"

"There's little to tell," she said, taking his proffered chair. "We are Americans who made a tour of your country in the interests of a great publication in our own land. The assassination of Alexander found us in Odessa in close touch with people who had, if not a hand in the affair, at least some knowledge of it. When the catastrophe came, all who could escaped to Germany or Austria. We were too late. A reward was offered for the capture of my father. Disguised as Jews, we safely reached Ungen almost at the moment Stepan brought your letter. The Jews refused to go, lest the Sabbath still find them on the road. It was our only chance of escape and we took it. Already we were eyed with suspicion by the rabbi's followers. One hour after we left we were betrayed by our host and the Cossacks gave immediate chase. They overtook our party, consisting of two sleds, some fifteen miles from here. A fusillade began. Badly pressed, the mugglers, favored by darkness, jumped into the forest thicket, leaving us to our fate. My father was wounded and fast losing consciousness. With fingers frozen and numb, I beat and lashed the poor beasts, expecting every moment to be captured. Oh, the agony of the suspense! Later I heard another exchange of shots far behind us. But I dared not look back. The reins fell out of my hands. The horses flew. I felt sleepy and could scarcely keep my eyes open. My head seemed in a whirl. Suddenly the sleigh bumped into the trunk of a fallen tree and I awoke in the snow. You know the rest." She sank back in her chair, exhausted.

Anshel stood beside her, silent all through the narrative. He took her little hand in his and patted it. "Keep your courage!" he said with trembling voice. "You'll need it now more than ever. But trust to Him. He will be your guide!"

"I don't care for myself," she resumed, sobbing. "My poor, dear father!" Will he ever speak to me again? And yet—here a fierce gleam of fire flashed in her eyes—"I'd much rather see him dead and buried here than dragged back to their vile jail and tortured alive. Anshel," she suddenly exclaimed, kneeling before him and trying to catch his hands. "Tis true I am a Christian. 'Tis true that your race suffered much at the hands of Christians, so-called. I myself have seen your men and women robbed, beaten, dishonored. But I was helpless; a stranger in a strange land. What can a woman do but love and hate and pray and weep? But, Anshel, if my heart tells me right, you will not seek to avenge your nation's wrongs upon a woman in distress. Remember the God who died that we might live, forgive His tormentors. Save us, oh, save us from the Cossacks! I beseech you by all that you deem sacred, by all that you love best!"

"Rise, woman, rise, and listen to what I have to say. I am a Jew. My heart bleeds at the tale of my people's woes. But I am a man above all. And faith would I do your bidding, for my heart goes out to the poor and the wretched, whoever they be. But you know not what you ask. The Cossacks will be here in an hour. With the birds flown, cage, keepers and all will be burned to cinders. Oh, too well I know them. They shield not the innocent; they spare not the dying. Would you have me imperil myself, this boy who has seen so little of life, this wife of mine whose soul hangs on a thread so frail?"

"But we can flee together! Surely you, living here, must know the shortest route to Roumania! My father is not poor. It shall be my life's mission to comfort you in your old days. There, in our own country, in America, where all men and all creeds are alike, you shall see the dawn of a better life."

"Nay, nay! my good woman! Anshel will die where his fathers have died before him. His days are few and numbered. Not my own fate I mind.... My wife, my Miriam."

"Will die beside you if die she must!"

Touched to the quick by the familiar voice, Anshel turned round to see Miriam, who, a silent witness to the girl's pleading, crawled from her bed to the girl's side. "Miriam!" exclaimed Anshel.

"So fair, so young, and so much in trouble!" murmured Miriam, fingerling the girl's tresses. "How old are you, my child?"

"Seventeen."

"Just the age of my first and only torn when the Cossacks took him from us to serve the Czar. He never returned home. But you shall.... This time the beasts shall lose their prey!" And as the girl, tears in her eyes, grasped Miriam's hand, the invalid's face flushed and beamed with an unearthly happiness.

"Kiss me once, little one," she said, embracing the girl. "Just once, as you would your own mother.... So!.... How good of you! Now, go and God be with you!"

Too full of emotion to speak, the young girl assisted Miriam to a chair, and for a time nothing broke the silence save the heavy breathing of the wounded man. Anshel was first to speak.

"So be it," he said, sadly, but firmly. "In the words of Miriam I hear the voice of God. His will be done! Yankele is a strong and willing 'ai. He knows the road well and will bring you safely to Roumania long before the sun is up. I shall bolt the doors and keep them barred against all odds. This will convince the Cossacks that you are still within, and delay pursuit. For the rest, the Lord have mercy upon our souls!" He bowed his head and a tear trickled down his cheek. "Yankele, come here, lad!"

Yankele, who never left the scene for a second, drew

nearer. Anshel put his hands upon the boy's head and gave him his fatherly blessing.

"Go and prepare the sled, my boy; take off the bells and drive around in various directions to mix the tracks. Then come back and take our guests to the other side of the Dniester. Not at once. First bring them to that cabin in the woods you know so well, and when the Cossacks have come and gone, cross the frozen river, but not till then. It is not often I send you upon errands of this kind on a Sabbath night. But human lives are in danger, my son, and the Lord will be merciful. Go!"

When Yankele left the room, Anshel turned to the girl again: "In doing for you all a man can do for a fellow-being, I ask no reward in money or thanks. Swear to me that you will keep the lad with you and make a man of him. Methinks, he need not blush for being a Jew!"

"I swear!" said the girl simply, but in such a tone that Anshel felt satisfied she meant it. Twenty minutes later the doors and windows of old Anshel's inn were barred and the lights out. But sleep shunned this house. In a dark corner near the window sat Miriam, and beside her Anshel, holding her hand in his own, muttering prayers. Half a mile away Yankele cautiously led the horses that carried the American girl and her senseless father. Several times the boy halted to rest, for progress was slow and painful. Twice he fell, bruising his hands and face, but on and on he walked, leading the horses. Suddenly he stopped.

"What is it now?" came a voice from the sleigh.

"The Cossacks!" answered Yankele.

With whoops and yells and curses three or four sleighs full of armed Cossacks drove up to the inn. The fugitives could hear their shrill commands, which soon gave place to soft coaxing, to be again changed to vile threats and oaths. They could hear the battering of the oaken doors and iron shutters, but dared not move. Yankele crawled into the sleigh, getting a firmer hold on the reins to keep the horse from bolting. Suddenly the animal shied, tore loose and away it went like an arrow, as if driven by the evil spirit of the woods.

"Look!" whispered Yankele in horror.

The inn was on fire. At first the mass of snow impeded its progress, but soon the thatched roof gave way and the building burned like a match.

"Oh, God!" moaned the girl.

The horse fairly flew. Already it was on the shore of the river. One leap, and it struck the solid bed of ice. Here the animal stopped, but Yankele picked up the reins and lashed the horse fiercely. On and on it sped. It was but a question of minutes, aye, seconds, when the opposite bank would be reached. But the river was exposed. The fire cast a bright light upon snow and ice. Delay meant capture, meant death. With the last strength in him the boy beat the exhausted beast. Another leap in the air, the sleigh tipped over, and the three rolled on the snow of the Roumanian bank.

On the other side the inn was still burning. Round it in a mad dance circled the Cossacks, like fiends, adding fuel, beating down the walls. On the roof of the stable, holding Miriam with one hand, stood Anshel, his gray beard flowing in the gale, his eyes raised to heaven.

"Father!" screamed Yankele, but the plucky girl shut his mouth in time and the cry was stifled. As if in response, a cry of triumph.

"Hear, O Israel, our Lord God is one and His name is one!"

The walls fell in with a crash and everything was hidden in a column of black smoke. When Yankele looked again, two miles away, he could see nothing but the full moon swimming placidly upon a blue, starry sky above and the dry, crisp snow below.

For a moment the boy sat rigid in the sleigh, his eyes staring wildly at the girl; then his lips parted and moved, and slowly, mechanically he repeated:

"Hear, O Israel, our Lord God is one and His name is one!"

Without a word the girl picked up the reins and the sleigh left the scene forever.

NATHAN M. BABAD, M.D.

"SNAPPING" THE ANTELOPE.

[A. G. Wallihan, in Leslie's Monthly:] Out in the open country, where his wonderful eyes and his lightning speed can have their full play, here loves to roam the antelope, the fleetest and the homeliest of American game. To outwit them and get within the requisite distance to obtain good photographs requires much patience and a very intimate acquaintance with them, for one must know about what they will do, as well as what they will not do. They will be, next to buffalo, the first to become extinct, as their habitat exposes them to a constant warfare. The ranchman, the shepherd, the sportsman, wage a continuous battle with them, while the wolf and the coyote infest their territory and are very destructive to them.

Finding a spring they use constantly, we made a blind of sage and rabbit brush—not such a blind as ducks would be deceived by, but one that the coyote, whose vision is next to human, did not discern—I awaited the coming of the prong-horn to drink. Sometimes one would come suddenly in sight on the hilltop, half a mile away, running to the water, followed by another and another, until a large bunch would be racing down upon me, causing my heart to thump in anticipation of their getting in range of my lens. Within one or two hundred yards of the water a halt was generally made, and much reconnoitering, maneuvering, and apparent guessing as to there being a bugaboo at the spring. Thirst generally drove fear away, and they would cautiously come down into the gulch bottom, and when the water was once seen there was no further delay. Oftentimes an imaginary scare would send them all up and over the bank like mad, only to pause and return and drink their fill, when satisfied there was no danger.

BEATS NIAGARA.

GREATEST ELECTRICITY GENERATOR IN THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

AS A SOURCE of power supply to the Pan-American Exposition, so much is heard of Niagara as to establish a general impression that it is the most powerful source of electric current in the world. This is not so. Niagara is outdone in this respect by the St. Lawrence, that vast funnel which conveys the waters of the Great Lakes to the sea—a river which from its head at the Thousand Islands flows with such force that it forms a continuous waterfall for fully 175 miles. True, it is not a sheer descent like Niagara, but a gradual incline which really represents far more force than the enormous power of Lake Erie's outlet.

Near the little town of Massena, in the far northeastern corner of New York State, a thousand men have been at work for several years past constructing what engineers say is the largest power canal in the world. It is practically completed and a portion of the St. Lawrence now flows through it to the Grasse River. Though only about three miles in length, the canal is 150 feet wide and of sufficient depth to provide what experts say is sixty feet head—vertical descent of the water—at the power-house. This power-house, which is 700 feet in length and constructed of stone, will contain machinery which will actually generate more electric current than Niagara when it is completely installed.

Fifteen sets of turbine water wheels, each containing six wheels, are set in what might be called the basement of the power station. The sets are separated into three pairs and turn upon horizontal shafts. Each set of wheels is connected with an electrical generator, which will develop power equal to the strength of 5000 horses. Although it is claimed that the Niagara generators are of the same caliber, electricians state that the St. Lawrence apparatus represents from 100 to 200 more horse-power per set of turbines. An idea can be gained of the size of the generators when it is stated that each weighs 175 tons. The rim or "bed" is so large that when under construction at the works of the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburgh, three gymnastic workmen stood upon each other's shoulders, and the top man was just able to touch the inside of the upper rim with his hands. Each rim is three feet in width, and in the construction millions of feet of wire were required.

In setting up the generator in the power-house, the great wheels were arranged in a sort of tandem fashion, one following the other. To place them in position a mammoth traveling crane, operated by electricity, was placed in position, trolling along an overhead railroad. This crane can lift eighty-five tons at one time. It held the parts of the generator while they were being fastened together. The shafts revolve in steel bearings so large that a man of medium size can crawl through the boring made to receive the shaft's end. Each generator is "coupled," as it is termed, directly to a set of turbine wheels, which furnish the water power to revolve it. This means that the shaft turning the turbines is continued on through the hub of the generator, and thus no belt is required. In fact, it is doubtful if any combination of leather or rubber could be made which would revolve these enormous discs safely at the speed required.

Although when all the apparatus is installed the power-house will generate current equal to 100,000-horse-power, such is the simplicity of its control that but one man is required to start and stop the machinery. In the center of the building, on a raised platform, is what is known as the controlling station, to which are attached a number of marble slabs with keys, such as are ordinarily used by a telegraph operator. Each key connects with a series of air valves and pistons, working what are called switch stands, one to each generator. A chemical battery furnishes an electric current to move the air valves and pistons. They convey the necessary force to operate the switches, which break or restore the electric current, which in turn starts the turbines. This force is generated from a set of three smaller turbines, coupled to generators, which are called "exciters," and are merely used to stop and start the main plant, like the steam cylinder which moves the starting wheel on the engine of an ocean steamship. The switches are so close together on the controlling stand that the operator can sit in a chair and reach each one with his finger. Merely on the pressure of a key the 5000-horse-power it controls ceases to work. Another pressure and in a moment it is again producing current.

Ordinarily a great power-producing plant is located in some center of industry where power is in demand for many purposes. Therefore, it seems on first consideration, strange that the greatest electric plant in the world should be located in a little town far from any considerable center of population. But the company which has established the plant believes that a great city will grow up around it, industrial projects being drawn thither by the cheapness of the power. While it is expected that the plant will light the city of Ottawa, Ont., eighty miles distant, and operate its street-railway system, the power will be principally used for manufacturing, and already several companies have made arrangements to build in the vicinity. One will manufacture aluminum which depends upon cheap electric power for its production at a low cost. The St. Lawrence Company, which constructed the canal and station, has spent \$6,000,000 on it. It is really an international company, as both London and New York people are stockholders.

J. M. B.

EASILY ANSWERED.

"Tommy, how many wars has the United States been engaged in?"

"Five, sir."

"Enumerate them."

"One, two, three, four, five."

HOW IT IS CARRIED ON IN CHINA AND
SILK CULTURE.

June 9, 1901.
June 9, 1901.

MINING IN MEXICO.

A FIVE-WEEKS' JOURNEY THROUGH
THE STATE OF CHIHUAHUA.

From a Special Correspondent.

YEPACHIC (Chihuahua) May 20.—Leaving El Paso in the morning we reached Casas Grandes about eight hours later, passing through a prosperous country, of cattle ranges, farms, and a rich mining section, all of which have received a great impetus from the fact of having had railroad communication with El Paso since the building of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific system. The objective point of our party was a mining camp to the south of Rio de Aros, and as we were not in a hurry, and fond of shooting, fishing and sight-seeing, the time consumed in reaching our destination was five weeks, although the trip could easily have been made in less than two weeks.

This is an ideal hunting ground for big game, and deer are so plentiful that the Mormons slaughter them by the wagonload to send to the El Paso markets. The Mormon villages through which we passed gave every evidence of prosperity, in startling contrast with the untidy, unthrifty native pueblos. The largest of their settlements is Colonia Dublan, four miles from the terminus of the railroad. There are beautiful orchards and gardens, thousands of acres of rich tilling and grazing land, controlled by about one thousand people, who are as one great family, each owning an equal interest in all property. The other colonies are Juarez, Diaz, Oaxaca, Pacheco, Garcia, Chalchupa and Morelos, owned and controlled by about five thousand people in all. Each settlement has, or will have, a fine schoolhouse, church and public hall for entertainments and dances. The men are extremely thrifty and the women are not a whit behind them. While the men till the fields, the women make butter, and cheese, dry and can fruit, which bring fancy prices in the markets of Mexico.

The Thrifty Mormons.

When approaching one of the colonies, one does not need to be told of the fact, for wagon roads are met with wherever it is possible to construct one, and where not, the trails are kept in perfect condition, such as no native ever looked upon before the advent in Mexico of the Mormons. Polygamy is openly practiced, despite denials to the contrary, and their numbers are being swelled greatly by converts among the Mexicans, who seem to take rapidly to that tenet of the Saints' "religion."

Several sawmills have been built in remote parts of the mountains and distant mining camps are supplied with lumber by the Mormons. They also take contracts for hauling ore to the railroad and delivering supplies to the mines. They are, in many respects, ideal citizens, peaceable, hard-working, fairly intelligent, and have done much to make Northern Mexico habitable. As a rule, the Mormons do not go in for mining, although several good copper prospects have recently been opened up by them in the Sierra Madre.

Some Great Mines.

Among the great mines of Northern Mexico that of Nacozari, owned by Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York, easily holds first place. The product is copper and silver, and several hundred men are constantly employed. Grading for the new railroad has begun, the company having made a most liberal offer to the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific system to extend their line to Nacozari, from which point it will eventually reach the Pacific. The output of the mine would be enormously increased with railroad communication.

Twenty-eight miles farther south is the new mining camp of La California, the vein being twelve feet wide and assaying from \$12 to \$200 per ton in gold. It is owned by Will Evans, G. W. Stout, Clyde Mitchell, B. L. Story and Dr. E. R. Clark. The mine is only five miles from the Bavispe River, and water power will eventually be employed to run the reduction works. Another promising vein in this camp is the Arizona, owned by Alexander Grant, E. M. Sturges, and Dr. E. D. Smith. The ore is of medium grade, but there is a vast amount of it. The camps of Sabinal and San Pedro are showing up good ores, and Escobedo, El Chocolate and San Joaquin are also thriving camps. The camps of Chulchupa and Seven Stars have been deserted for some time. Considerable effort was done on these veins, but the results were not satisfactory, or the owners lacked funds to go on, and they were abandoned. Not even a lone peon was left behind to guard the buildings and implements. A good assay outfit was left on the spot. However, an El Paso company, headed by C. B. James, has recently acquired the title to the Seven Stars mine and is preparing to push development work. It is claimed that a new ore body has been discovered. This is a beautiful country, with wood, water, game, feed for animals, etc., at command. There are beautiful mesas where anything can be grown by simply making a hole in the ground with a stick, dropping in the seed, covering it over by kicking the soil, and lo! the planter may rest until the product thereof is ready to harvest, just, as we are told, did the Aztecs of old.

A Copper Prospect.

A fine copper prospect is being worked by A. J. Devine of Los Angeles, on the Rio Bonito. Two other Los Angeles men, A. Hudson and Daniel May, are opening up a small but rich gold vein ten miles south of Guadalupe, near Rio de Aros. We also met Ed Bell, John White and Harry Beal of Los Angeles, on the way to a new prospect in the same vicinity. Eight miles east of Rio de Aros is the Huizopa mine, discovered by a peon, who worked the wonderfully rich vein for several months, taking out to Chihuahua on burros many loads of ore showing masses of native silver and glittering with gold. He spent his money after the fashion

of his class, in gambling and drinking, and as the shaft he had opened filled with water, he had no means to purchase machinery. He sold the mine to Gen. Juan A. Hernandez of Chihuahua, on deferred payments, but became involved in quarrels with the owner and died a poor man. Considerable money, about \$40,000, Mexican, was spent in opening the mine, and in putting up buildings, but the men in charge of the property managed to get away with the proceeds, and Gen. Hernandez is said to have never received a dollar in profits. The mine has been closed down for about two years. It is said that the vein gave out, being only in a pocket. Perhaps \$100,000 worth of this rich ore was stolen by workmen, and I can well credit it, for we saw specimens from Huizopa at every native jacal in the country.

The Search for Lost Mines.

The San Leon mine, near Rio de Aros, consists of a small, rich streak. The owner not being able to give it his personal attention, has reaped no reward from it. Various leasers have made some profit out of it, but the absence of timber and fuel render the ore of little value. Although but little worked, the mine is a very old one, having been operated by the "antiguas." Somewhere in this vicinity, so tradition says, is the famous "Casa Blanca," and the fabulously rich "Tiopa" is believed to be between this point and Guaynopa, to the north. Every year men from distant parts of the world, as well as natives of the soil, wearily pursue the search for these "lost mines," and so conflicting are the tales told of them that the hearer is inclined to disbelieve that such mines ever existed. Fifteen miles west is the famous old Mulatos mine, not famous on account of its wealth, but from the fact that one of the best experts in the United States, Daniel Gillette, was badly "salted" and purchased the property for Haywards and other San Francisco parties ten or twelve years ago. After spending a great deal of money on the place, in rebuilding the mill, etc., the new owners discovered that they had been tricked and, after a famous law suit, recovered damages from the Mexican who sold the property. The property has been "sold" a number of times since, but has always come back to the owners with more damage to its reputation. Recently, it has been again sold to an American company, among whom are Messrs. Sparr and Sharpe, and extensive improvements are being made. Possibly with new machinery, economical management and reduced freight rates, the mine can be made to pay, as there is practically an inexhaustible supply of low-grade ore. After the first summer rains, many natives wash gold from the sands of the Mulatos River, but the quality is poor, it is very fine and difficult to save, so that the workers do not make on an average more than 75 cents, Mexican, a day.

The Yaqui Gold Fields.

The so-called "Yaqui gold fields" are a delusion and a snare. Gold exists in small quantities, and I have heard on good authority that an American washed out \$4000 worth of nuggets in an arroyo leading into Rio de Aros, but if this be true, he was a striking exception to the hundreds of prospectors that annually flock to this section. I have met many parties finely equipped, some of which consisted of expert prospectors, and never personally knew of one man who made wages in washing gold in the Arco or Yaqui River. There are a few places where reduction works could be made to pay fairly well, but the prospector who deludes himself with the idea that he can make more than Mexican wages here would do well to stay out of the country, for it cannot be done.

There is but little mining activity west of Mulatos until the great mines of Prietas are reached. Near Sahuaripa, J. Boyce, who represents considerable eastern capital, is working a few prospects. He also has a promising vein of \$20 gold ore, eight feet wide, near Yepachic, with a mill on the road for its reduction. Also, another vein several miles west, for which a "prospect mill" has been ordered.

The famous Casitas mine, discovered by James Brent and his partners, has finally passed from the control of Brent, having been bought in by the creditors of Brent, who was for several years involved in a disastrous law suit with parties who claimed adjacent territory and the better part of the mine. Casitas was a famous silver producer, and is yet a great mine, although lying idle, as it may for years to come. In this vicinity are numerous old mines, with immense dumps of low-grade ore that, with modern reduction works, would yield a large profit, if 100 to 200 tons were treated per day.

The famous Pinos Altos mine, southwest of Guerrero, after many vicissitudes, is almost entirely shut down, pending the rebuilding of the mill. The mine passed from the control of the English Company two years ago, and since that time but little has been done. The ore is low-grade, but with electric power and a modern mill, it should be a good dividend-producer for many years to come. Most of the mines of the Jesus Maria group are doing well. The star property is Waterson's mine, at Ocampo. It has been owned and worked by Mr. Waterson from the beginning, and is a model of what a mine in Mexico should be, but so seldom is. It has never been left to the untender mercies of the paid superintendent, whose sole object, as a rule, is to draw his salary and do as little work as consistent to hold his "job." The mill is always in perfect order, the mine has ore blocked out for many years to come, all buildings and machinery are up-to-date, and the mine produces, when the mill runs to its full capacity, about \$50,000, Mexican, a month, with working expenses of about \$20,000, leaving a clear profit of \$30,000, Mexican, or \$15,000 gold. The ore averages about \$45, Mexican. An English company has been negotiating for this property for many months, and offered \$500,000, gold, for it, but the sale is now "off," Mr. Waterson being loath to part with his property.

The Sahuyacan mine has lately been sold to Pittsburgh people, who are making extensive improvements in the mill. Dios-te-Gui mine has been sold by the Rascon brothers to a Mexican company, who will put up a new mill this summer.

Six miles south of Huizopa a new prospect, called Veta

Grande, is being opened. There is an immense vein that may be traced for many miles on the surface. The pay ore so far encountered is rich in gold.

Liberal Mining Laws.

The mining laws of Mexico are very liberal, and tend to encourage mining by their simplicity. A prospector may place a "zone" over as great a territory as he desires, by application to the nearest mining agent, the fee being about \$2.50, Mexican. He then has the exclusive right to prospect the zone for ninety days. He then decides that he wants, say, four pertenencias, each being equivalent to 2.47 acres. He petitions the first mining agent for this territory, the cost of registering being \$1. Then the agent appoints a surveyor, who has sixty days in which to send in his maps and make a report to the mining agent. The usual charges of a surveyor is \$15 a claim and traveling expenses, or from \$75 to \$100, according to the number of claims denounced. The fee for stamps, etc., is about \$12 for each pertenencia, and when the titles are finally received from the City of Mexico, the cost of the stamps affixed is \$10 for each pertenencia. Thereafter, the total cost per year is \$10 for each claim, to be paid at the tax office, either in one advance payment or in three yearly payments. No work is necessary to hold a claim, provided the taxes are paid promptly.

The government tax on bullion, whether exported or sold to the mint, is 5 per cent., with a small cost for assaying, etc. S. CECIL.

THE PYGMIES.

CENSUS OF THOSE IN THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS
SHOWS THAT THEY NUMBER TEN THOUSAND.

[New York Times:] A census of the aboriginal pygmies of the Andaman Islands has for the first time been taken by the British authorities, and is to be published as part of the census of the British East Indies. The official figures in the enumeration of the members of the several tribes are not yet at hand, but it has been made known that the number is between 10,000 and 12,000, or several thousands more than the estimate formerly regarded as trustworthy. It is now made certain that these travelers who had reported that the Andaman pygmies numbered "only about two thousand" were greatly mistaken.

The Kora tribe and the Tabo tribe, the existence of which was but recently brought within view of the British authorities, were a surprise to the census agents who counted their unexpectedly numerous members. There was frequently difficulty in making a count of the natives, for they feared that it would lead to plague, famine, heavy exactions, and enforced military service. The savage Jarawas were very greatly alarmed.

Many interesting facts have been gathered by the census takers in the Andaman Islands. Though the ancient inhabitants of the islands have generally been spoken of as "aboriginal pygmies," it is to be said that they are larger than the people of the dwarfish negro tribes found in some parts of Africa. Though of diminutive size and low type, yet many of the men reach a stature of five feet, and the average height of the race may be put at about a foot less than that of Britons or Americans. They are a black race, with coarse hair, blunt nose, small eyes, slender legs, and protuberant paunch.

It was formerly believed by ethnologists that the Andaman pygmies were distinct from any other oriental race, and that their speech bore no affinity to any other in the Indies, but this opinion has been modified through later investigations, and it has now become probable that the race is related to some of the ancient tribes.

The Andaman pygmies are enemies of all white people, but it seems that since the British government formally annexed the islands in 1858, they have become more and more disposed to keep the peace with their foreign rulers. The powers of the British is always within sight, and their defensive works are unassailable by the pygmies. The efforts made to bring these people under civilization, and to draw them into Christianity have not been markedly productive.

It appears from the new census of India that the population of the Andamans has been greatly increased within recent years through the transportation there of convicts banished from the mainland of India by its British rulers. The number of transported convicts living there at the time of the taking of the census was over twelve thousand, so that their number is now greater than that of the primitive pygmy inhabitants. The convicts have cleared great tracts of land and brought them under cultivation. It will be remembered that it was one of these convicts who, nearly thirty years ago, murdered a viceroy of India, the Earl of Mayo, when he visited the islands. The perpetrators of the deed was a Mohammedan outlaw.

The knowledge of the Andaman pygmies that has been gained through the researches made for the latest census will undoubtedly increase the interest taken in this strange race.

COST OF COLLEGIATE ROWING.

[J. F. Dorrance, in Leslie's Monthly:] The annual cost of a big university crew under present training methods is from \$4000 to \$10,000. This does not include the amount spent from time to time for improvements and new equipment. It cost \$8000 to put Cornell crews on the water last year, and nearly as much will be spent this season. The principal expense is the salaries of the professional head coach and the expert boat-builder. These two items alone cannot cost less than \$2500. A steam launch is kept in commission for three months every year, at a cost of \$500. The training table costs the navy management \$1200, although the men pay part of their board. Then there is the final expense of \$1400 for the race week. This includes transportation to the point of meeting for men, shells and launch, and their sustenance while there.

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